OUR MOTTO "LIVE TO DO GOOD."

Gems

BY

L. L. PICKETT

Geo. E. KERSEY

AND

O. B. CULPEPPER

"I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."—I Cor. 14: 15.

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READ THIS—THEN SING.

We sing for Jesus, and trust all who use these songs may be thereby helped nearer Him. Our other books have reached an extensive circulation. We have worked faithfully to surpass, if possible, the merits of our former publications with this. To singers we suggest:

1. Enter the spirit of your song.

2. Articulate distinctly. In good singing every word is plainly uttered, that the congregation may understand. Many choirs so mumble the words as to make them indistinguishable. This should never be.

3. Some songs should be sung fast and with jubilation; for example, No. 4. Some slowly, thoughtfully; for illustration, No. 90. Some can be made more effective by singing certain parts slowly and other parts faster; see No. 20, in which the chorus should be joyous, while the verses are solemn. In other hymns even verses vary. Effective singing takes all these things into consideration.

4. This book is adapted to the home circle and general religious meetings, including revivals, leagues, Sunday-schools, etc.

5. Please try at least the following Nos.: 3, 8, 17, 22, 29, 30, 36, 69, 73, 83, 86, 87, 106, 112, 121, 135, 147 (for children), 153, 154, 169, 174, 182, 189, 193, 267, 271, 279, 285. You will also find a lot of choice hymns without music. For many of these the tunes can be found in our other books, "Tears and Triumphs Combined" (abbreviated T. & T.) or "Cheerful Songs." Let us together seek the glory of our King.

We especially thank Maj. T. J. Eckerson, Rev. E. A. Hoffman, Mrs. Ludie D. Pickett and our dear Bro. W. S. Weeden for help and beautiful songs.

L. L. PICKETT,
GEO. E. KERSEY,
O. B. CULPEPPER.

O. B. C. O. BURKE CULPEPPER.

1. Oh! come and join us in a song of praise, Halle-lu - jah to the Lamb;
2. Oh! praise Him for His blessed "keeping power," Halle-lu - jah to the Lamb;
3. Then come and join us in the glad refrain, Halle-lu - jah to the Lamb;
4. We'll praise Him now, we'll praise Him evermore, Halle-lu - jah to the Lamb;

And tune your hearts this happy song to raise, Hallelu-jah to the Lamb.
My soul's been kept un-til this hap-py hour, Hallelu-jah to the Lamb.
That Je - sus died, but rose and lives again, Hallelu-jah to the Lamb.
And soon we'll see Him on the oth-er shore, Hallelu-jah to the Lamb.

Hal - le - lu - jah,

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb that was slain, Hal - le-
Hal-le-lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Glo - ry to the Lamb that was slain,
Hal-

lu - jah to the Lamb that was slain, Hal - le-
Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu-jah

Hal - le-
le - lu - jah,

lu - jah to the Lamb once slain, He was slain, but lives a - gain.
glo - ry to the

lu - jah to the

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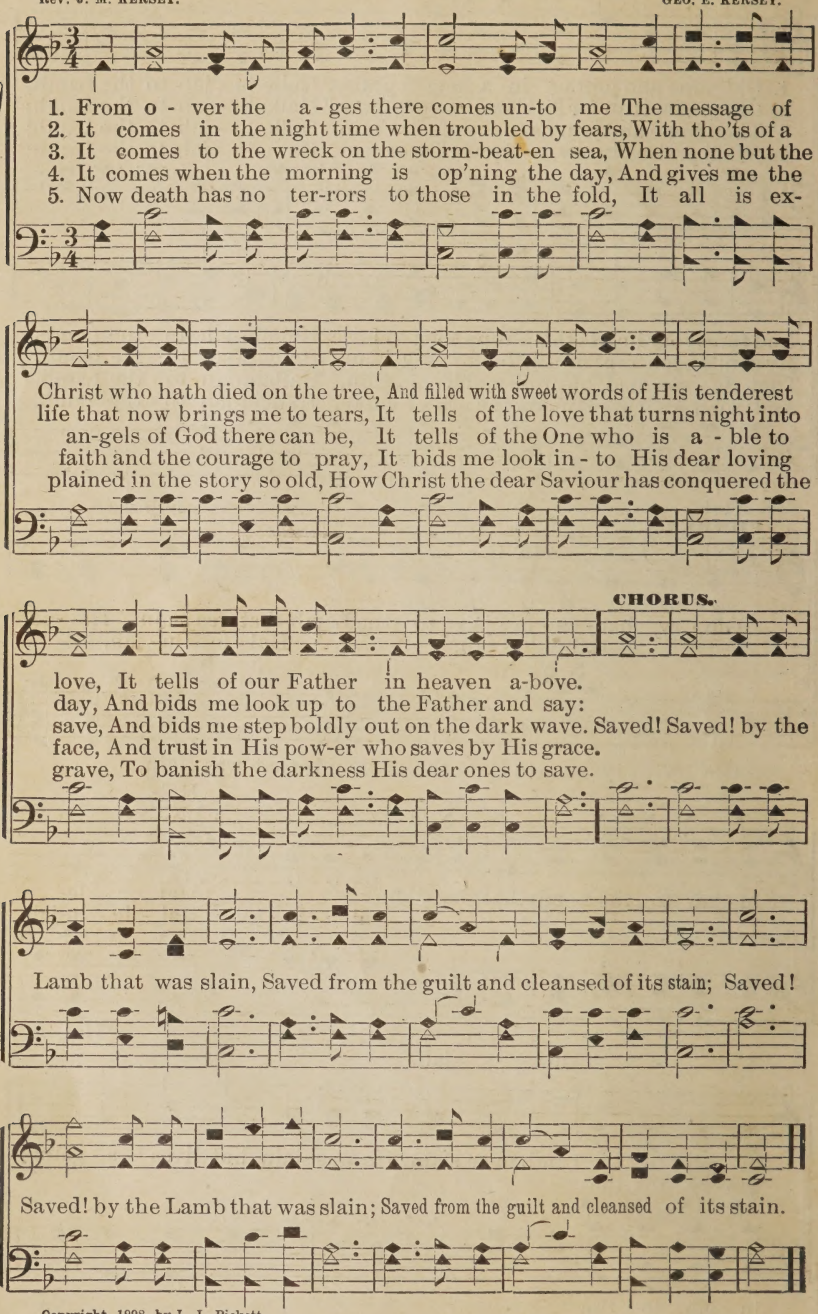
"SAVED."

Rev. J. M. KERSEY. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. From o - ver the a - ges there comes un-to me The message of
2. It comes in the night time when troubled by fears, With tho'ts of a
3. It comes to the wreck on the storm-beat-en sea, When none but the
4. It comes when the morning is op'ning the day, And gives me the
5. Now death has no ter-rors to those in the fold, It all is ex-
Christ who hath died on the tree, And filled with sweet words of His tenderest
life that now brings me to tears, It tells of the love that turns night into
an-gels of God there can be, It tells of the One who is a - ble to
faith and the courage to pray, It bids me look in - to His dear loving
plained in the story so old, How Christ the dear Saviour has conquered the
CHORUS.
love, It tells of our Father in heaven a-bove.
day, And bids me look up to the Father and say:
save, And bids me step boldly out on the dark wave. Saved! Saved! by the
face, And trust in His pow-er who saves by His grace.
grave, To banish the darkness His dear ones to save.
Lamb that was slain, Saved from the guilt and cleansed of its stain; Saved!
Saved! by the Lamb that was slain; Saved from the guilt and cleansed of its stain.

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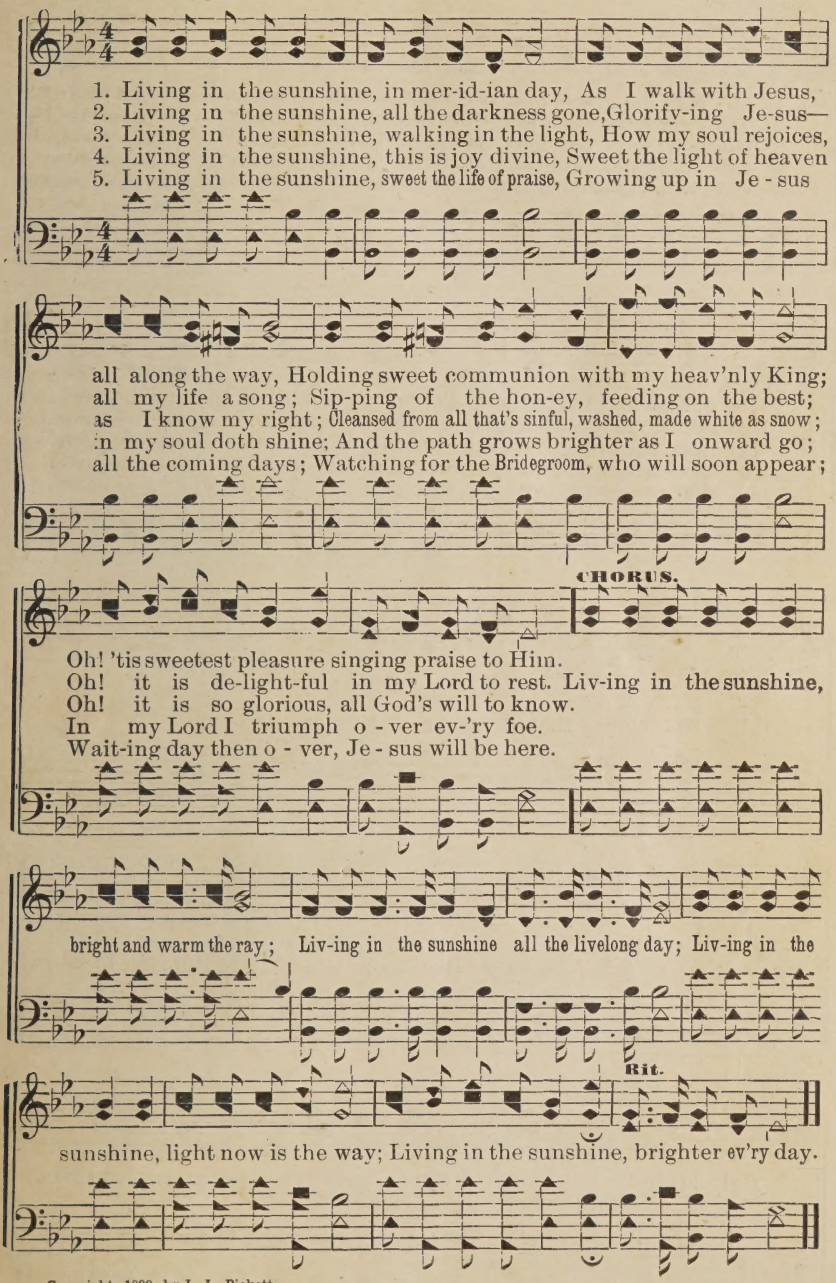
LIVING IN THE SUNSHINE.

S. H. BOLTON. By per. LUDIE DAY PICKETT.

1. Living in the sunshine, in mer-id-ian day, As I walk with Jesus,
2. Living in the sunshine, all the darkness gone, Glorify-ing Je-sus—
3. Living in the sunshine, walking in the light, How my soul rejoices,
4. Living in the sunshine, this is joy divine, Sweet the light of heaven
5. Living in the sunshine, sweet the life of praise, Growing up in Je - sus
all along the way, Holding sweet communion with my heav'nly King;
all my life a song; Sip-ping of the hon-ey, feeding on the best;
as I know my right; Cleansed from all that's sinful, washed, made white as snow;
in my soul doth shine; And the path grows brighter as I onward go;
all the coming days; Watching for the Bridegroom, who will soon appear;
CHORUS.
Oh! 'tis sweetest pleasure singing praise to Him.
Oh! it is de-light-ful in my Lord to rest. Liv-ing in the sunshine,
Oh! it is so glorious, all God's will to know.
In my Lord I triumph o - ver ev-'ry foe.
Wait-ing day then o - ver, Je - sus will be here.
bright and warm the ray; Liv-ing in the sunshine all the livelong day; Liv-ing in the
Rit.
sunshine, light now is the way; Living in the sunshine, brighter ev'ry day.

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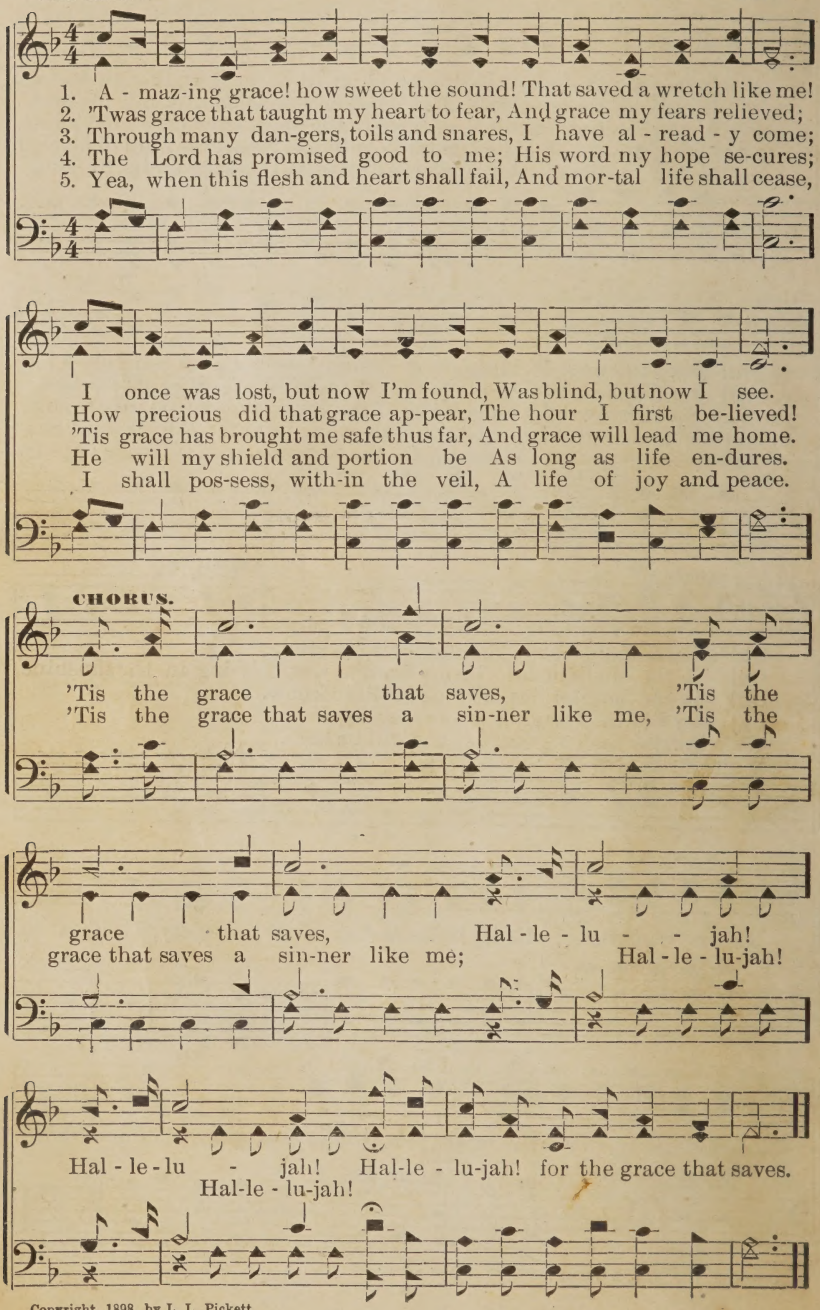
WILSON
NcU

AMAZING GRACE.

JOHN NEWTON. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. A - maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound! That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;
3. Through many dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me; His word my hope se-cures;
5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,
I once was lost, but now I'm found, Was blind, but now I see.
How precious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and portion be As long as life en-dures.
I shall pos-sess, with-in the veil, A life of joy and peace.
CHORUS.
'Tis the grace that saves, 'Tis the
'Tis the grace that saves a sin-ner like me, 'Tis the
grace that saves, Hal - le - lu - - jah!
grace that saves a sin-ner like me; Hal - le - lu-jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! for the grace that saves.
Hal-le - lu-jah!

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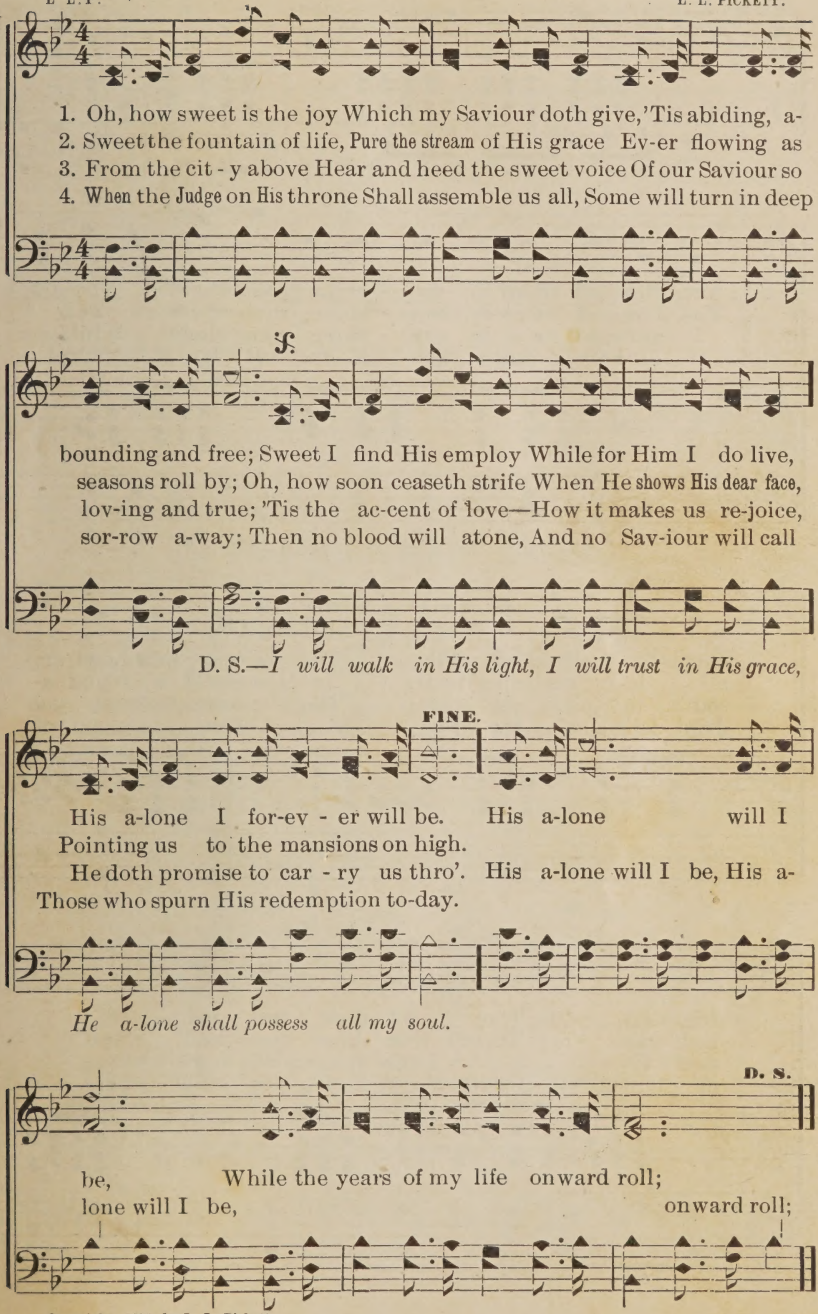
L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.


1. Oh, how sweet is the joy Which my Saviour doth give, 'Tis abiding, a-
2. Sweet the fountain of life, Pure the stream of His grace Ev-er flowing as
3. From the cit - y above Hear and heed the sweet voice Of our Saviour so
4. When the Judge on His throne Shall assemble us all, Some will turn in deep
f.
bounding and free; Sweet I find His employ While for Him I do live,
seasons roll by; Oh, how soon ceaseth strife When He shows His dear face,
lov-ing and true; 'Tis the ac-cent of love—How it makes us re-joice,
sor-row a-way; Then no blood will atone, And no Sav-iour will call
D. S.—I will walk in His light, I will trust in His grace,
FINE.
His a-lone I for-ev - er will be. His a-lone will I
Pointing us to the mansions on high.
He doth promise to car - ry us thro'. His a-lone will I be, His a-
Those who spurn His redemption to-day.
He a-lone shall possess all my soul.
D. S.
be, While the years of my life onward roll;
lone will I be, onward roll;

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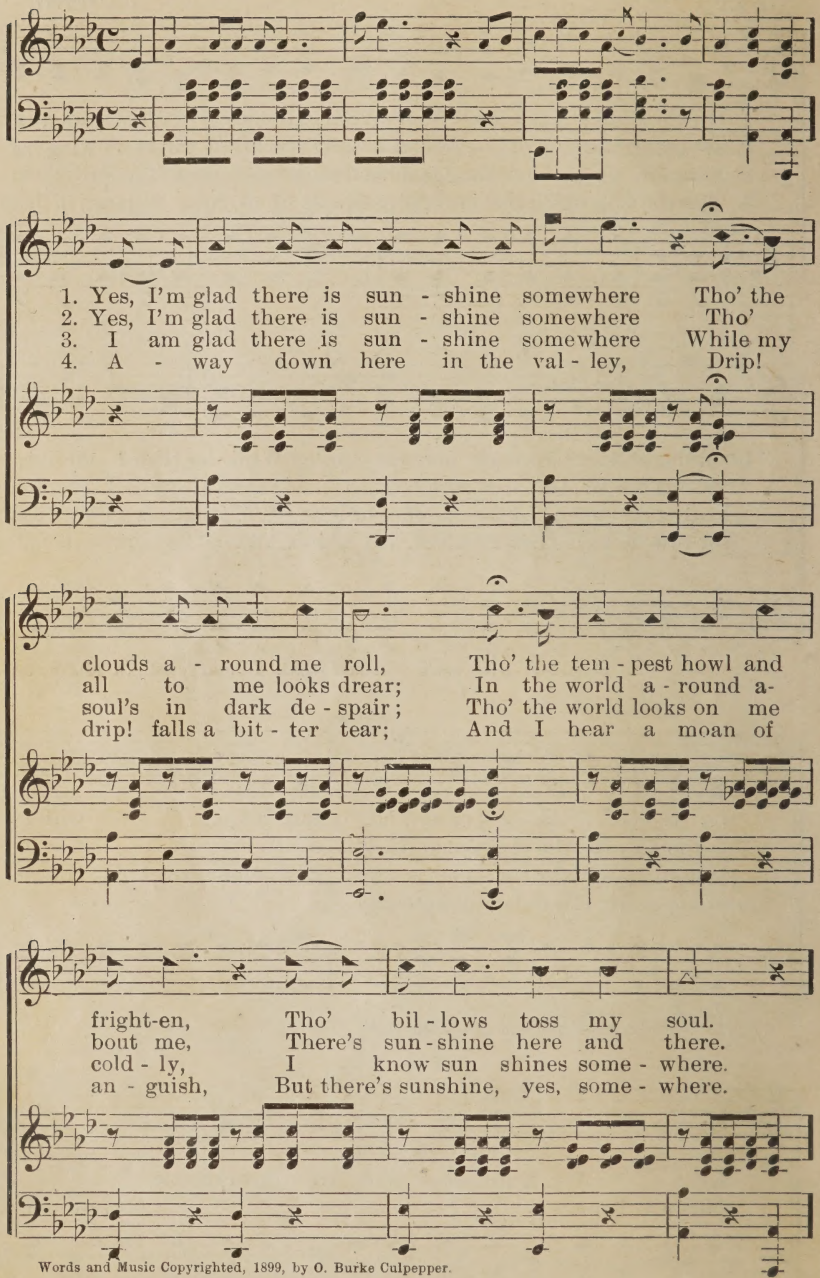
SUNSHINE SOMEWHERE.

GEO. B. C. O. BURKE CULPEPPER.

1. Yes, I'm glad there is sun - shine somewhere Tho' the
2. Yes, I'm glad there is sun - shine somewhere Tho'
3. I am glad there is sun - shine somewhere While my
4. A - way down here in the val - ley, Drip!
clouds a - round me roll, Tho' the tem - pest howl and
all to me looks drear; In the world a - round a-
soul's in dark de - spair; Tho' the world looks on me
drip! falls a bit - ter tear; And I hear a moan of
fright-en, Tho' bil - lows toss my soul.
bout me, There's sun - shine here and there.
cold - ly, I know sun shines some - where.
an - guish, But there's sunshine, yes, some - where.

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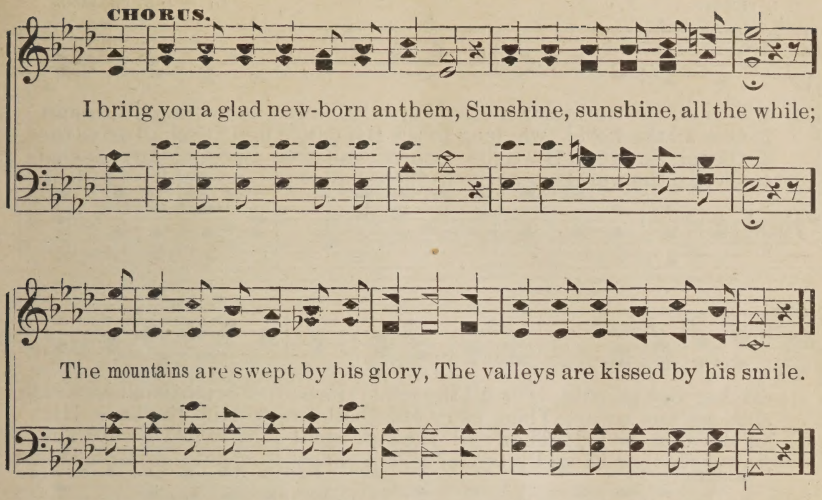
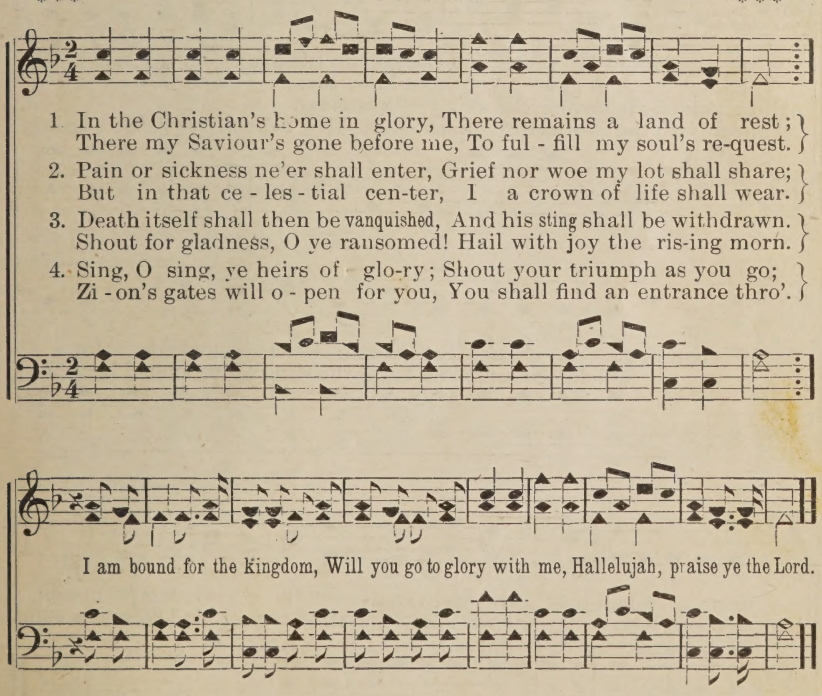
SUNSHINE SOMEWHERE. Concluded.

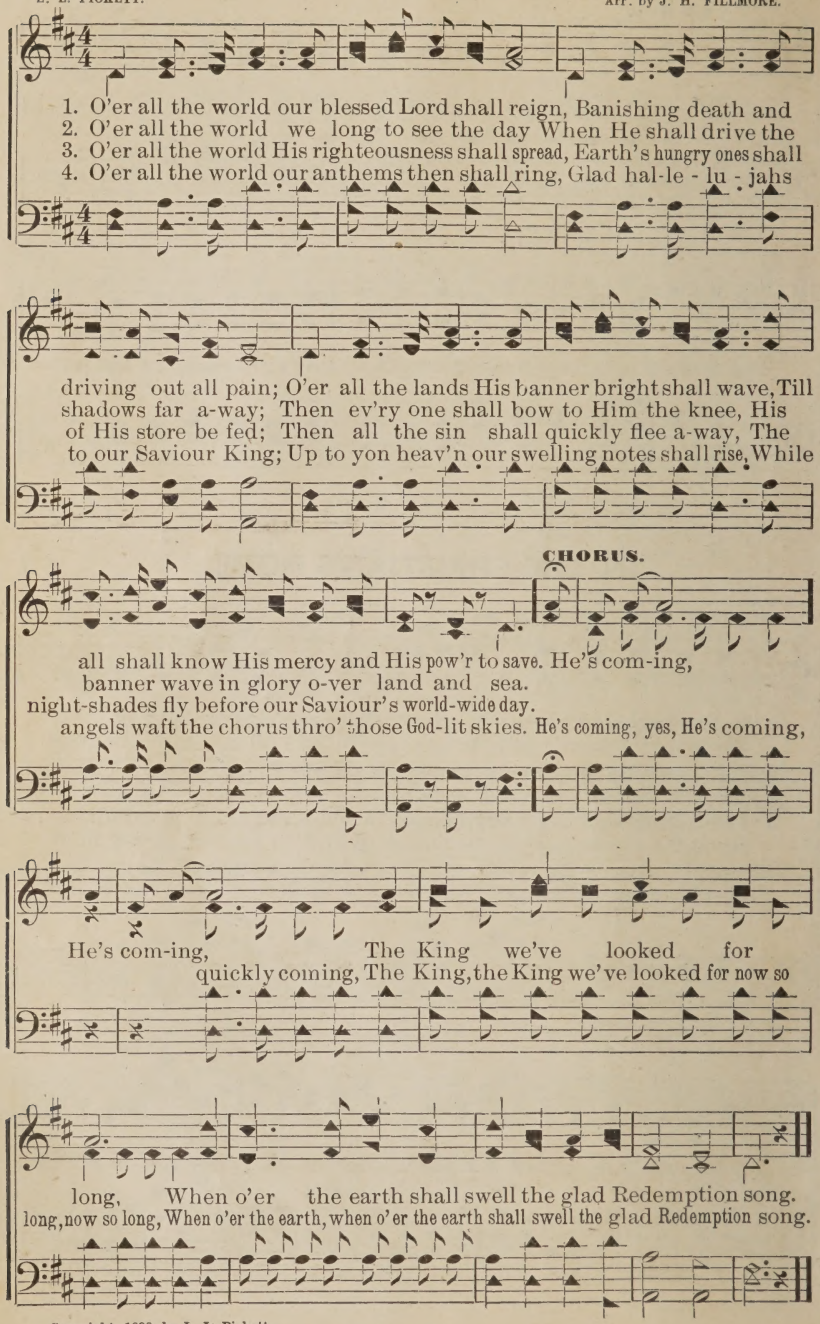

CHORUS.
I bring you a glad new-born anthem, Sunshine, sunshine, all the while;
The mountains are swept by his glory, The valleys are kissed by his smile.

IN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME. 7


1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me, To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
2. Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that ce - les - tial cen-ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
3. Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn.
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the ris-ing morn.
4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo-ry; Shout your triumph as you go;
Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance thro'.
I am bound for the Kingdom, Will you go to glory with me, Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

O'ER ALL THE WORLD.

L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by J. H. FILLMORE.


1. O'er all the world our blessed Lord shall reign, Banishing death and
2. O'er all the world we long to see the day When He shall drive the
3. O'er all the world His righteousness shall spread, Earth's hungry ones shall
4. O'er all the world our anthems then shall ring, Glad hal-le - lu - jahs
driving out all pain; O'er all the lands His banner bright shall wave, Till
shadows far a-way; Then ev'ry one shall bow to Him the knee, His
of His store be fed; Then all the sin shall quickly flee a-way, The
to our Saviour King; Up to yon heav'n our swelling notes shall rise, While
CHORUS.
all shall know His mercy and His pow'r to save. He's com-ing,
banner wave in glory o-ver land and sea.
night-shades fly before our Saviour's world-wide day.
angels waft the chorus thro' those God-lit skies. He's coming, yes, He's coming,
He's com-ing, The King we've looked for
quickly coming, The King, the King we've looked for now so
long, When o'er the earth shall swell the glad Redemption song.
long, now so long, When o'er the earth, when o'er the earth shall swell the glad Redemption song.

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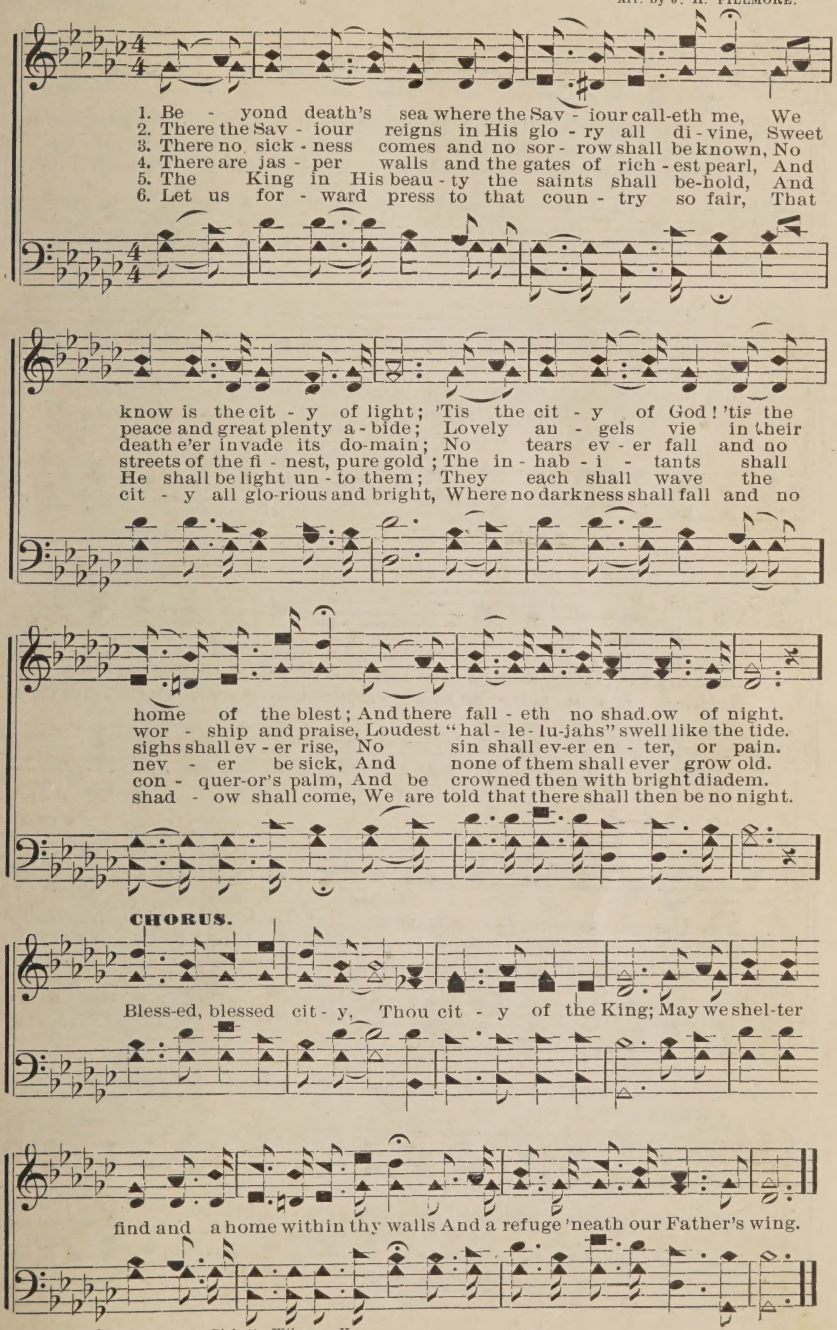
L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Be - yond death's sea where the Sav - iour call-eth me, We know is the cit - y of light; 'Tis the cit - y of God! 'tis the home of the blest; And there fall - eth no shad.ow of night.
2. There the Sav - iour reigns in His glo - ry all di - vine, Sweet peace and great plenty a - bide; Lovely an - gels vie in their wor - ship and praise, Loudest "hal - le - lu-jahs" swell like the tide.
3. There no sick - ness comes and no sor - row shall be known, No death e'er invade its do-main; No tears ev - er fall and no sighs shall ev - er rise, No sin shall ev-er en - ter, or pain.
4. There are jas - per walls and the gates of rich - est pearl, And streets of the fi - nest, pure gold; The in - hab - i - tants shall nev - er be sick, And none of them shall ever grow old.
5. The King in His beau - ty the saints shall be-hold, And He shall be light un - to them; They each shall wave the con - quer-or's palm, And be crowned then with bright diadem.
6. Let us for - ward press to that coun - try so fair, That cit - y all glo-rious and bright, Where no darkness shall fall and no shad - ow shall come, We are told that there shall then be no night.
CHORUS.
Bless-ed, blessed cit - y, Thou cit - y of the King; May we shel-ter find and a home within thy walls And a refuge 'neath our Father's wing.

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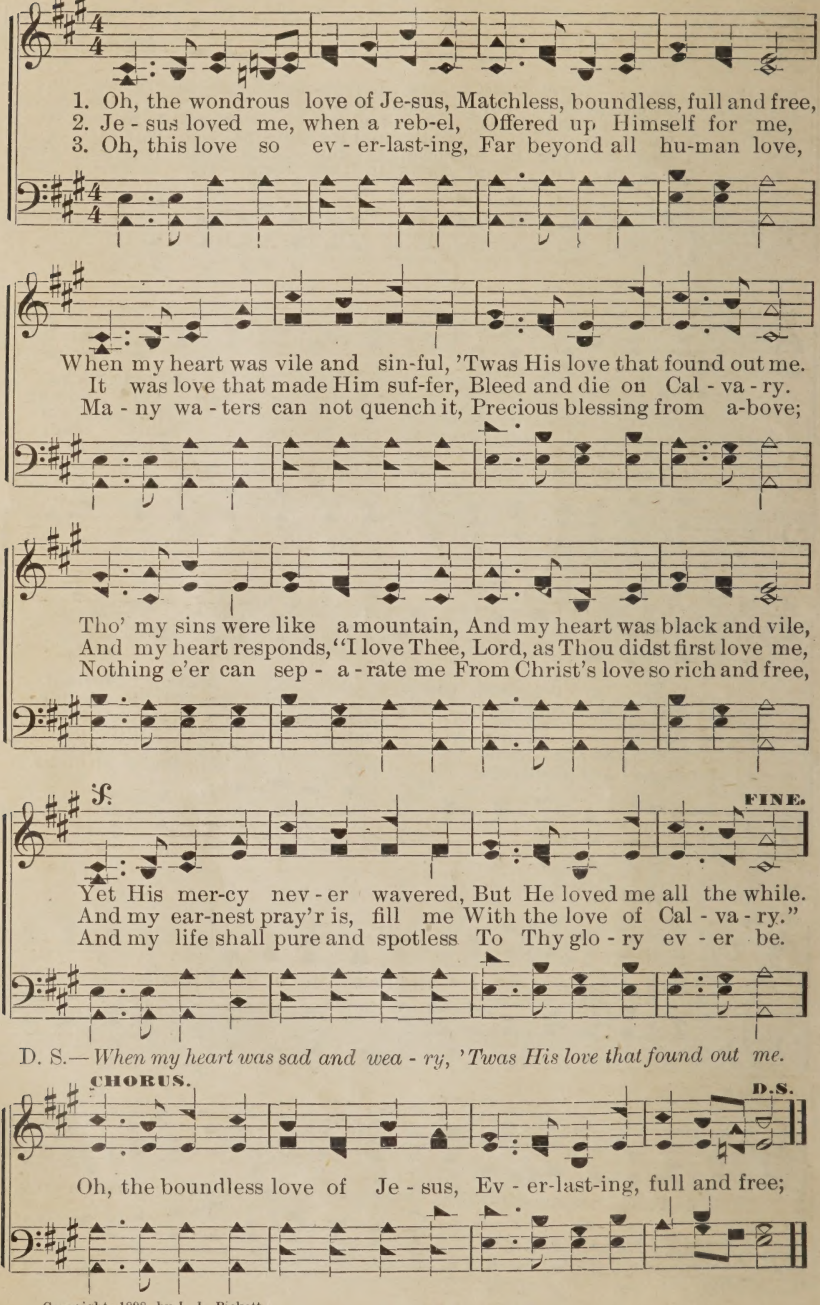
THE LOVE THAT FOUND OUT ME.

J. WATKINS and L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oh, the wondrous love of Je-sus, Matchless, boundless, full and free,
2. Je - sus loved me, when a reb-el, Offered up Himself for me,
3. Oh, this love so ev - er-last-ing, Far beyond all hu-man love,
When my heart was vile and sin-ful, 'Twas His love that found out me.
It was love that made Him suf-fer, Bleed and die on Cal - va - ry.
Ma - ny wa - ters can not quench it, Precious blessing from a-bove;
Tho' my sins were like a mountain, And my heart was black and vile,
And my heart responds, "I love Thee, Lord, as Thou didst first love me,
Nothing e'er can sep - a - rate me From Christ's love so rich and free,
FINE.
Yet His mer-cy nev - er wavered, But He loved me all the while.
And my ear-nest pray'r is, fill me With the love of Cal - va - ry."
And my life shall pure and spotless To Thy glo - ry ev - er be.
D. S.—When my heart was sad and wea - ry, 'Twas His love that found out me.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Oh, the boundless love of Je - sus, Ev - er-last-ing, full and free;

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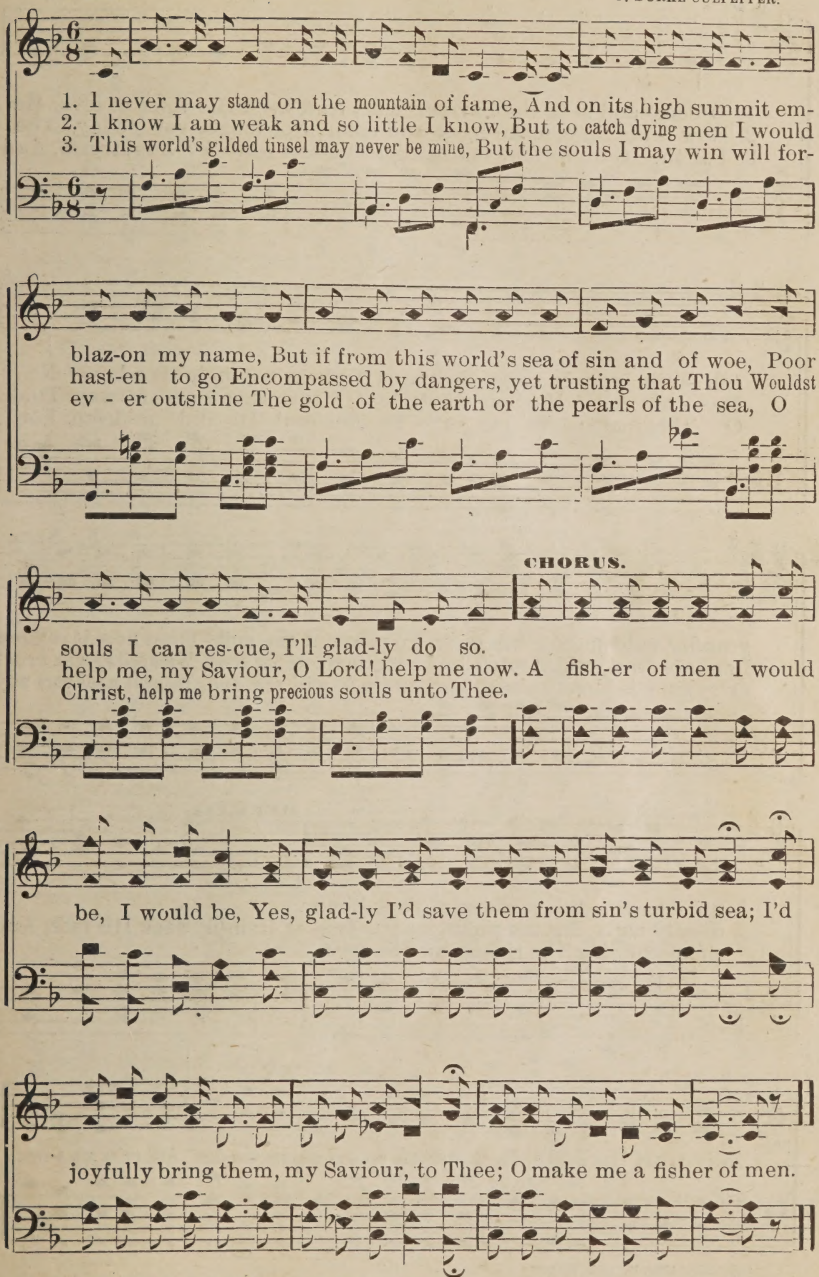
R. O. SMITH. O. BURKE CULPEPPER.


1. I never may stand on the mountain of fame, And on its high summit em-
2. I know I am weak and so little I know, But to catch dying men I would
3. This world's gilded tinsel may never be mine, But the souls I may win will for-
blaz-on my name, But if from this world's sea of sin and of woe, Poor
hast-en to go Encompassed by dangers, yet trusting that Thou Wouldst
ev - er outshine The gold of the earth or the pearls of the sea, O
CHORUS.
souls I can res-cue, I'll glad-ly do so.
help me, my Saviour, O Lord! help me now. A fish-er of men I would
Christ, help me bring precious souls unto Thee.
be, I would be, Yes, glad-ly I'd save them from sin's turbid sea; I'd
joyfully bring them, my Saviour, to Thee; O make me a fisher of men.

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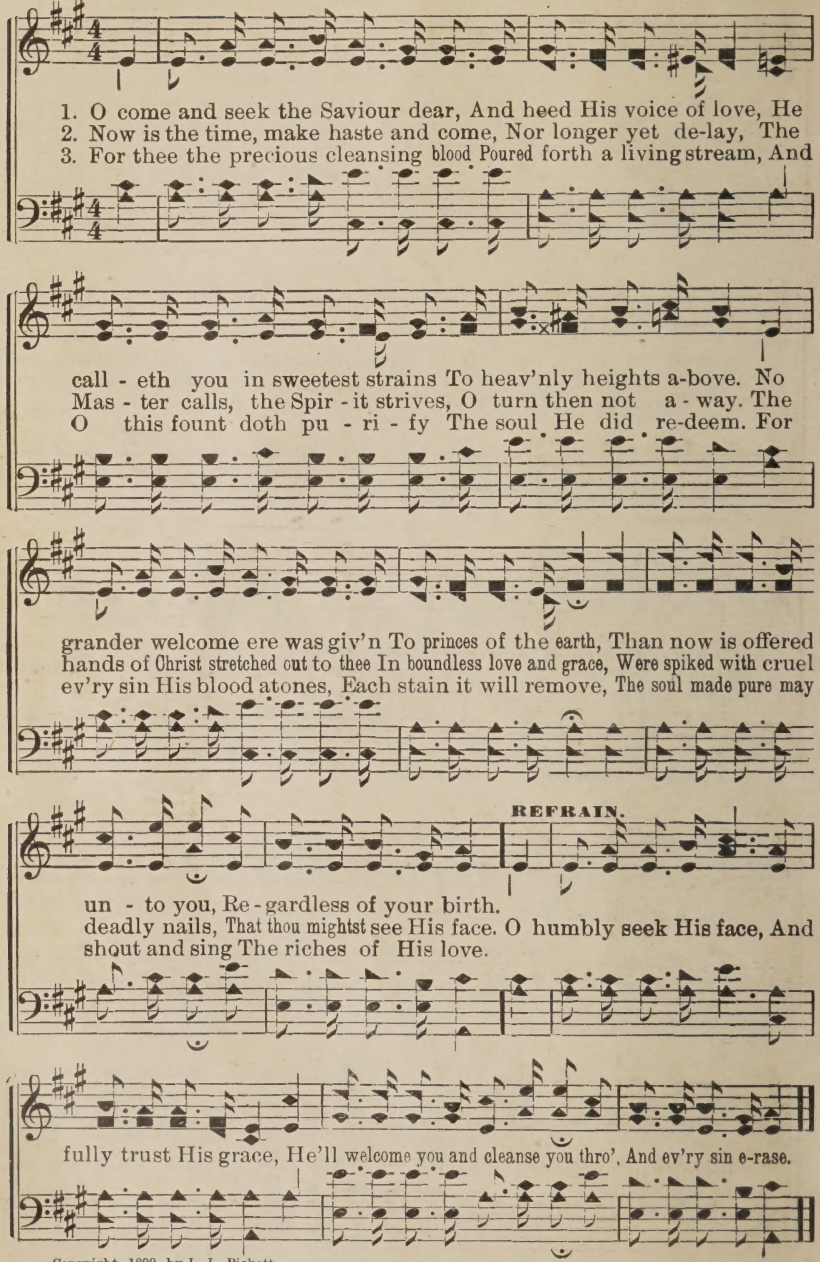
O HUMBLY SEEK HIS FACE.

L. L. PICKETT. MARVIN M. CULPEPPER.


1. O come and seek the Saviour dear, And heed His voice of love, He
2. Now is the time, make haste and come, Nor longer yet de-lay, The
3. For thee the precious cleansing blood Poured forth a living stream, And
call - eth you in sweetest strains To heav'nly heights a-bove. No
Mas - ter calls, the Spir - it strives, O turn then not a - way. The
O this fount doth pu - ri - fy The soul He did re-deem. For
grander welcome ere was giv'n To princes of the earth, Than now is offered
hands of Christ stretched out to thee In boundless love and grace, Were spiked with cruel
ev'ry sin His blood atones, Each stain it will remove, The soul made pure may
REFRAIN.
un - to you, Re - gardless of your birth.
deadly nails, That thou mightst see His face. O humbly seek His face, And
shout and sing The riches of His love.
fully trust His grace, He'll welcome you and cleanse you thro', And ev'ry sin e-rase.

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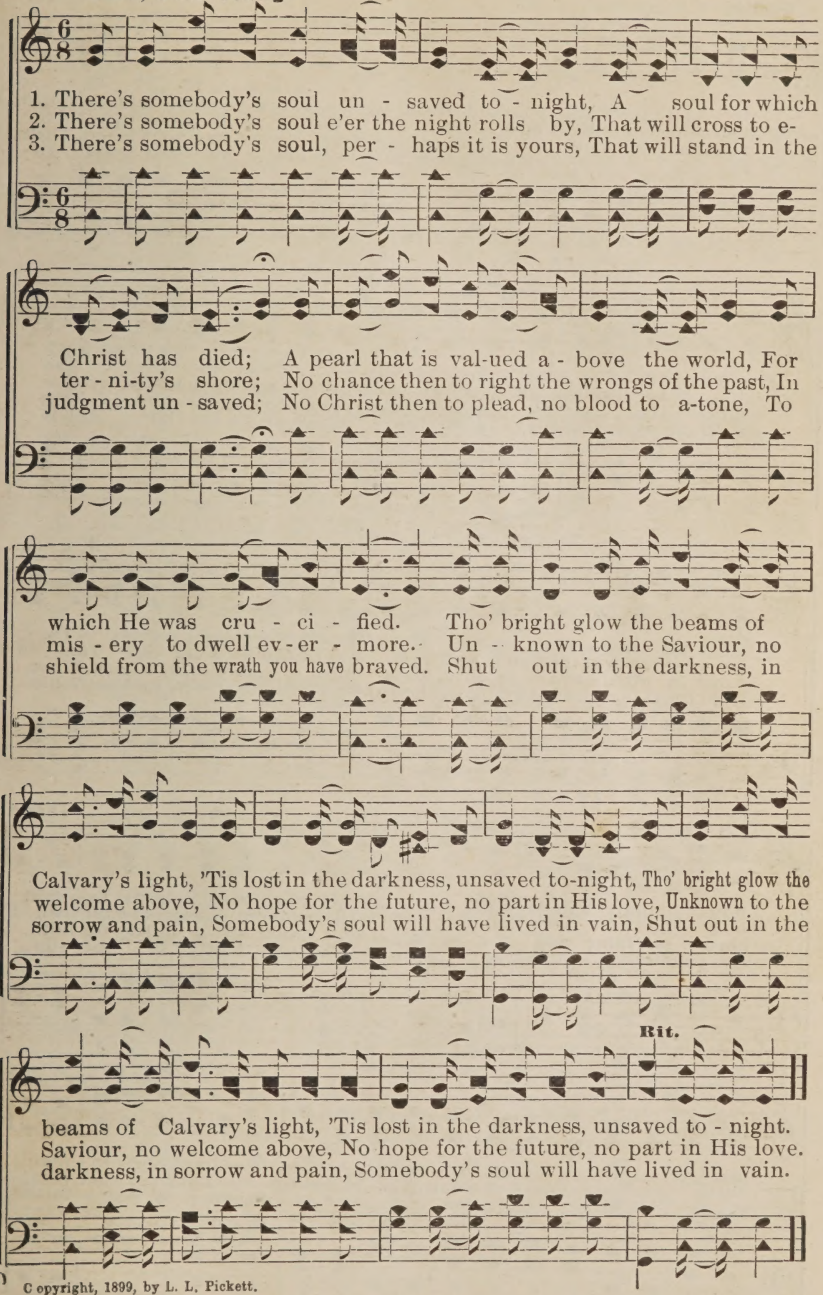
J. W. R.

Mrs. L. L. PICKETT.

Slow, with feeling.


1. There's somebody's soul un - saved to - night, A soul for which
2. There's somebody's soul e'er the night rolls by, That will cross to e-
3. There's somebody's soul, per - haps it is yours, That will stand in the
Christ has died; A pearl that is val-ued a - bove the world, For
ter - ni-ty's shore; No chance then to right the wrongs of the past, In
judgment un - saved; No Christ then to plead, no blood to a-tone, To
which He was cru - ci - fied. Tho' bright glow the beams of
mis - ery to dwell ev - er - more. Un - known to the Saviour, no
shield from the wrath you have braved. Shut out in the darkness, in
Calvary's light, 'Tis lost in the darkness, unsaved to-night, Tho' bright glow the
welcome above, No hope for the future, no part in His love, Unknown to the
sorrow and pain, Somebody's soul will have lived in vain, Shut out in the
Rit.
beams of Calvary's light, 'Tis lost in the darkness, unsaved to - night.
Saviour, no welcome above, No hope for the future, no part in His love.
darkness, in sorrow and pain, Somebody's soul will have lived in vain.

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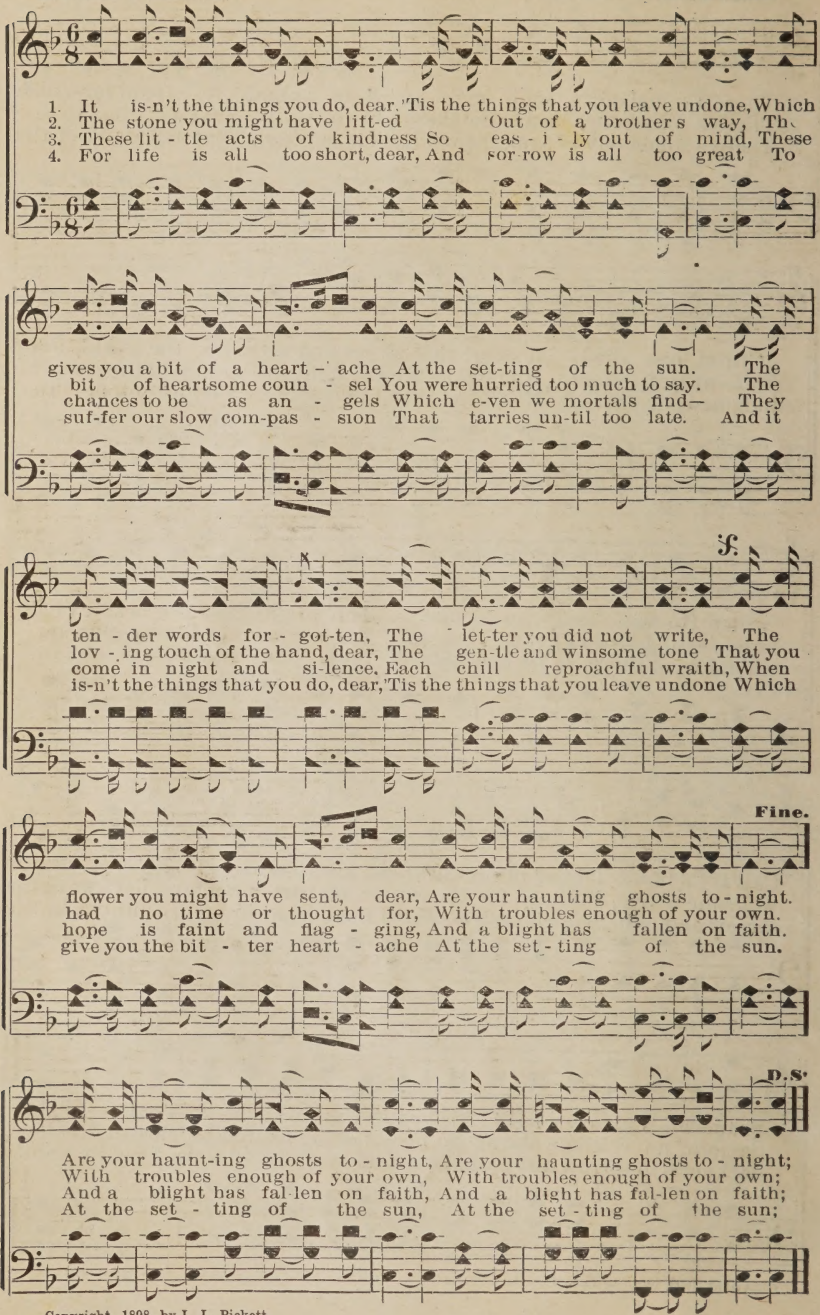
LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. It is-n't the things you do, dear, 'Tis the things that you leave undone, Which
2. The stone you might have lift-ed Out of a brother's way, Th
3. These lit - tle acts of kindness So eas - i - ly out of mind, These
4. For life is all too short, dear, And sor-row is all too great To
gives you a bit of a heart - ache At the set-ting of the sun. The
bit of heartsome coun - sel You were hurried too much to say. The
chances to be as an - gels Which e-ven we mortals find— They
suf-fer our slow com-pas - sion That tarries un-til too late. And it
ten - der words for - got-ten, The let-ter you did not write, The
lov - ing touch of the hand, dear, The gen-tle and winsome tone That you
come in night and si-lence, Each chill reproachful wraith, When
is-n't the things that you do, dear, 'Tis the things that you leave undone Which
ff.
flower you might have sent, dear, Are your haunting ghosts to - night.
had no time or thought for, With troubles enough of your own.
hope is faint and flag - ging, And a blight has fallen on faith.
give you the bit - ter heart - ache At the set - ting of the sun.
Fine.
Are your haunt-ing ghosts to - night, Are your haunting ghosts to - night;
With troubles enough of your own, With troubles enough of your own;
And a blight has fal-len on faith, And a blight has fal-len on faith;
At the set - ting of the sun, At the set - ting of the sun;
D.S.

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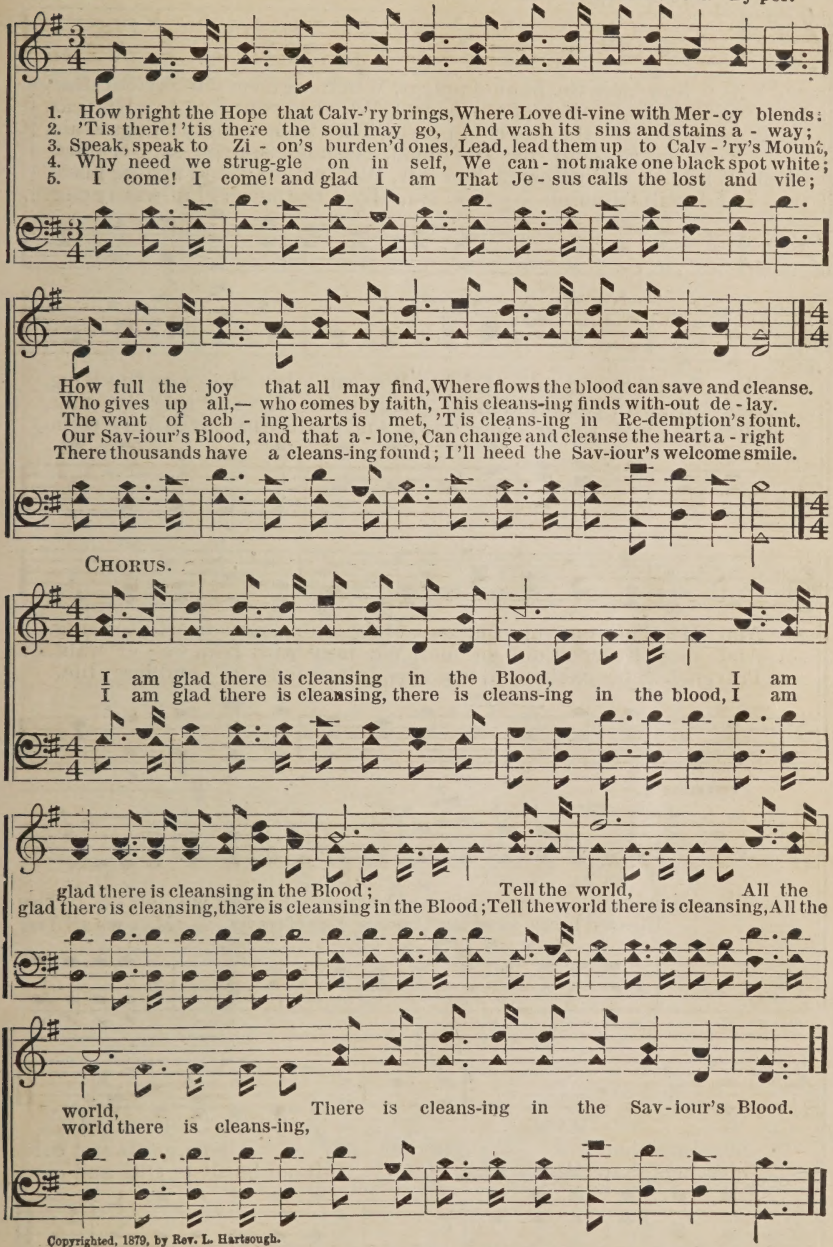
L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. By per.

1. How bright the Hope that Calv-'ry brings, Where Love di-vine with Mer-cy blends;
2. 'T is there! 'tis there the soul may go, And wash its sins and stains a - way;
3. Speak, speak to Zi - on's burden'd ones, Lead, lead them up to Calv - 'ry's Mount,
4. Why need we strug-gle on in self, We can - not make one black spot white;
5. I come! I come! and glad I am That Je - sus calls the lost and vile;
How full the joy that all may find, Where flows the blood can save and cleanse.
Who gives up all,— who comes by faith, This cleans-ing finds with-out de - lay.
The want of ach - ing hearts is met, 'T is cleans-ing in Re-demption's fount.
Our Sav-iour's Blood, and that a - lone, Can change and cleanse the heart a - right
There thousands have a cleans-ing found; I'll heed the Sav-iour's welcome smile.
CHORUS.
I am glad there is cleansing in the Blood, I am
I am glad there is cleansing, there is cleans-ing in the blood, I am
glad there is cleansing in the Blood; Tell the world, All the
glad there is cleansing, there is cleansing in the Blood; Tell the world there is cleansing, All the
world, There is cleans-ing in the Sav-iour's Blood.
world there is cleans-ing,

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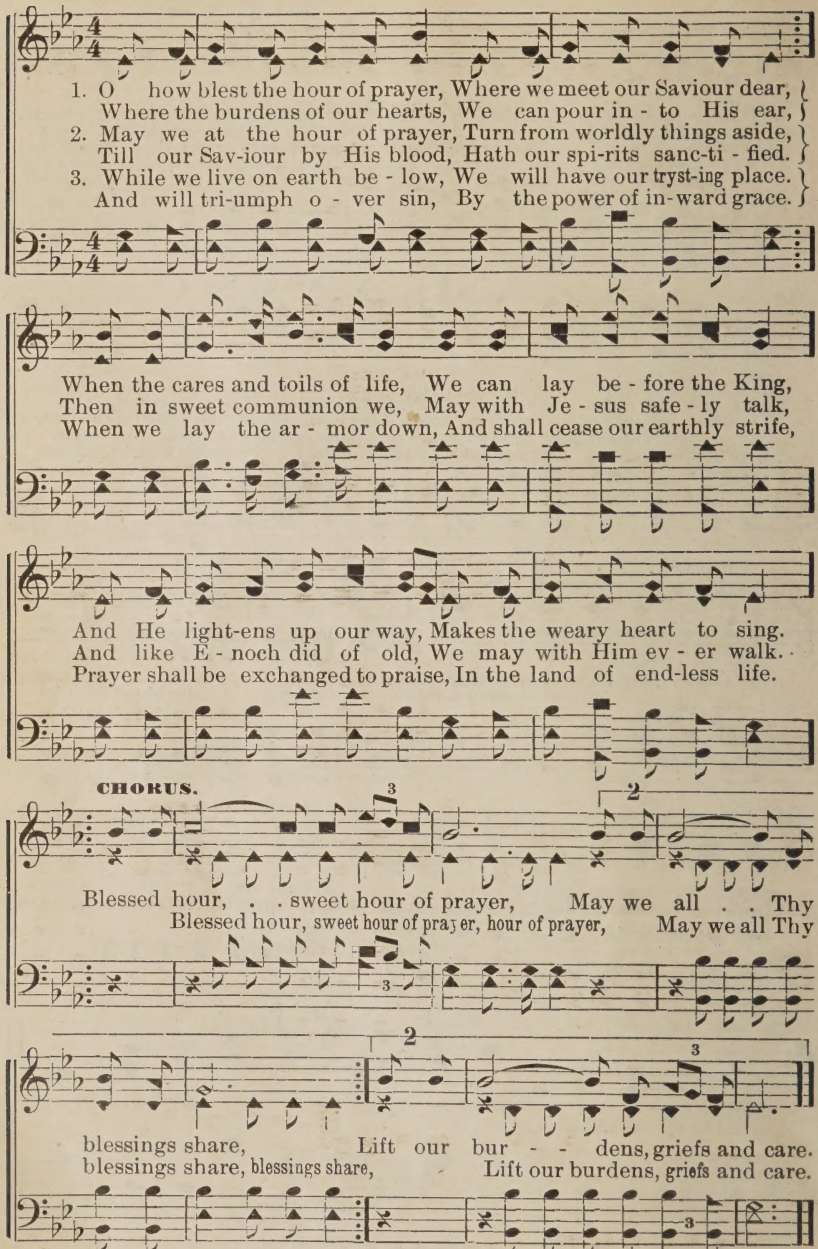
BLEST HOUR OF PRAYER.

L. D. C. L. L. PICKETT.


1. O how blest the hour of prayer, Where we meet our Saviour dear,
Where the burdens of our hearts, We can pour in - to His ear,
2. May we at the hour of prayer, Turn from worldly things aside,
Till our Sav-iour by His blood, Hath our spi-rits sanc-ti - fied.
3. While we live on earth be - low, We will have our tryst-ing place.
And will tri-umph o - ver sin, By the power of in-ward grace.
When the cares and toils of life, We can lay be - fore the King,
Then in sweet communion we, May with Je - sus safe - ly talk,
When we lay the ar - mor down, And shall cease our earthly strife,
And He light-ens up our way, Makes the weary heart to sing.
And like E - noch did of old, We may with Him ev - er walk.
Prayer shall be exchanged to praise, In the land of end-less life.
CHORUS.
Blessed hour, . . sweet hour of prayer, May we all . . Thy
Blessed hour, sweet hour of prayer, hour of prayer, May we all Thy
blessings share, Lift our bur - - dens, griefs and care.
blessings share, blessings share, Lift our burdens, griefs and care.

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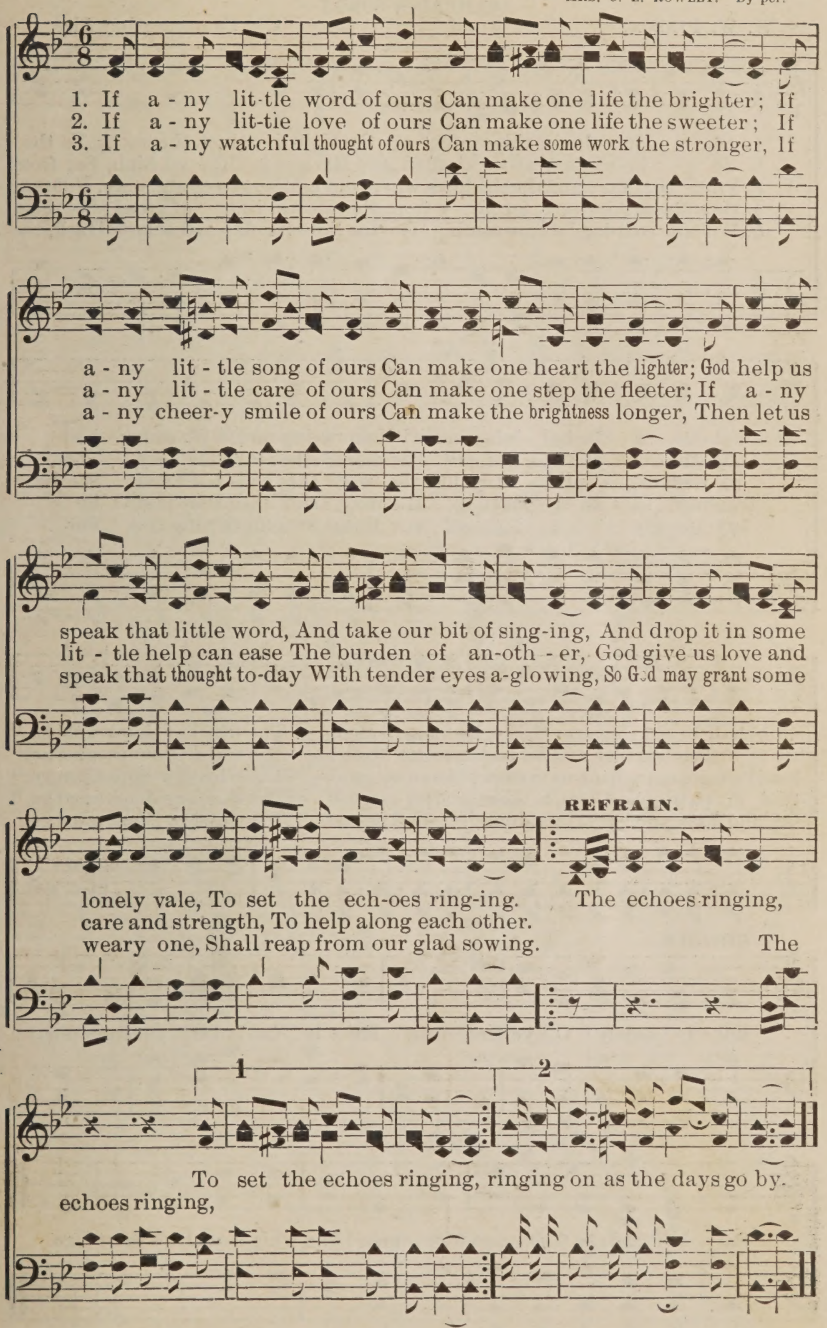
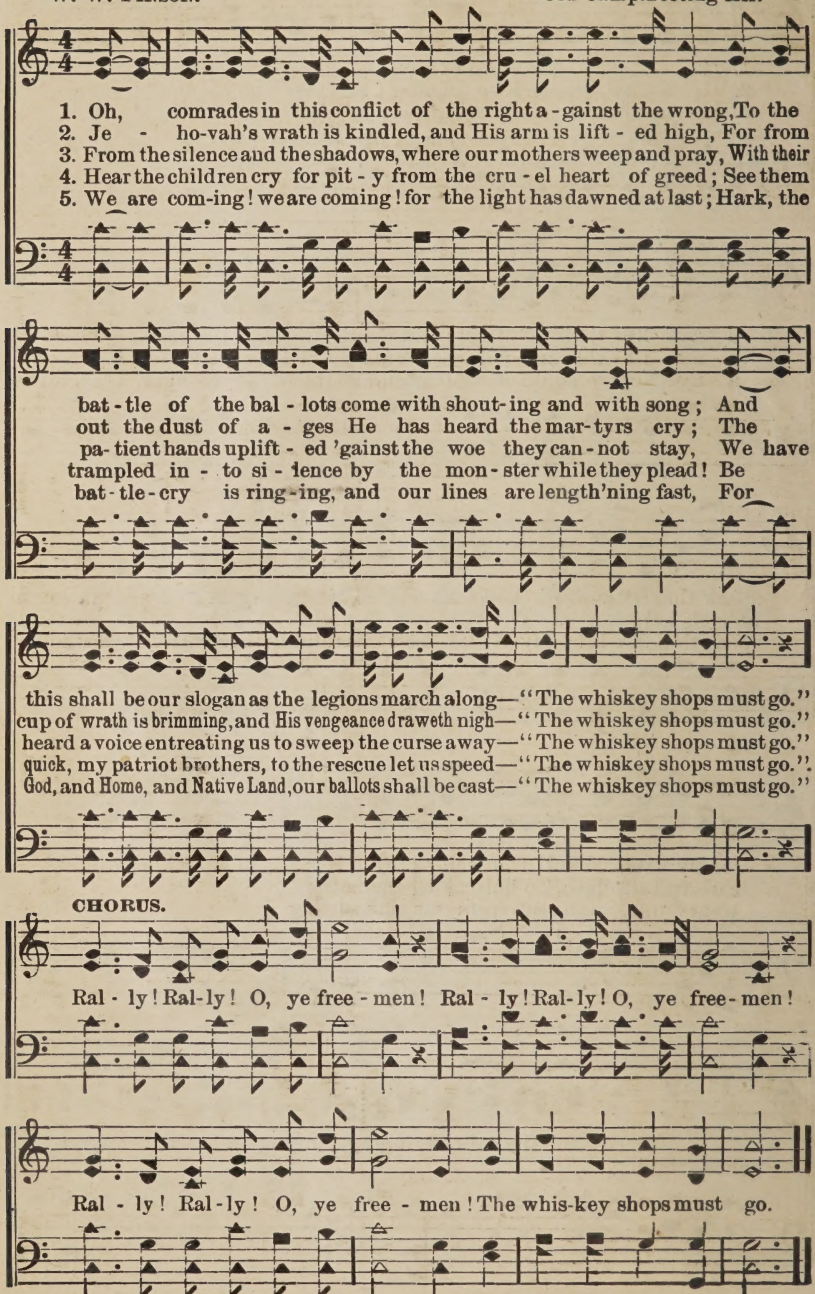
MRS. C. E. ROWLEY. By per.


1. If a - ny lit-tle word of ours Can make one life the brighter; If
2. If a - ny lit-tle love of ours Can make one life the sweeter; If
3. If a - ny watchful thought of ours Can make some work the stronger, If
a - ny lit - tle song of ours Can make one heart the lighter; God help us
a - ny lit - tle care of ours Can make one step the fleeter; If a - ny
a - ny cheer-y smile of ours Can make the brightness longer, Then let us
speak that little word, And take our bit of sing-ing, And drop it in some
lit - tle help can ease The burden of an-oth - er, God give us love and
speak that thought to-day With tender eyes a-glowing, So God may grant some
REFRAIN.
lonely vale, To set the ech-oes ring-ing. The echoes ringing,
care and strength, To help along each other.
weary one, Shall reap from our glad sowing. The
1
2
To set the echoes ringing, ringing on as the days go by.
echoes ringing,

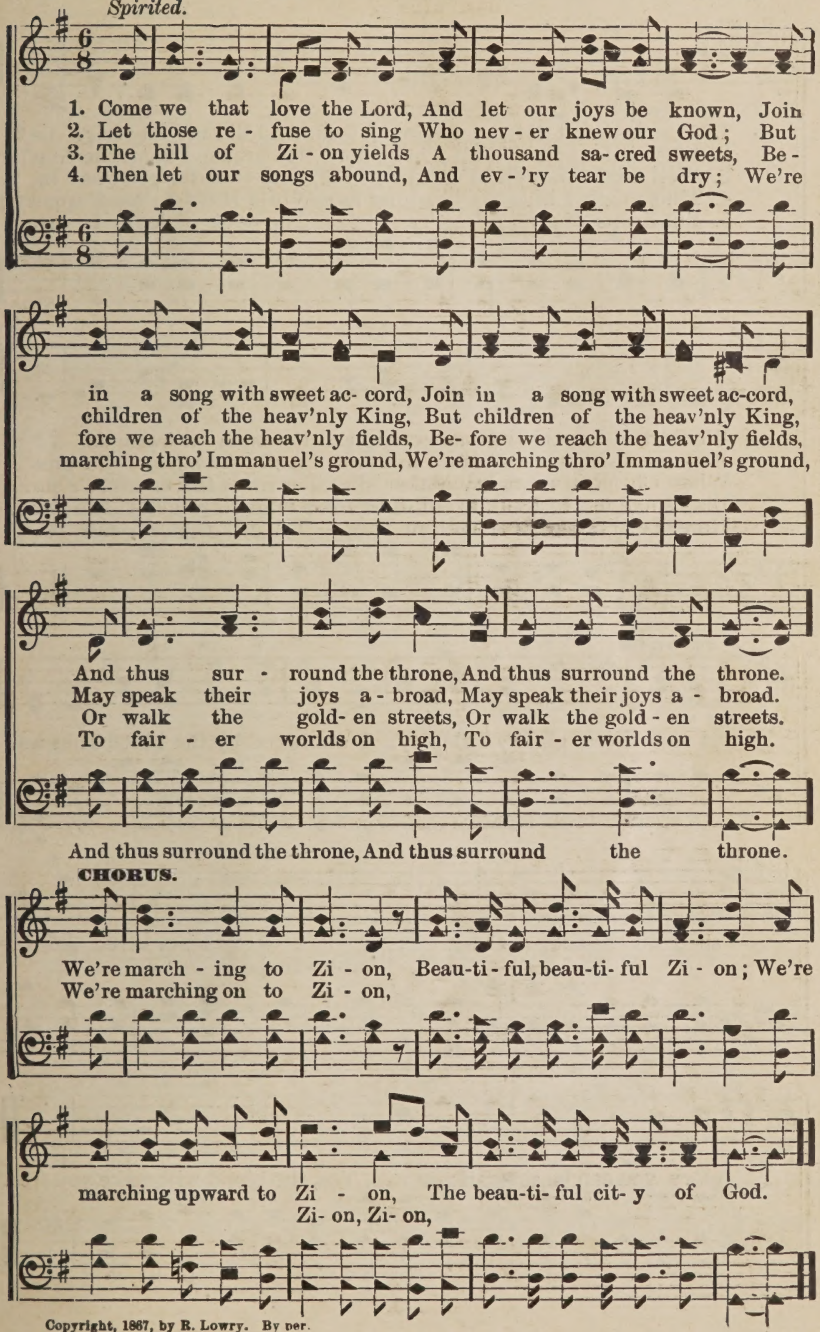
THE WHISKEY SHOPS MUST GO.

(CAMPAIGN SONG.)

W. W. PINSON. Old Campmeeting Air.

1. Oh, comrades in this conflict of the right a-gainst the wrong, To the
2. Je - ho-vah's wrath is kindled, and His arm is lift - ed high, For from
3. From the silence and the shadows, where our mothers weep and pray, With their
4. Hear the children cry for pit - y from the cru - el heart of greed; See them
5. We are com-ing! we are coming! for the light has dawned at last; Hark, the
bat-tle of the bal - lots come with shout-ing and with song; And
out the dust of a - ges He has heard the mar-tyrs cry; The
pa-tient hands uplift - ed 'gainst the woe they can-not stay, We have
trampled in - to si - lence by the mon - ster while they plead! Be
bat-tle-cry is ring-ing, and our lines are length'ning fast, For
this shall be our slogan as the legions march along—"The whiskey shops must go."
cup of wrath is brimming, and His vengeance draweth nigh—"The whiskey shops must go."
heard a voice entreating us to sweep the curse away—"The whiskey shops must go."
quick, my patriot brothers, to the rescue let us speed—"The whiskey shops must go."
God, and Home, and Native Land, our ballots shall be cast—"The whiskey shops must go."
CHORUS.
Ral - ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free - men! Ral - ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free - men!
Ral - ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free - men! The whis-key shops must go.

I. WATTS. R. LOWRY.

Spirited.


1. Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa- cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac- cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
children of the heav'nly King, But children of the heav'nly King,
fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be- fore we reach the heav'nly fields,
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold- en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.
CHORUS.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti- ful Zi - on; We're
We're marching on to Zi - on,
marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti- ful cit- y of God.
Zi- on, Zi- on,

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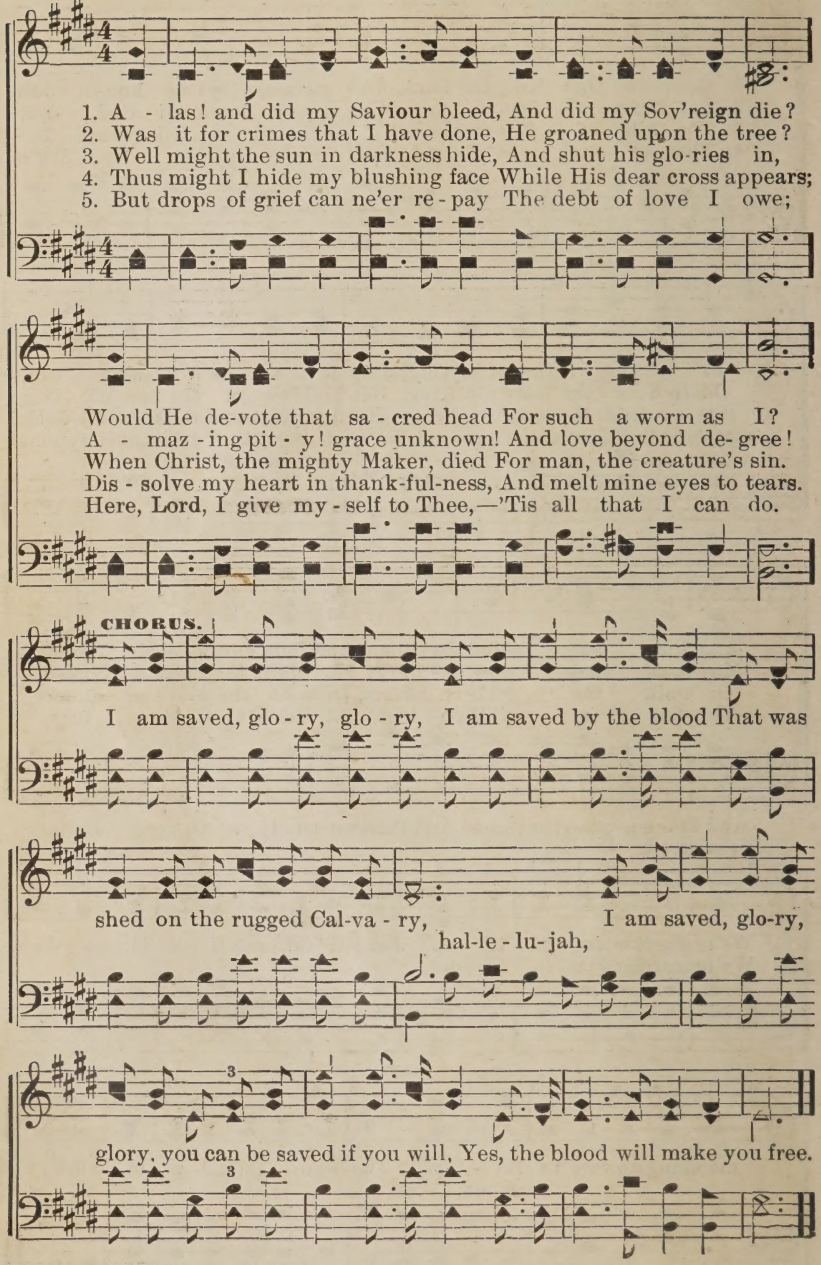
I AM SAVED, GLORY, GLORY.

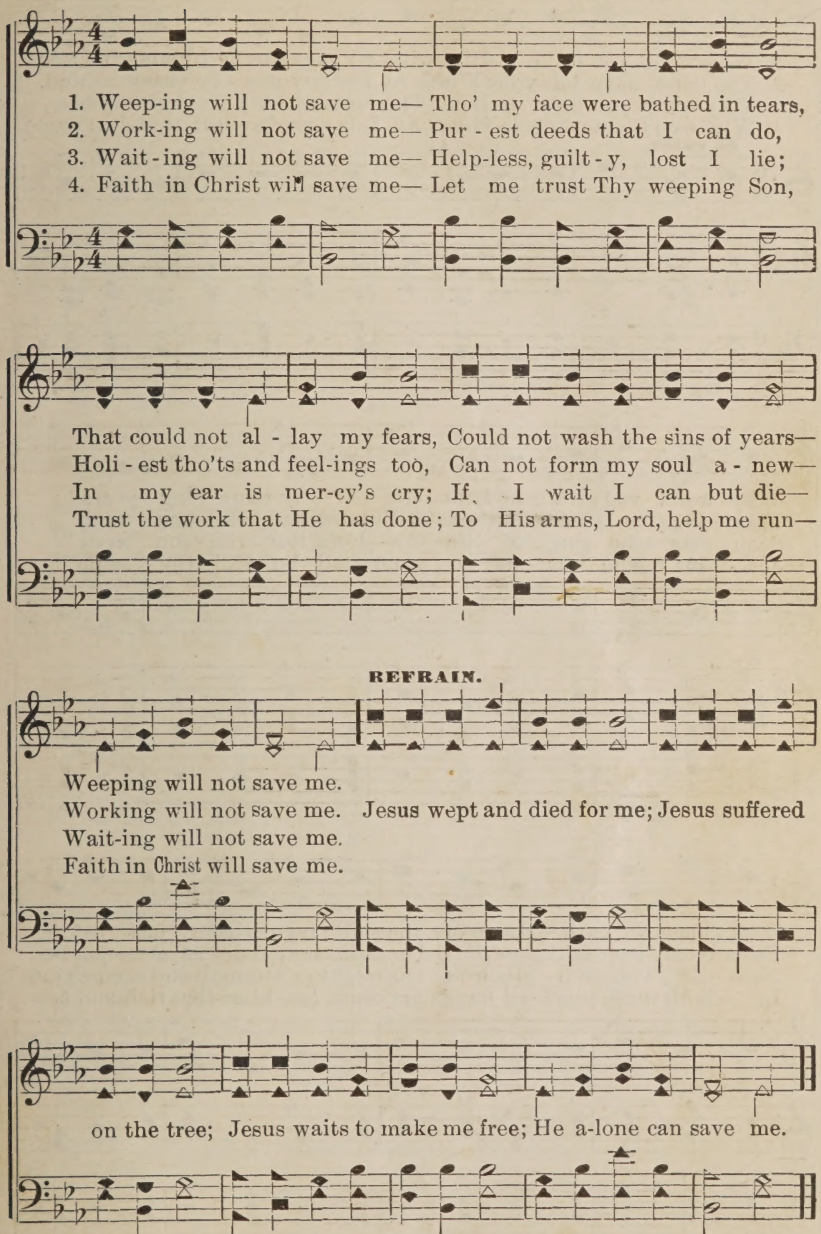
"In whom we have redemption through his blood."—EPH. 1; 7.

JOHN McPHERSON. By per.


1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;
Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond de- gree!
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self to Thee,—'Tis all that I can do.
CHORUS.
I am saved, glo - ry, glo - ry, I am saved by the blood That was
shed on the rugged Cal-va - ry, I am saved, glo-ry,
hal-le - lu-jah,
glory, you can be saved if you will, Yes, the blood will make you free.

WEEPING WILL NOT SAVE ME.

R. L. "For by grace are ye saved through faith."—EPH. 2: 8. R. LOWRY.


1. Weep-ing will not save me— Tho' my face were bathed in tears,
2. Work-ing will not save me— Pur - est deeds that I can do,
3. Wait-ing will not save me— Help-less, guilt - y, lost I lie;
4. Faith in Christ will save me— Let me trust Thy weeping Son,
That could not al - lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years—
Holi - est tho'ts and feel-ings too, Can not form my soul a - new—
In my ear is mer-cy's cry; If I wait I can but die—
Trust the work that He has done; To His arms, Lord, help me run—
REFRAIN.
Weeping will not save me.
Working will not save me. Jesus wept and died for me; Jesus suffered
Wait-ing will not save me.
Faith in Christ will save me.
on the tree; Jesus waits to make me free; He a-lone can save me.

By permission.

WHY WON'T YOU COME?

LUCY J. WILCOX. CLARA M. PURDY.

1st voice.

1. Why won't you come to Him with all your sins and doubts and fears?
2. You, who have left your Youth so ma - ny wea - ry years behind,
3. Why won't you come to Him? The long-est life is short at best,
4. Why won't you come to Him? All ful - ness dwells in that dear name,

2d voice.

Why won't you give to Him the ear - ly morn - ing years?
Faint - ing in noon - tide heat with burdened heart and mind,
Soon sets the sun of life a - down the crim - son west,
Je - sus who was and is and shall be still the same,

Dark clouds are gath - 'ring o'er the smil - ing path-way just before.
Friends may have faith-less proved and sins may red as crim-son be.
Each day you need His love, His might - y strength and saving grace.
In both those pierc - ed hands are count-less bless-ings rich and new.

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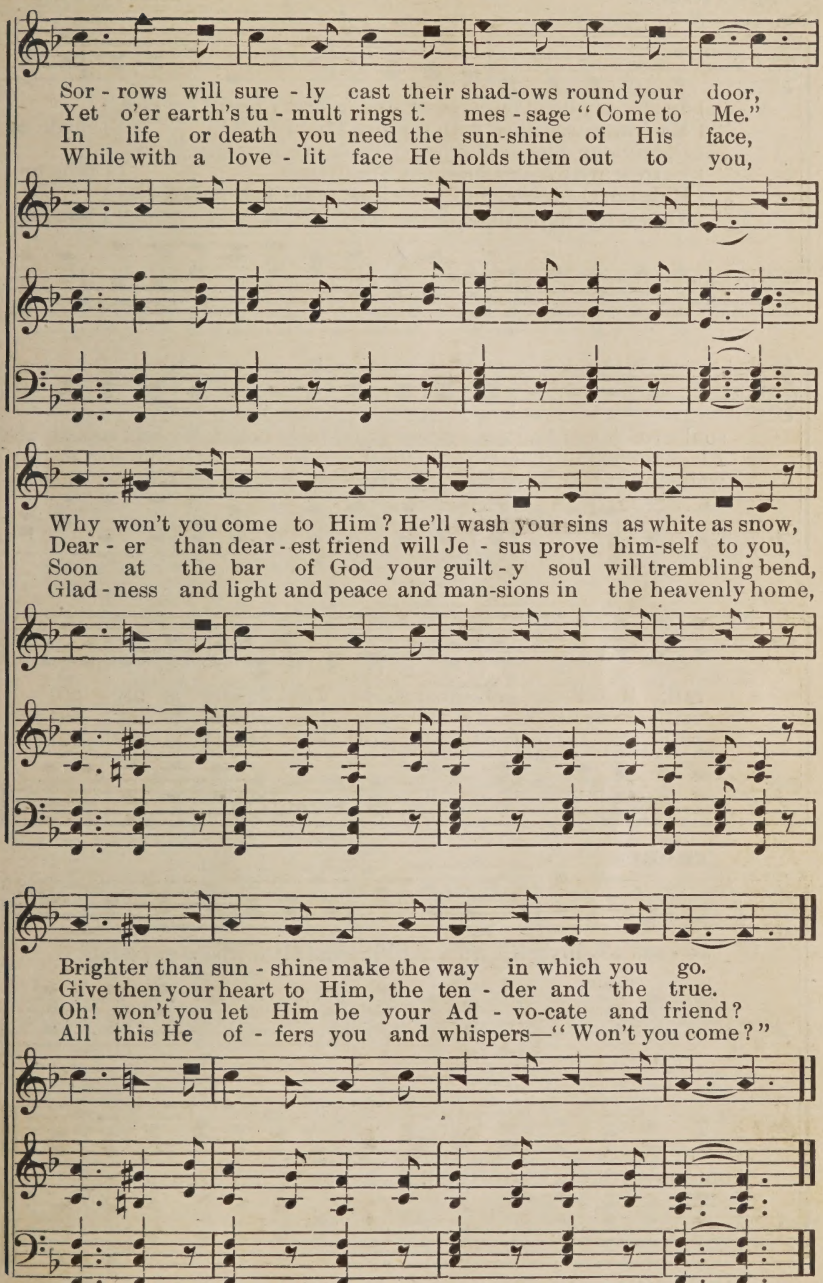
WHY WON'T YOU COME. Concluded.


Sor - rows will sure - ly cast their shad-ows round your door,
Yet o'er earth's tu - mult rings t. mes - sage "Come to Me."
In life or death you need the sun-shine of His face,
While with a love - lit face He holds them out to you,
Why won't you come to Him? He'll wash your sins as white as snow,
Dear - er than dear - est friend will Je - sus prove him-self to you,
Soon at the bar of God your guilt - y soul will trembling bend,
Glad - ness and light and peace and man-sions in the heavenly home,
Brighter than sun - shine make the way in which you go.
Give then your heart to Him, the ten - der and the true.
Oh! won't you let Him be your Ad - vo-cate and friend?
All this He of - fers you and whispers—"Won't you come?"

JESUS MY ALL.

Maj. T. J. ECKERSON. O. BURKE CULPEPPER.

1. Je-sus my dear Redeem-er! When first I heard Thy voice,
   My frame was filled with rapture That [*Omit.* . . .] made my
2. O, Saviour, blessed Sav-iour! Thou precious One, Divine!
   I treasure ev - 'ry moment That [*Omit.* . . . . .] tells me
3. Ride on, O blessed Je - sus! Come, on Thy snow-white cloud!
   This is the hope that pleases Thy [*Omit.* . . . . .] watch-ing,

soul re - joice; And now, when years have faded, My heart repeats the
I am Thine! The Ho - ly Ghost assures me Of com-fort at my
wait - ing crowd. Ride on the glorious splendor,—No foes can Thee ap-

call; It tells the same glad sto-ry, That Je-sus is my all!
call,—In vain the world allures me, For Je-sus is my all!
pal! Come, O my great De-fend-er! For Je-sus is my all!

CHORUS.

Je - sus is my all, (in all,) I'll trust Him whate'er be-fall,

Some sweet day a - bove the skies I shall to my Lord a - rise.

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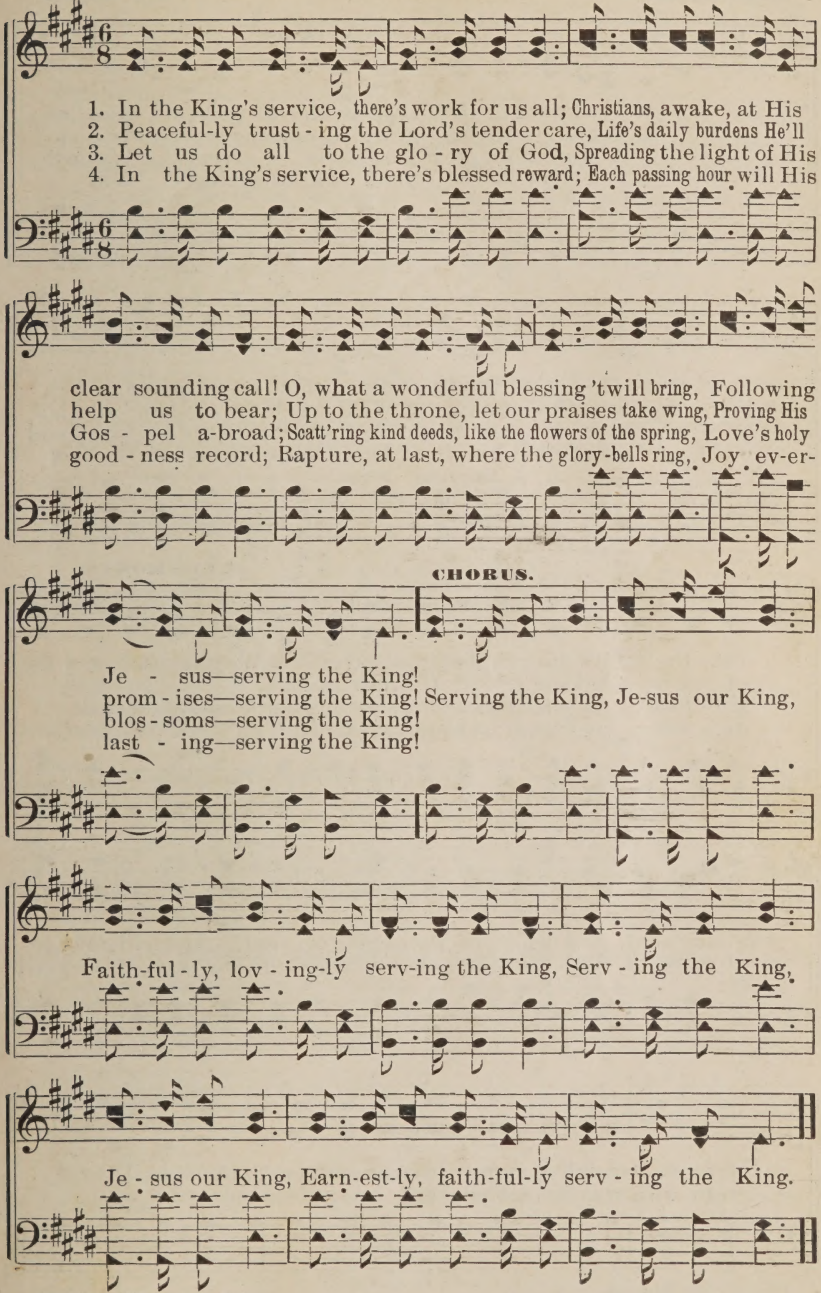
IN THE KING'S SERVICE.

E. E. HEWITT. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.


1. In the King's service, there's work for us all; Christians, awake, at His
2. Peaceful-ly trust - ing the Lord's tender care, Life's daily burdens He'll
3. Let us do all to the glo - ry of God, Spreading the light of His
4. In the King's service, there's blessed reward; Each passing hour will His
clear sounding call! O, what a wonderful blessing 'twill bring, Following
help us to bear; Up to the throne, let our praises take wing, Proving His
Gos - pel a-broad; Scatt'ring kind deeds, like the flowers of the spring, Love's holy
good - ness record; Rapture, at last, where the glory-bells ring, Joy ev-er-
CHORUS.
Je - sus—serving the King!
prom - ises—serving the King! Serving the King, Je-sus our King,
blos - soms—serving the King!
last - ing—serving the King!
Faith-ful - ly, lov - ing-ly serv-ing the King, Serv - ing the King,
Je - sus our King, Earn-est-ly, faith-ful-ly serv - ing the King.

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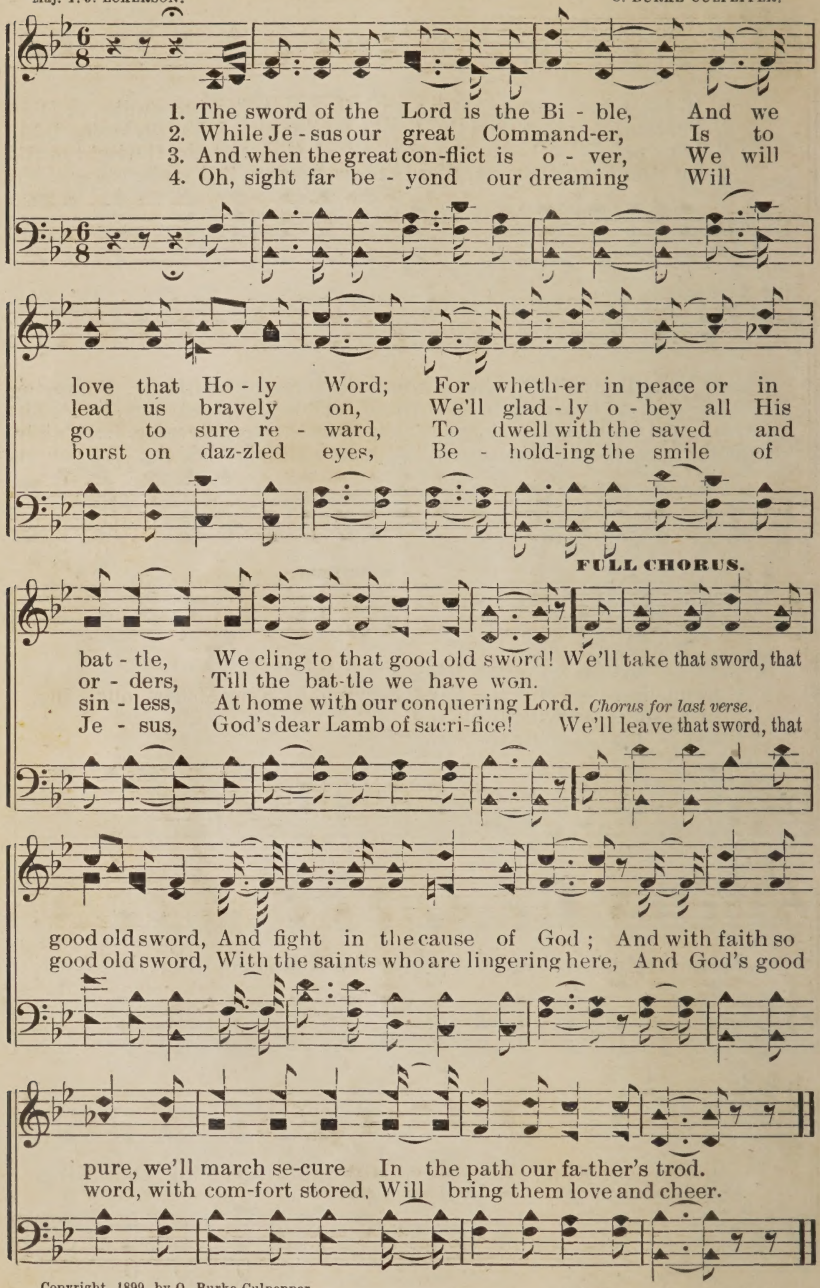
THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

Maj. T. J. ECKERSON. O. BURKE CULPEPPER.

1. The sword of the Lord is the Bi - ble, And we
2. While Je - sus our great Command-er, Is to
3. And when the great con-flict is o - ver, We will
4. Oh, sight far be - yond our dreaming Will
love that Ho - ly Word; For wheth-er in peace or in
lead us bravely on, We'll glad - ly o - bey all His
go to sure re - ward, To dwell with the saved and
burst on daz-zled eyes, Be - hold-ing the smile of
FULL CHORUS.
bat - tle, We cling to that good old sword! We'll take that sword, that
or - ders, Till the bat-tle we have won.
sin - less, At home with our conquering Lord. Chorus for last verse.
Je - sus, God's dear Lamb of sacri-fice! We'll leave that sword, that
good old sword, And fight in the cause of God; And with faith so
good old sword, With the saints who are lingering here, And God's good
pure, we'll march se-cure In the path our fa-ther's trod.
word, with com-fort stored, Will bring them love and cheer.

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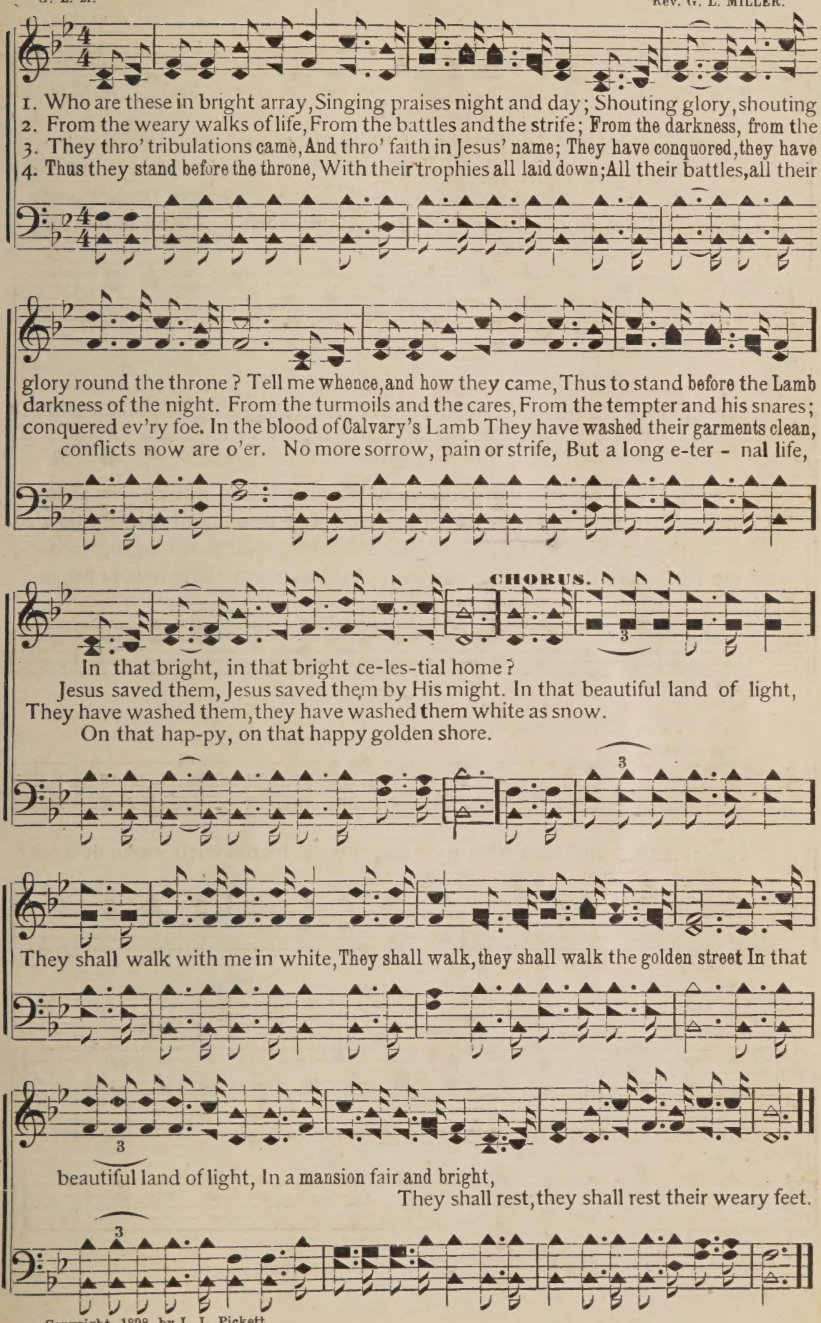
G. L. M. Rev. G. L. MILLER.


1. Who are these in bright array, Singing praises night and day; Shouting glory, shouting
2. From the weary walks of life, From the battles and the strife; From the darkness, from the
3. They thro' tribulations came, And thro' faith in Jesus' name; They have conquored, they have
4. Thus they stand before the throne, With their trophies all laid down; All their battles, all their
glory round the throne? Tell me whence, and how they came, Thus to stand before the Lamb
darkness of the night. From the turmoils and the cares, From the tempter and his snares;
conquered ev'ry foe. In the blood of Calvary's Lamb They have washed their garments clean,
conflicts now are o'er. No more sorrow, pain or strife, But a long e-ter - nal life,
CHORUS.
In that bright, in that bright ce-les-tial home?
Jesus saved them, Jesus saved them by His might. In that beautiful land of light,
They have washed them, they have washed them white as snow.
On that hap-py, on that happy golden shore.
They shall walk with me in white, They shall walk, they shall walk the golden street In that
beautiful land of light, In a mansion fair and bright,
They shall rest, they shall rest their weary feet.

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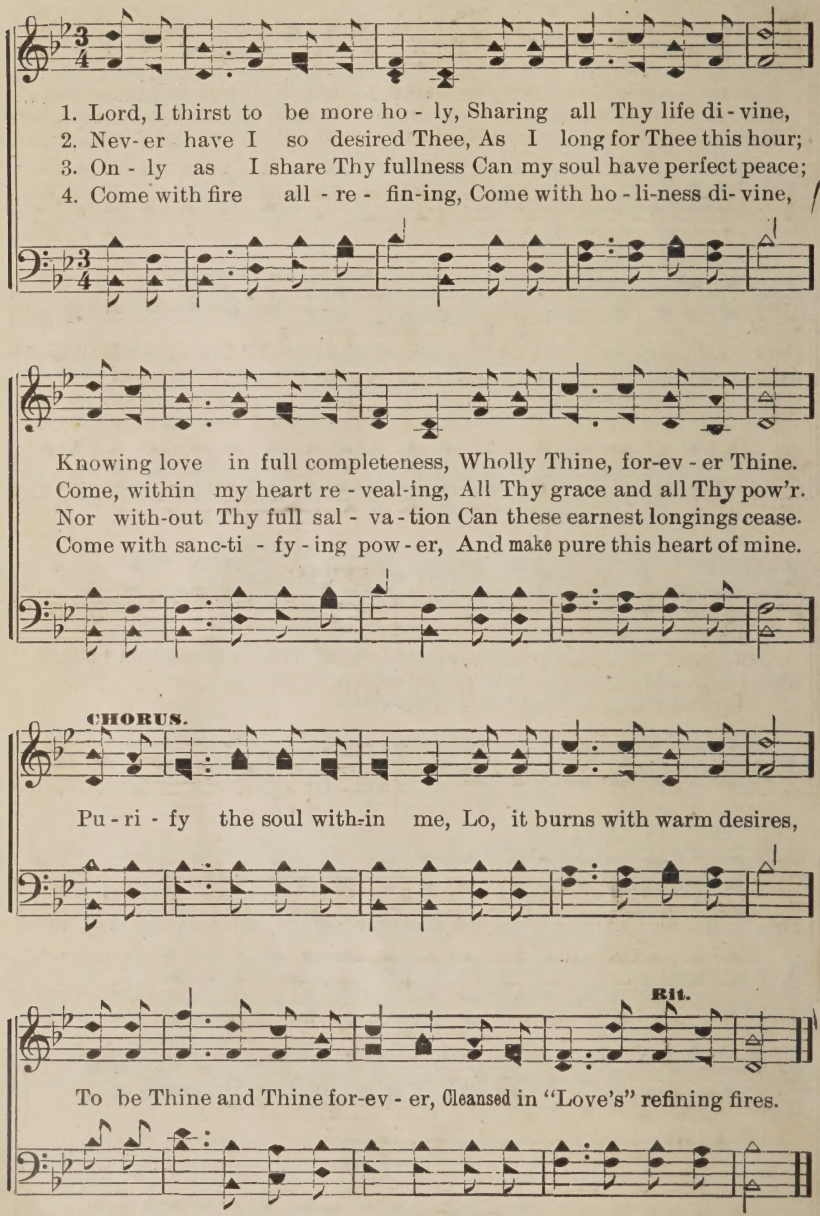
I THIRST TO BE MORE HOLY.

"Blessed are they which hunger and thirst after righteousness."—MATT. 3: 16.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. E. KERSEY.


1. Lord, I thirst to be more ho - ly, Sharing all Thy life di - vine,
2. Nev - er have I so desired Thee, As I long for Thee this hour;
3. On - ly as I share Thy fullness Can my soul have perfect peace;
4. Come with fire all - re - fin-ing, Come with ho - li-ness di- vine,
Knowing love in full completeness, Wholly Thine, for-ev - er Thine.
Come, within my heart re - veal-ing, All Thy grace and all Thy pow'r.
Nor with-out Thy full sal - va - tion Can these earnest longings cease.
Come with sanc-ti - fy - ing pow - er, And make pure this heart of mine.
CHORUS.
Pu - ri - fy the soul with-in me, Lo, it burns with warm desires,
Rit.
To be Thine and Thine for-ev - er, Cleansed in "Love's" refining fires.

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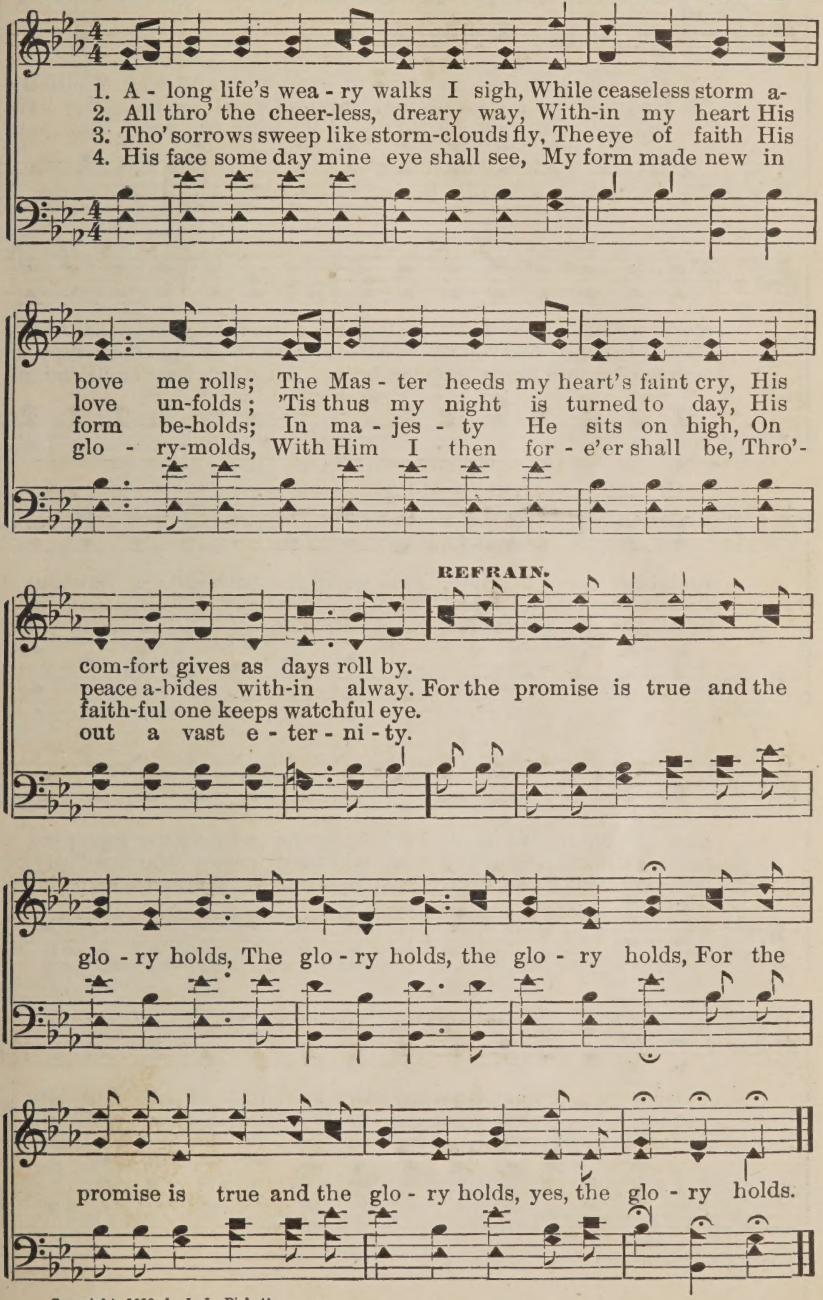
THE GLORY HOLDS.

Inscribed to the memory of Mrs. Hulda A. Rees, on whose dying testimony the words were written. See Matt. 24: 35.

REV. L. L. PICKETT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A - long life's wea - ry walks I sigh, While ceaseless storm a-
2. All thro' the cheer-less, dreary way, With-in my heart His
3. Tho' sorrows sweep like storm-clouds fly, The eye of faith His
4. His face some day mine eye shall see, My form made new in
bove me rolls; The Mas - ter heeds my heart's faint cry, His
love un-folds; 'Tis thus my night is turned to day, His
form be-holds; In ma - jes - ty He sits on high, On
glo - ry-molds, With Him I then for - e'er shall be, Thro'-
REFRAIN.
com-fort gives as days roll by.
peace a-bides with-in alway. For the promise is true and the
faith-ful one keeps watchful eye.
out a vast e - ter - ni - ty.
glo - ry holds, The glo - ry holds, the glo - ry holds, For the
promise is true and the glo - ry holds, yes, the glo - ry holds.

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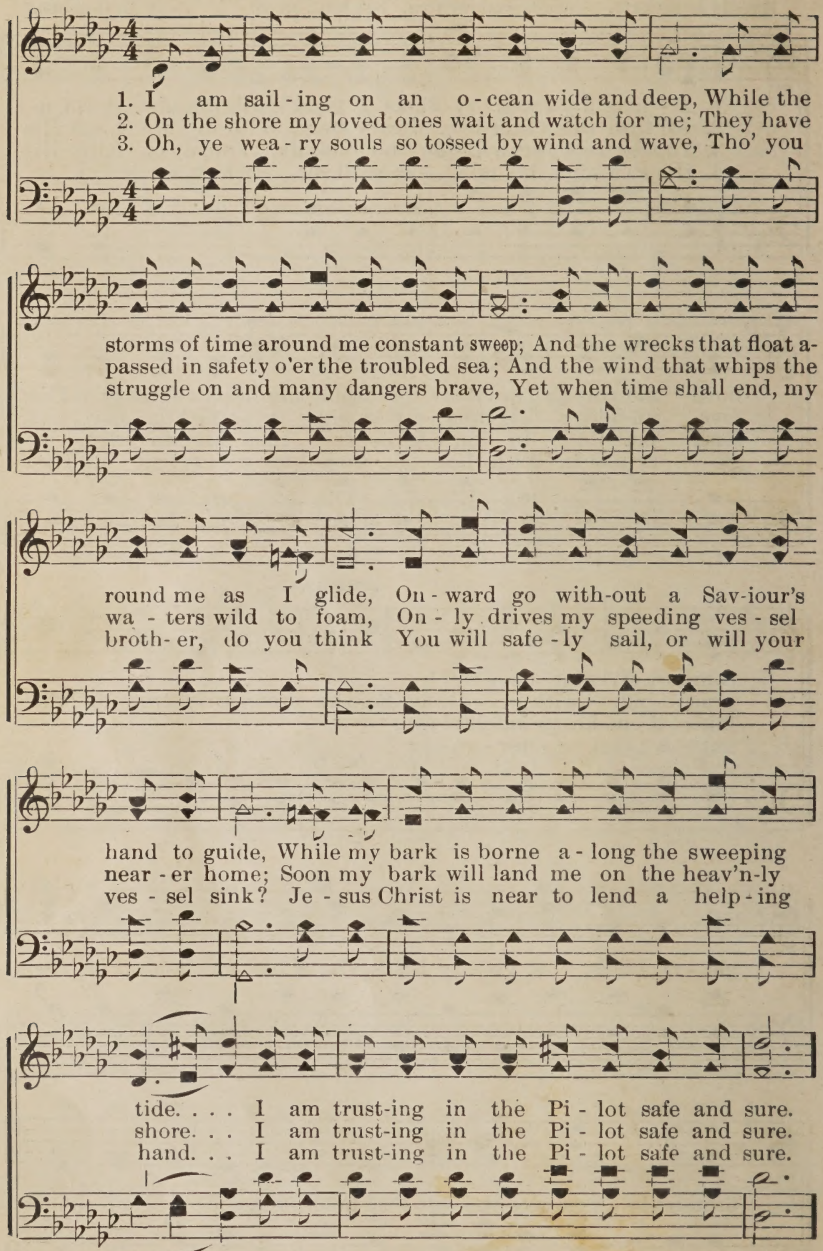
TRUSTING IN THE PILOT.

A. N. GEO. E. KERSEY.


1. I am sail-ing on an o-cean wide and deep, While the
2. On the shore my loved ones wait and watch for me; They have
3. Oh, ye wea-ry souls so tossed by wind and wave, Tho' you
storms of time around me constant sweep; And the wrecks that float a-
passed in safety o'er the troubled sea; And the wind that whips the
struggle on and many dangers brave, Yet when time shall end, my
round me as I glide, On-ward go with-out a Sav-iour's
wa-ters wild to foam, On-ly drives my speeding ves-sel
broth-er, do you think You will safe-ly sail, or will your
hand to guide, While my bark is borne a-long the sweeping
near-er home; Soon my bark will land me on the heav'n-ly
ves-sel sink? Je-sus Christ is near to lend a help-ing
tide. . . . I am trust-ing in the Pi-lot safe and sure.
shore. . . I am trust-ing in the Pi-lot safe and sure.
hand. . . I am trust-ing in the Pi-lot safe and sure.

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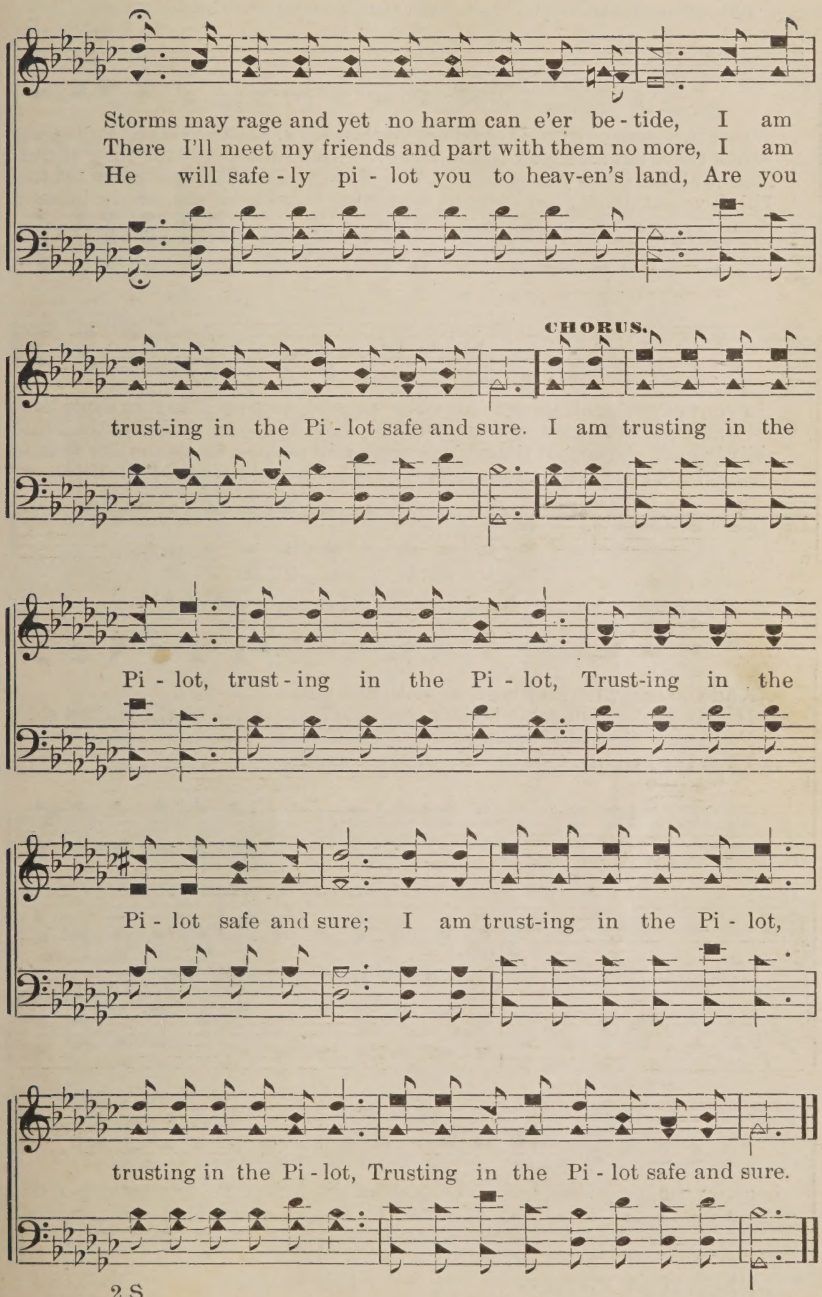
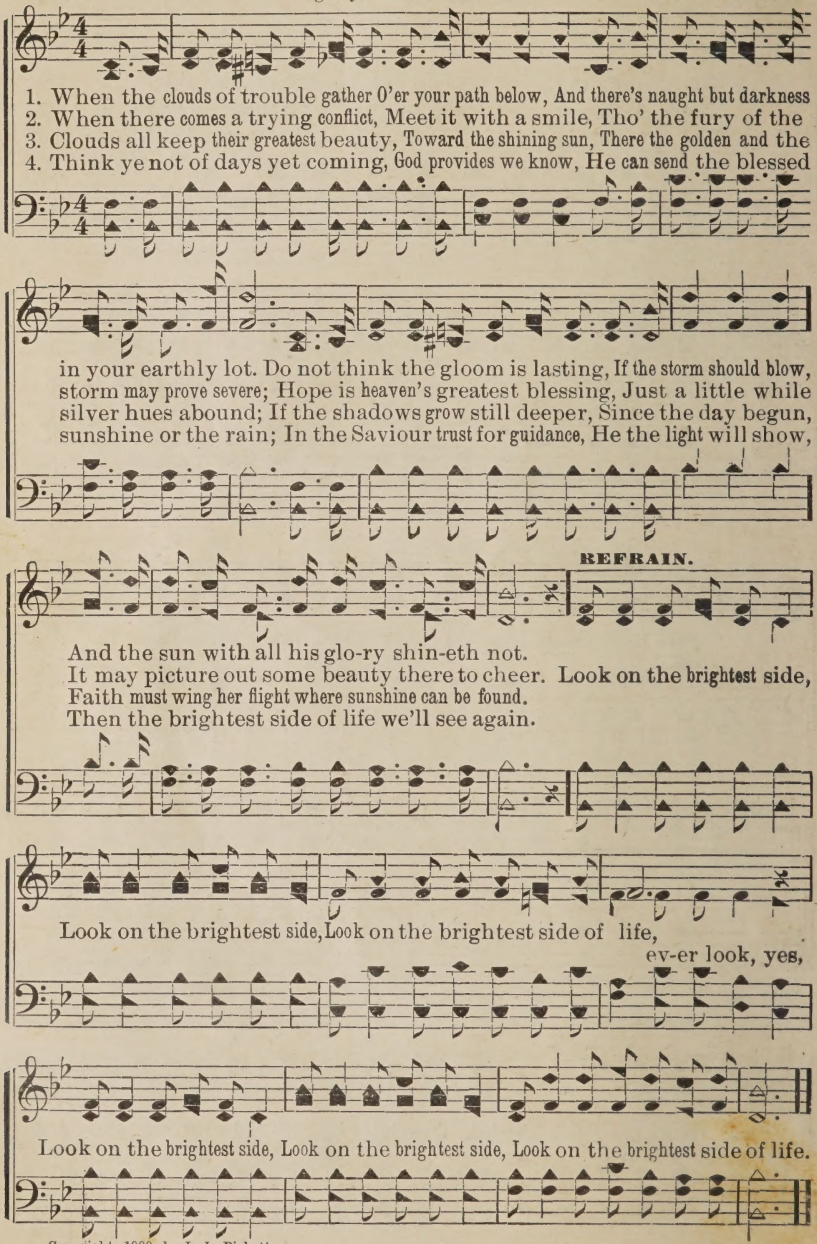

Storms may rage and yet no harm can e'er be - tide, I am
There I'll meet my friends and part with them no more, I am
He will safe - ly pi - lot you to heav-en's land, Are you
CHORUS.
trust-ing in the Pi - lot safe and sure. I am trusting in the
Pi - lot, trust - ing in the Pi - lot, Trust-ing in the
Pi - lot safe and sure; I am trust-ing in the Pi - lot,
trusting in the Pi - lot, Trusting in the Pi - lot safe and sure.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHTEST SIDE.

"Our light affliction, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. 4: 17.

J. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. When the clouds of trouble gather O'er your path below, And there's naught but darkness
2. When there comes a trying conflict, Meet it with a smile, Tho' the fury of the
3. Clouds all keep their greatest beauty, Toward the shining sun, There the golden and the
4. Think ye not of days yet coming, God provides we know, He can send the blessed
in your earthly lot. Do not think the gloom is lasting, If the storm should blow,
storm may prove severe; Hope is heaven's greatest blessing, Just a little while
silver hues abound; If the shadows grow still deeper, Since the day begun,
sunshine or the rain; In the Saviour trust for guidance, He the light will show,
REFRAIN.
And the sun with all his glo-ry shin-eth not.
It may picture out some beauty there to cheer. Look on the brightest side,
Faith must wing her flight where sunshine can be found.
Then the brightest side of life we'll see again.
Look on the brightest side, Look on the brightest side of life,
ev-er look, yes,
Look on the brightest side, Look on the brightest side, Look on the brightest side of life.

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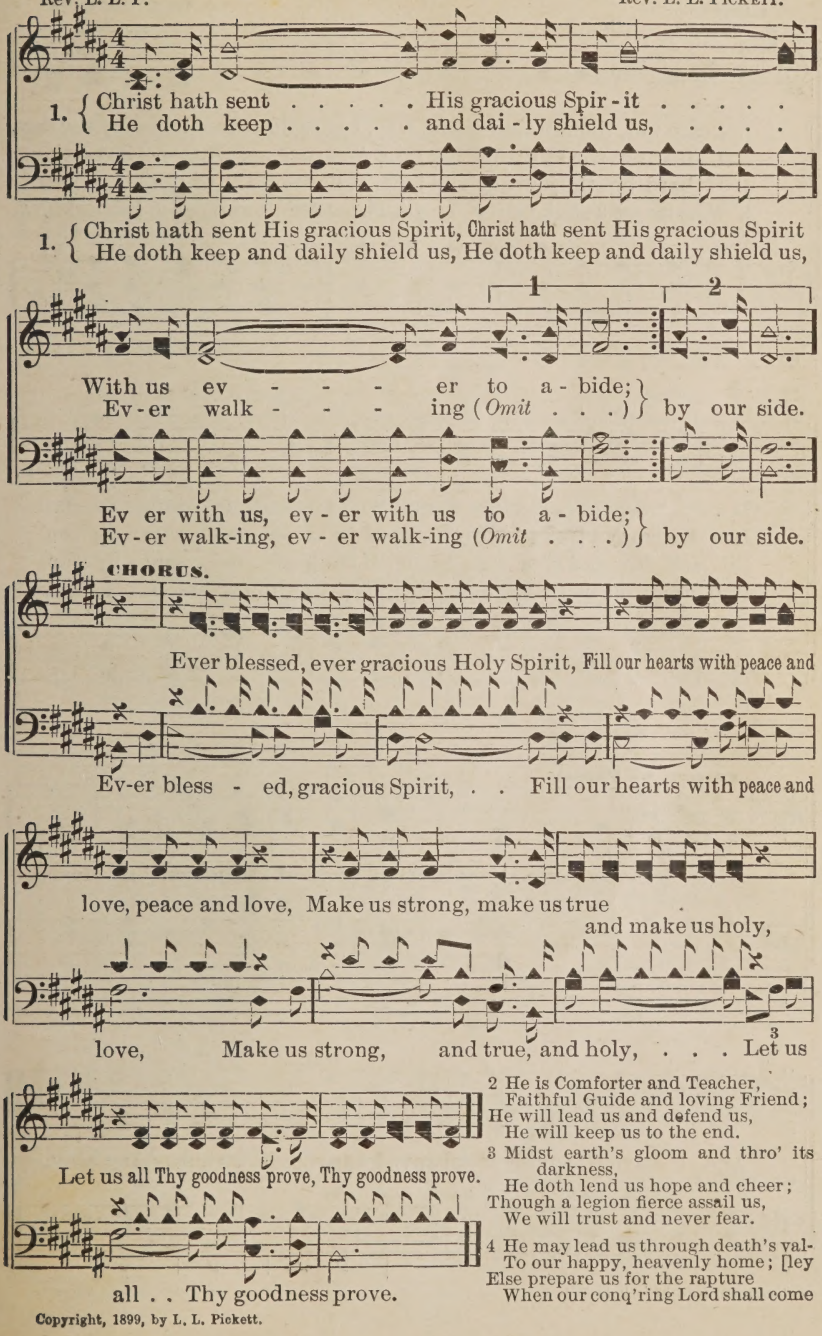
Rev. L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. { Christ hath sent . . . . . His gracious Spir - it . . . . .
He doth keep . . . . . and dai - ly shield us, ...
1. { Christ hath sent His gracious Spirit, Christ hath sent His gracious Spirit
He doth keep and daily shield us, He doth keep and daily shield us,
1
2
With us ev - - - - er to a - bide;
Ev - er walk - - - - ing (Omit . . .) by our side.
Ev er with us, ev - er with us to a - bide;
Ev - er walk-ing, ev - er walk-ing (Omit . . .) by our side.
CHORUS.
Ever blessed, ever gracious Holy Spirit, Fill our hearts with peace and
Ev-er bless - ed, gracious Spirit, . . Fill our hearts with peace and
love, peace and love, Make us strong, make us true
and make us holy,
love, Make us strong, and true, and holy, . . . Let us
3
Let us all Thy goodness prove, Thy goodness prove.
all . . Thy goodness prove.

2 He is Comforter and Teacher,
Faithful Guide and loving Friend;
He will lead us and defend us,
He will keep us to the end.

3 Midst earth's gloom and thro' its darkness,
He doth lend us hope and cheer;
Though a legion fierce assail us,
We will trust and never fear.

4 He may lead us through death's val-
To our happy, heavenly home; [ley
Else prepare us for the rapture
When our conq'ring Lord shall come

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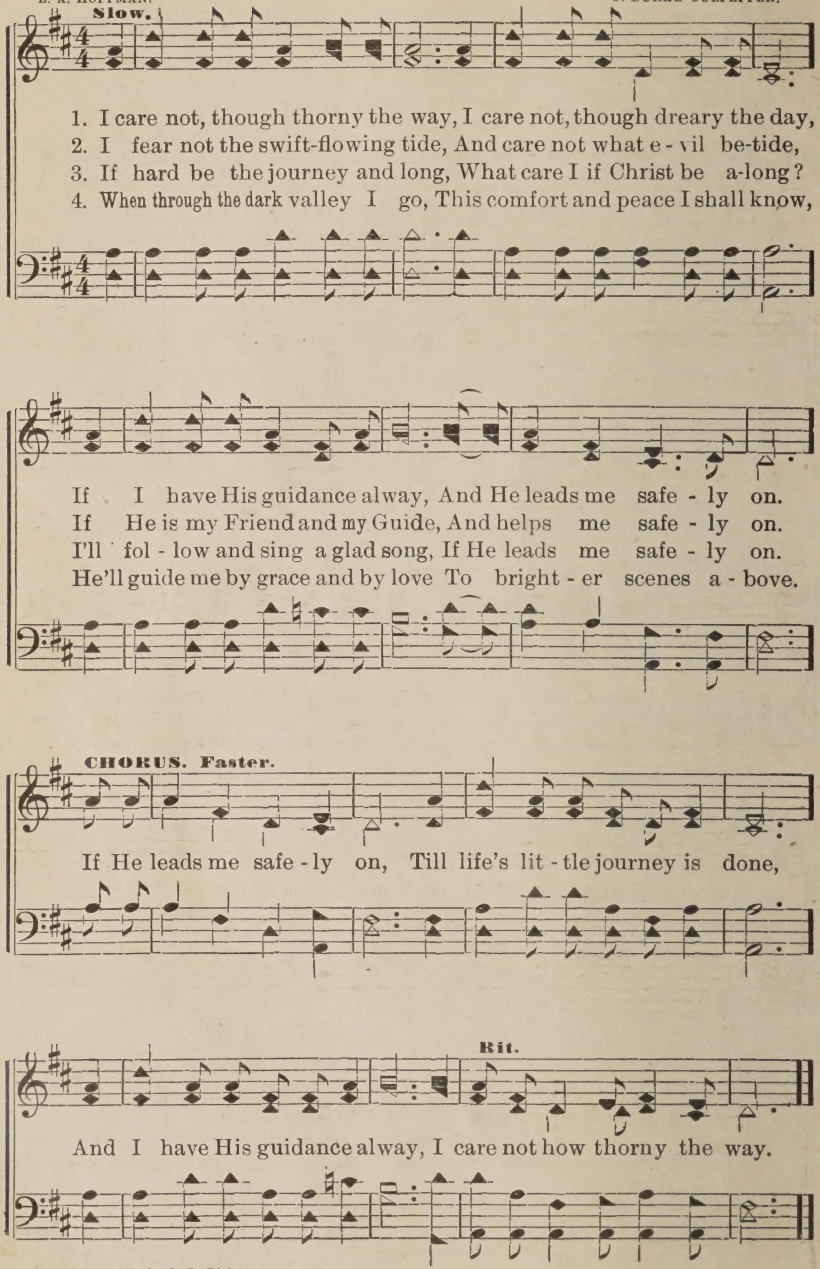
IF HE LEADS ME ON.

E. A. HOFFMAN. O. BURKE CULPEPPER.


Slow.
1. I care not, though thorny the way, I care not, though dreary the day,
2. I fear not the swift-flowing tide, And care not what e - vil be-tide,
3. If hard be the journey and long, What care I if Christ be a-long?
4. When through the dark valley I go, This comfort and peace I shall know,
If I have His guidance alway, And He leads me safe - ly on.
If He is my Friend and my Guide, And helps me safe - ly on.
I'll fol - low and sing a glad song, If He leads me safe - ly on.
He'll guide me by grace and by love To bright - er scenes a - bove.
CHORUS. Faster.
If He leads me safe - ly on, Till life's lit - tle journey is done,
Rit.
And I have His guidance alway, I care not how thorny the way.

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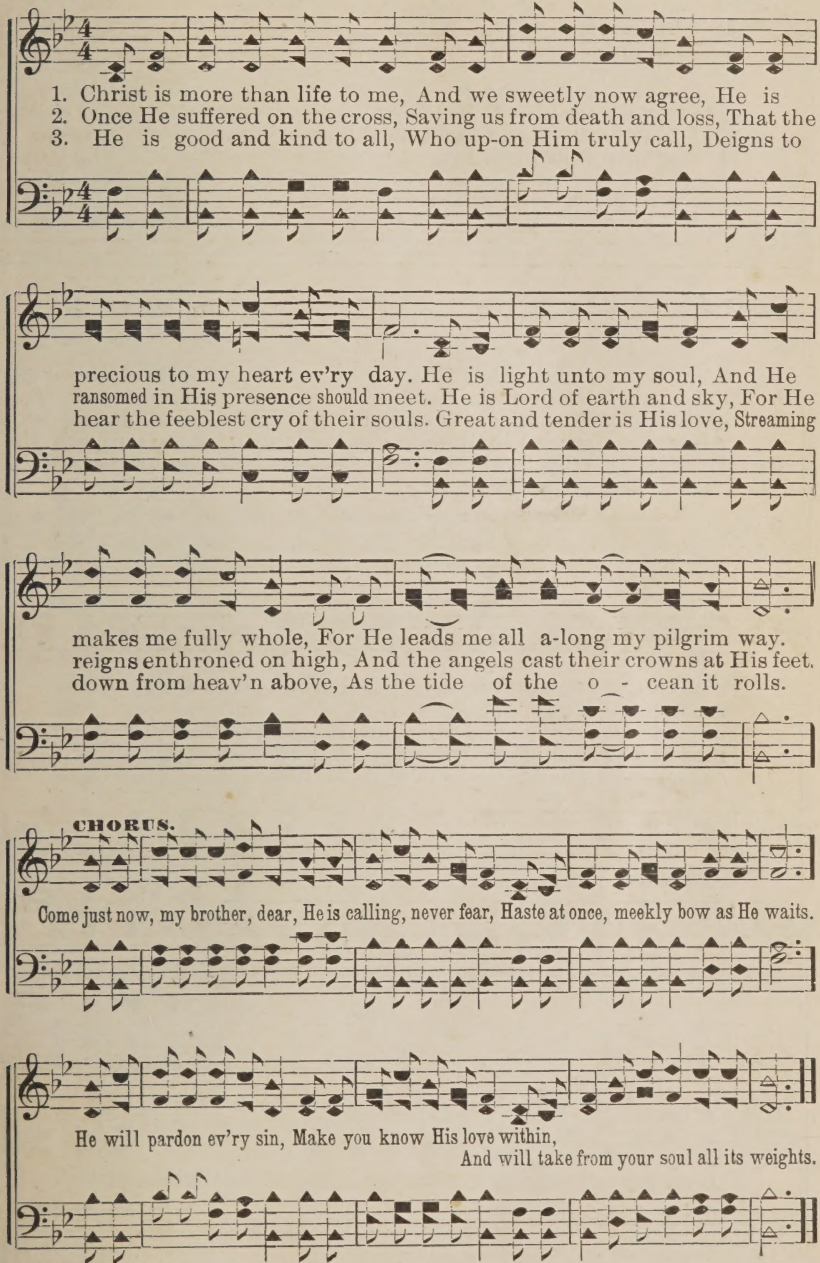
MORE THAN LIFE TO ME.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.


1. Christ is more than life to me, And we sweetly now agree, He is
2. Once He suffered on the cross, Saving us from death and loss, That the
3. He is good and kind to all, Who up-on Him truly call, Deigns to
precious to my heart ev'ry day. He is light unto my soul, And He
ransomed in His presence should meet. He is Lord of earth and sky, For He
hear the feeblest cry of their souls. Great and tender is His love, Streaming
makes me fully whole, For He leads me all a-long my pilgrim way.
reigns enthroned on high, And the angels cast their crowns at His feet.
down from heav'n above, As the tide of the o - cean it rolls.
CHORUS.
Come just now, my brother, dear, He is calling, never fear, Haste at once, meekly bow as He waits.
He will pardon ev'ry sin, Make you know His love within,
And will take from your soul all its weights.

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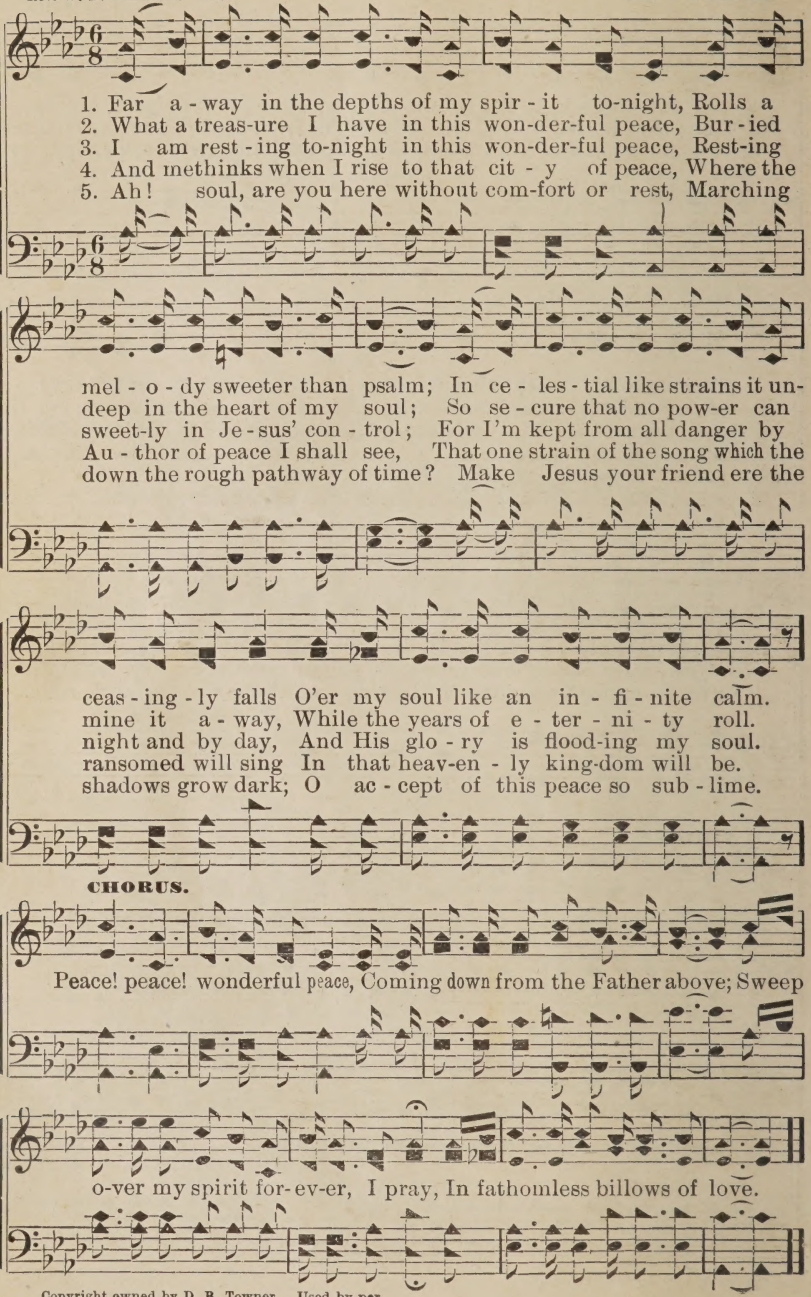
WONDERFUL PEACE.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL. Alt. Rev. W. G. COOPER.


1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to-night, Rolls a
2. What a treas-ure I have in this won-der-ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to-night in this won-der-ful peace, Rest-ing
4. And methinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul, are you here without com-fort or rest, Marching
mel - o - dy sweeter than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow-er can
sweet-ly in Je-sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all danger by
Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time? Make Jesus your friend ere the
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood-ing my soul.
ransomed will sing In that heav-en - ly king-dom will be.
shadows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.
CHORUS.
Peace! peace! wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father above; Sweep
o-ver my spirit for-ev-er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

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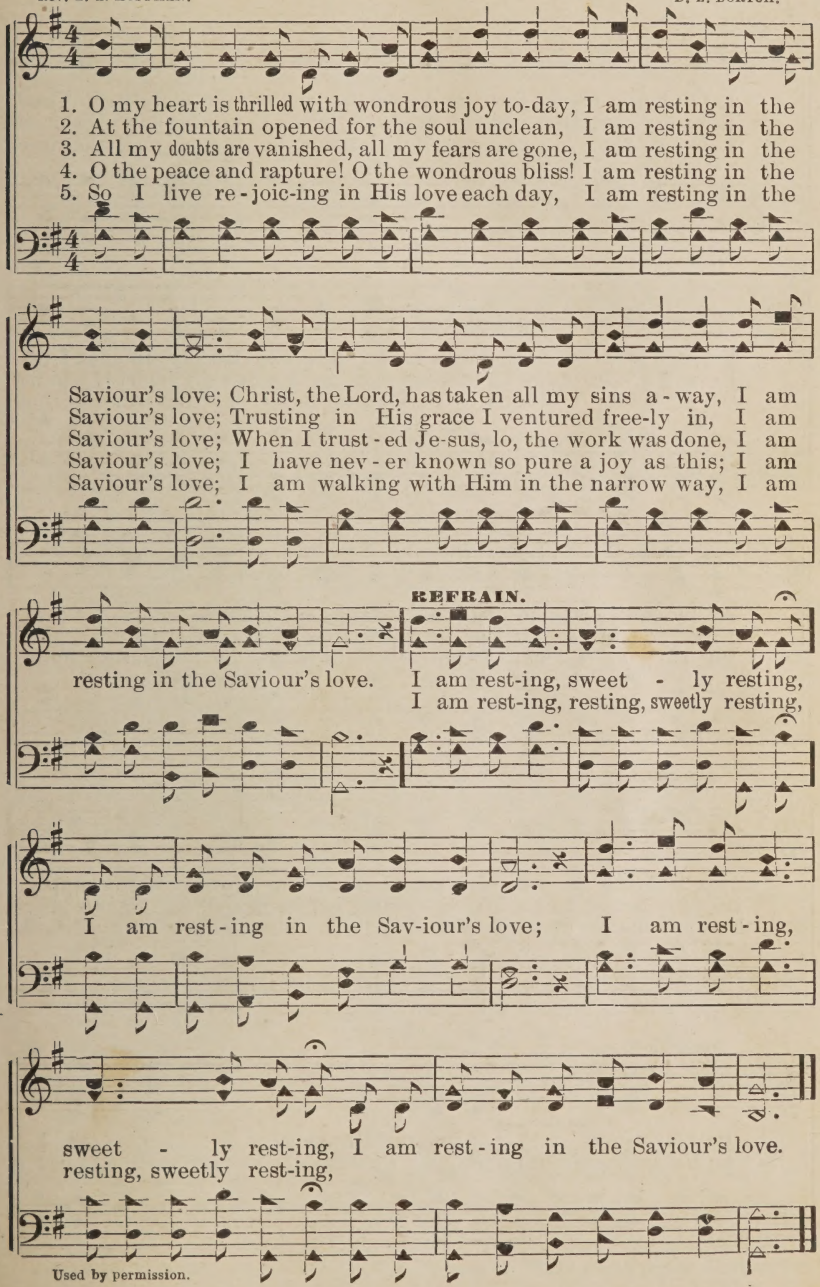
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O my heart is thrilled with wondrous joy to-day, I am resting in the
2. At the fountain opened for the soul unclean, I am resting in the
3. All my doubts are vanished, all my fears are gone, I am resting in the
4. O the peace and rapture! O the wondrous bliss! I am resting in the
5. So I live re-joic-ing in His love each day, I am resting in the
Saviour's love; Christ, the Lord, has taken all my sins a-way, I am
Saviour's love; Trusting in His grace I ventured free-ly in, I am
Saviour's love; When I trust-ed Je-sus, lo, the work was done, I am
Saviour's love; I have nev-er known so pure a joy as this; I am
Saviour's love; I am walking with Him in the narrow way, I am
REFRAIN.
resting in the Saviour's love. I am rest-ing, sweet - ly resting,
I am rest-ing, resting, sweetly resting,
I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; I am rest-ing,
sweet - ly rest-ing, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.
resting, sweetly rest-ing,

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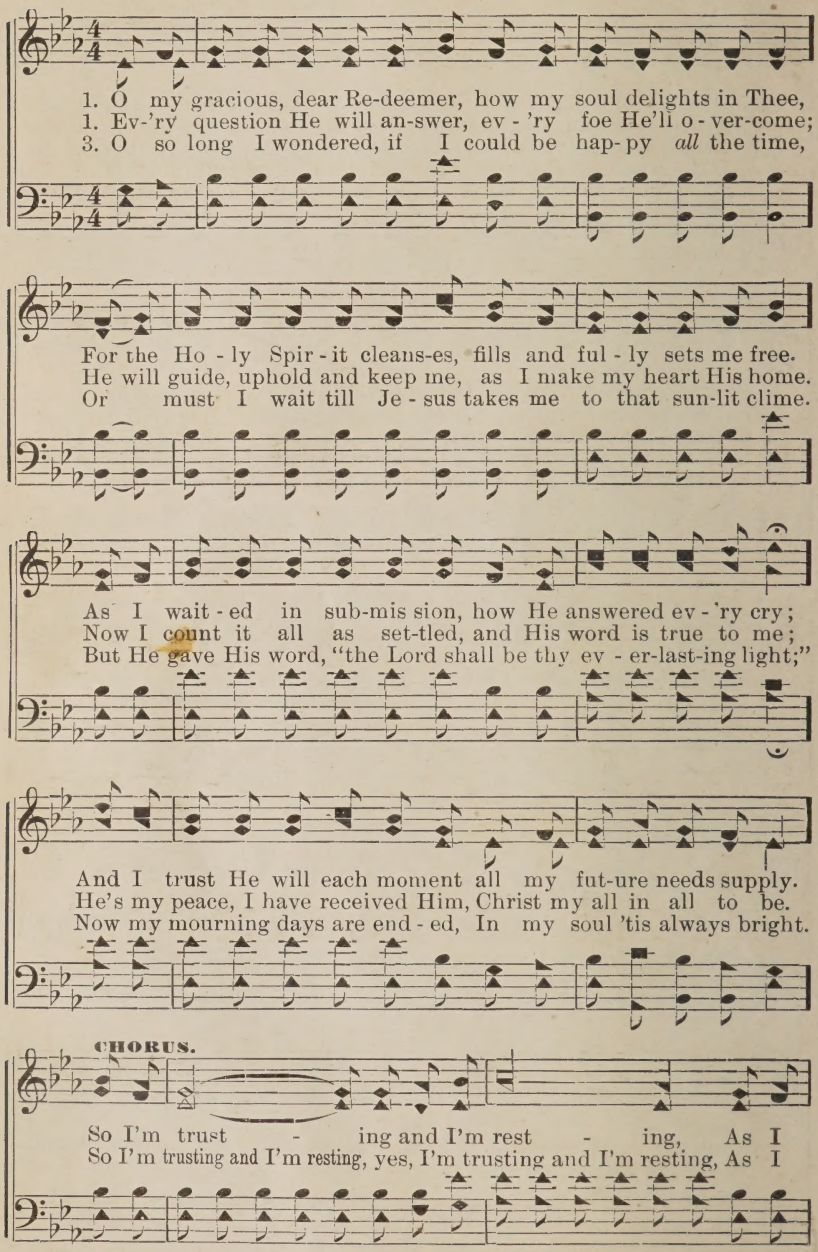
'HAPPY SOUL.

D. W. M. Last verse by J. M. K.

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.


1. O my gracious, dear Re-deemer, how my soul delights in Thee,
1. Ev-'ry question He will an-swer, ev - 'ry foe He'll o - ver-come;
3. O so long I wondered, if I could be hap-py *all* the time,
For the Ho - ly Spir - it cleans-es, fills and ful - ly sets me free.
He will guide, uphold and keep me, as I make my heart His home.
Or must I wait till Je - sus takes me to that sun-lit clime.
As I wait - ed in sub-mis sion, how He answered ev - 'ry cry;
Now I count it all as set-tled, and His word is true to me;
But He gave His word, "the Lord shall be thy ev - er-last-ing light;"
And I trust He will each moment all my fut-ure needs supply.
He's my peace, I have received Him, Christ my all in all to be.
Now my mourning days are end - ed, In my soul 'tis always bright.
CHORUS.
So I'm trust - ing and I'm rest - ing, As I
So I'm trusting and I'm resting, yes, I'm trusting and I'm resting, As I

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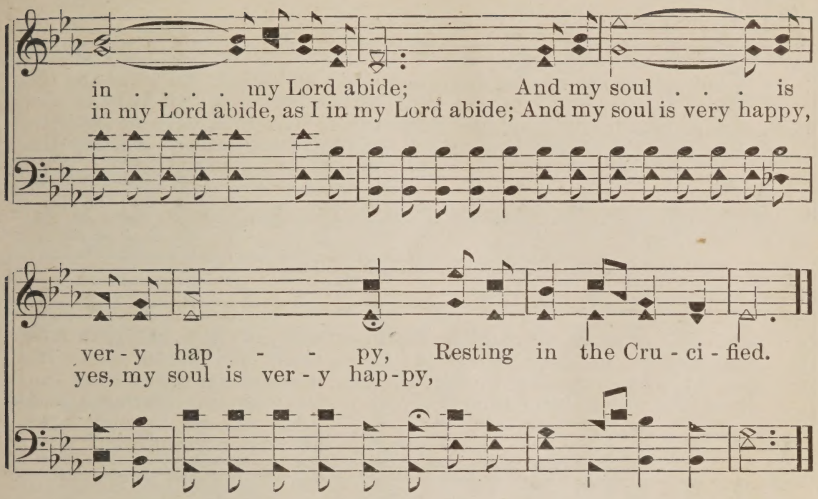
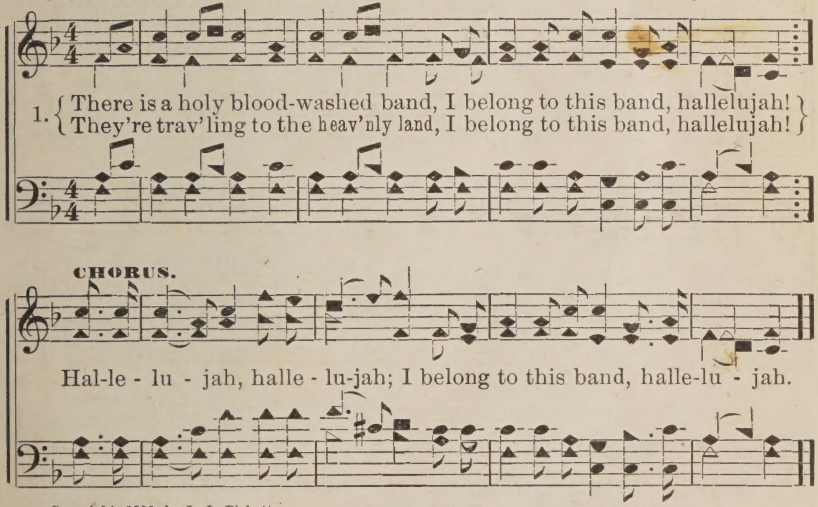
HAPPY SOUL. Concluded.

in . . . . my Lord abide; And my soul . . . is
in my Lord abide, as I in my Lord abide; And my soul is very happy,
ver - y hap - - - py, Resting in the Cru - ci - fied.
yes, my soul is ver - y hap - py,

I BELONG TO THIS BAND. 39

L. D. CARRINGTON. Arr. by JNO. R. B.


1. There is a holy blood-washed band, I belong to this band, hallelujah!
They're trav'ling to the heav'nly land, I belong to this band, hallelujah!
CHORUS.
Hal-le - lu - jah, halle - lu-jah; I belong to this band, halle-lu - jah.

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2 Our leader is the Saviour dear,
With Him in front we know no fear.

3 At times our way seems hedged about,
Still on we go with song and shout.

4 Hell's lions sometimes loudly roar,
I pledged my Lord to ne'er give o'er.

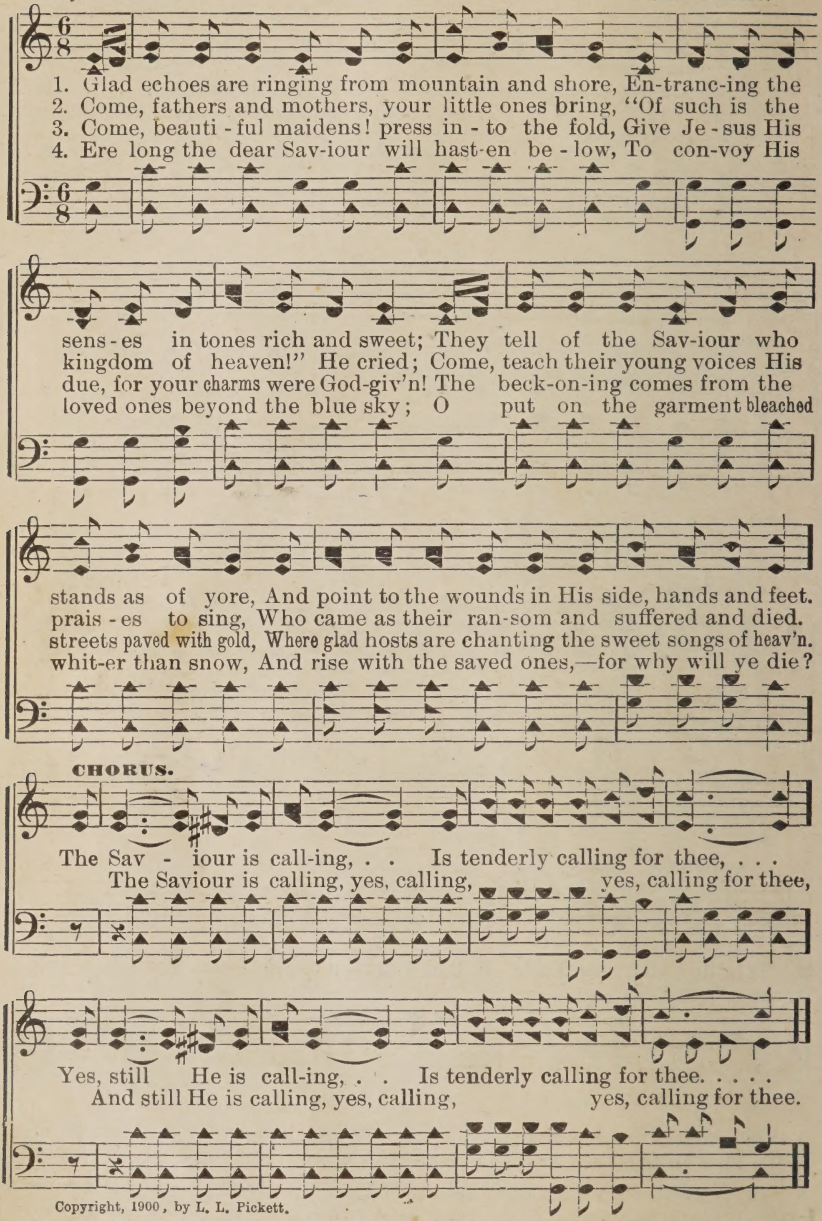
5 We work and pray, we trust and give,
For Christ, our Lord, alone we live.

6 Dear friends have reached that home above,
Our hearts are filled with perfect love.

7 O will you come and go with me,
Till we our loving Saviour see.

GLAD ECHOES.

Maj. T. J. ECKERSON. "Come unto me."—Matt. 11: 28. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.


1. Glad echoes are ringing from mountain and shore, En-tranc-ing the
2. Come, fathers and mothers, your little ones bring, "Of such is the
3. Come, beauti-ful maidens! press in-to the fold, Give Je-sus His
4. Ere long the dear Sav-iour will hast-en be-low, To con-voy His
sens-es in tones rich and sweet; They tell of the Sav-iour who
kingdom of heaven!" He cried; Come, teach their young voices His
due, for your charms were God-giv'n! The beck-on-ing comes from the
loved ones beyond the blue sky; O put on the garment bleached
stands as of yore, And point to the wounds in His side, hands and feet.
prais-es to sing, Who came as their ran-som and suffered and died.
streets paved with gold, Where glad hosts are chanting the sweet songs of heav'n.
whit-er than snow, And rise with the saved ones,—for why will ye die?
CHORUS.
The Sav-iour is call-ing, . . Is tenderly calling for thee, . . .
The Saviour is calling, yes, calling, yes, calling for thee,
Yes, still He is call-ing, . . Is tenderly calling for thee. . . . .
And still He is calling, yes, calling, yes, calling for thee.

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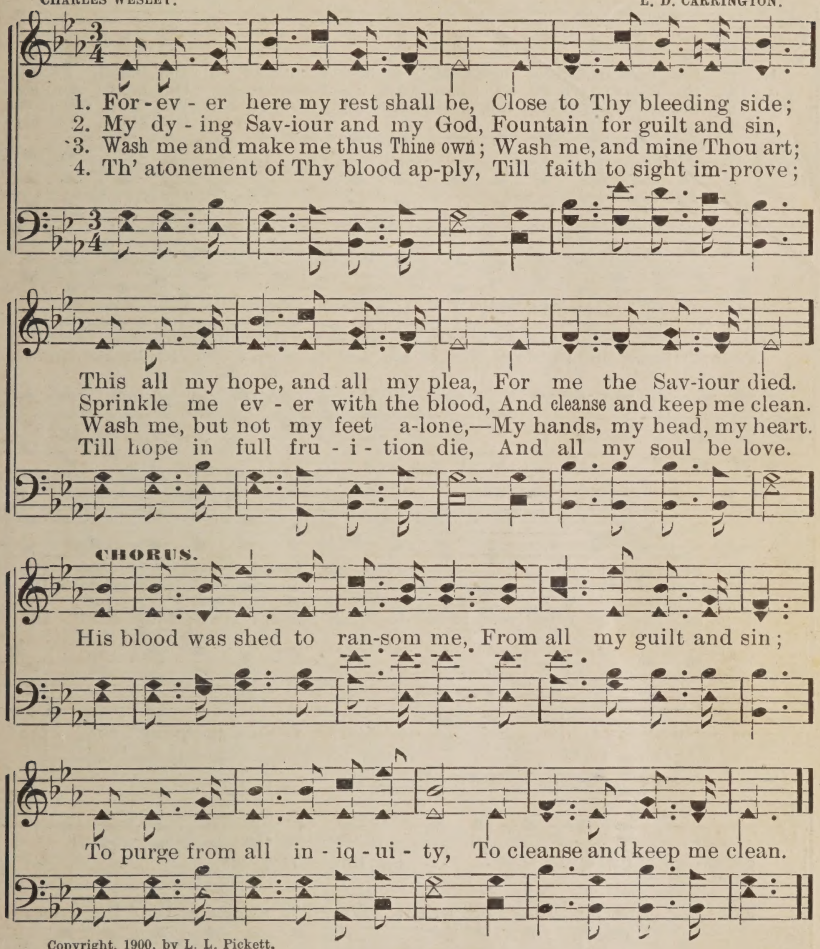
5 And come, O ye starved ones! who weary and sad,
Have sought gospel bread and received but a stone;
Here feed in abundance on that living bread,
Provided in Jesus and Jesus alone!

6 O hear the glad message and heed the blest call,
And turn thee at once to thy Saviour so dear;
In pity he lingers to ransom thy soul,
And give thee His Spirit that casteth out fear.

TO RANSOM ME.

"Ye were redeemed * * with the precious blood of Christ."—1 PET. 1: 18, 19.

CHARLES WESLEY. L. D. CARRINGTON.


1. For-ev-er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleeding side;
2. My dy-ing Sav-iour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
4. Th' atonement of Thy blood ap-ply, Till faith to sight im-prove;
This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav-iour died.
Sprinkle me ev-er with the blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
Wash me, but not my feet a-lone,—My hands, my head, my heart.
Till hope in full fru-i-tion die, And all my soul be love.
CHORUS.
His blood was shed to ran-som me, From all my guilt and sin;
To purge from all in-iq-ui-ty, To cleanse and keep me clean.

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THE LAND OF BEULAH. 42

"Thou shalt be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."—ISA. 62: 4.

Rev. JEFFERSON HASCALL, 1860. KEY C.

1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

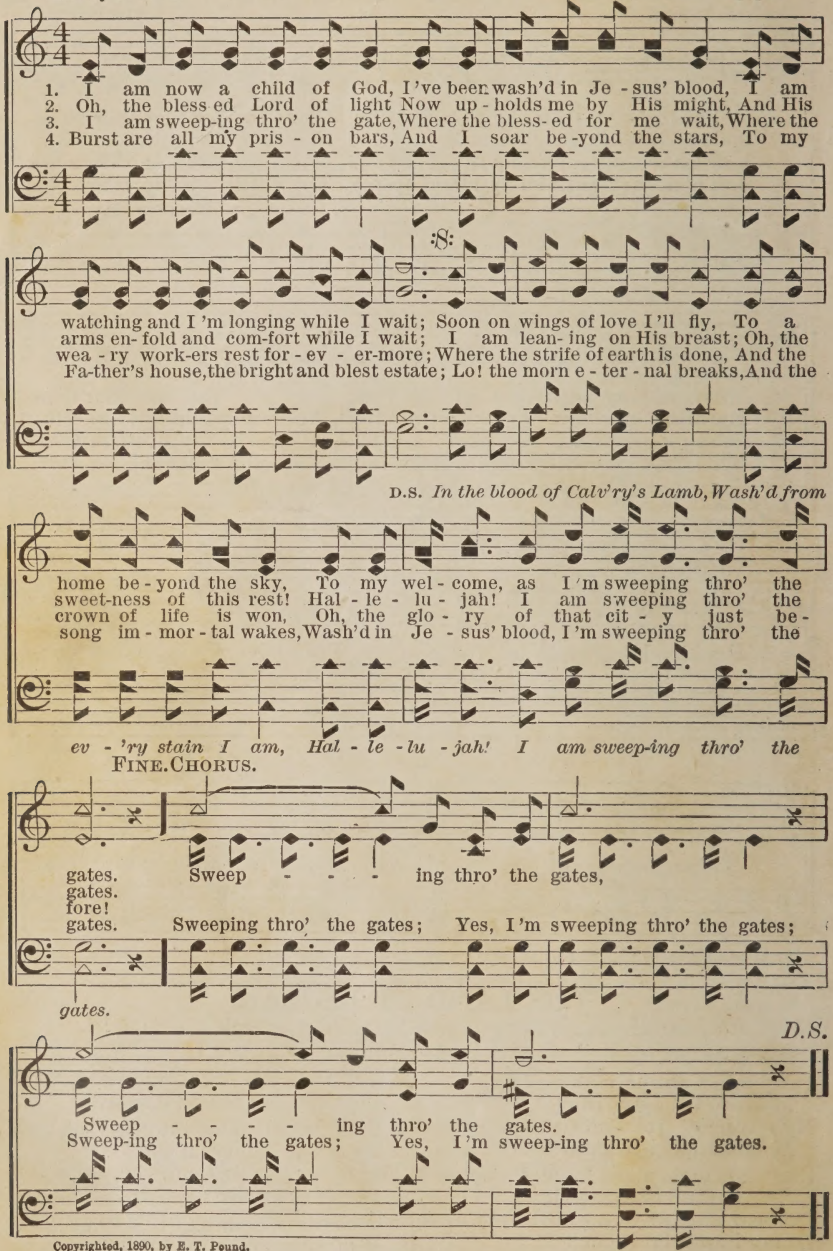
CHO.—O come, angel band, come and around me stand,
‖:O bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.:‖

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
Thy holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

Arr. by J. L. M. J. L. MOORE. By per.

1. I am now a child of God, I've been wash'd in Je - sus' blood, I am
2. Oh, the bless ed Lord of light Now up - holds me by His might, And His
3. I am sweep-ing thro' the gate, Where the bless- ed for me wait, Where the
4. Burst are all my pris - on bars, And I soar be -yond the stars, To my
watching and I 'm longing while I wait; Soon on wings of love I'll fly, To a
arms en- fold and com-fort while I wait; I am lean- ing on His breast; Oh, the
wea - ry work-ers rest for - ev - er-more; Where the strife of earth is done, And the
Fa-ther's house, the bright and blest estate; Lo! the morn e - ter - nal breaks, And the
D.S. In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb, Wash'd from
home be - yond the sky, To my wel - come, as I 'm sweeping thro' the
sweet-ness of this rest! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am sweeping thro' the
crown of life is won, Oh, the glo - ry of that cit - y just be-
song im - mor - tal wakes, Wash'd in Je - sus' blood, I 'm sweeping thro' the
ev - 'ry stain I am, Hal - le - lu - jah! I am sweep-ing thro' the
FINE. CHORUS.
gates. Sweep - - - - ing thro' the gates,
gates.
fore!
gates. Sweeping thro' the gates; Yes, I'm sweeping thro' the gates;
gates.
D.S.
Sweep - - - - ing thro' the gates.
Sweep-ing thro' the gates; Yes, I'm sweep-ing thro' the gates.

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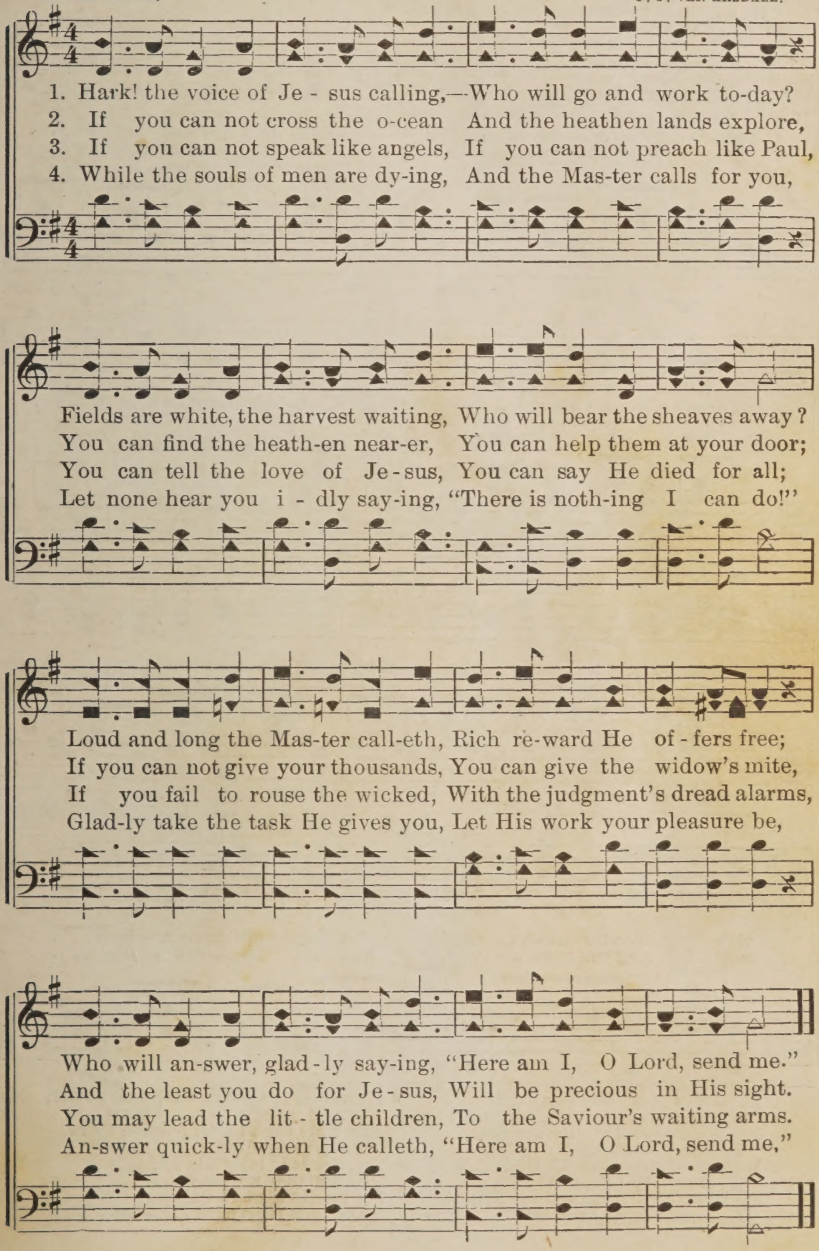
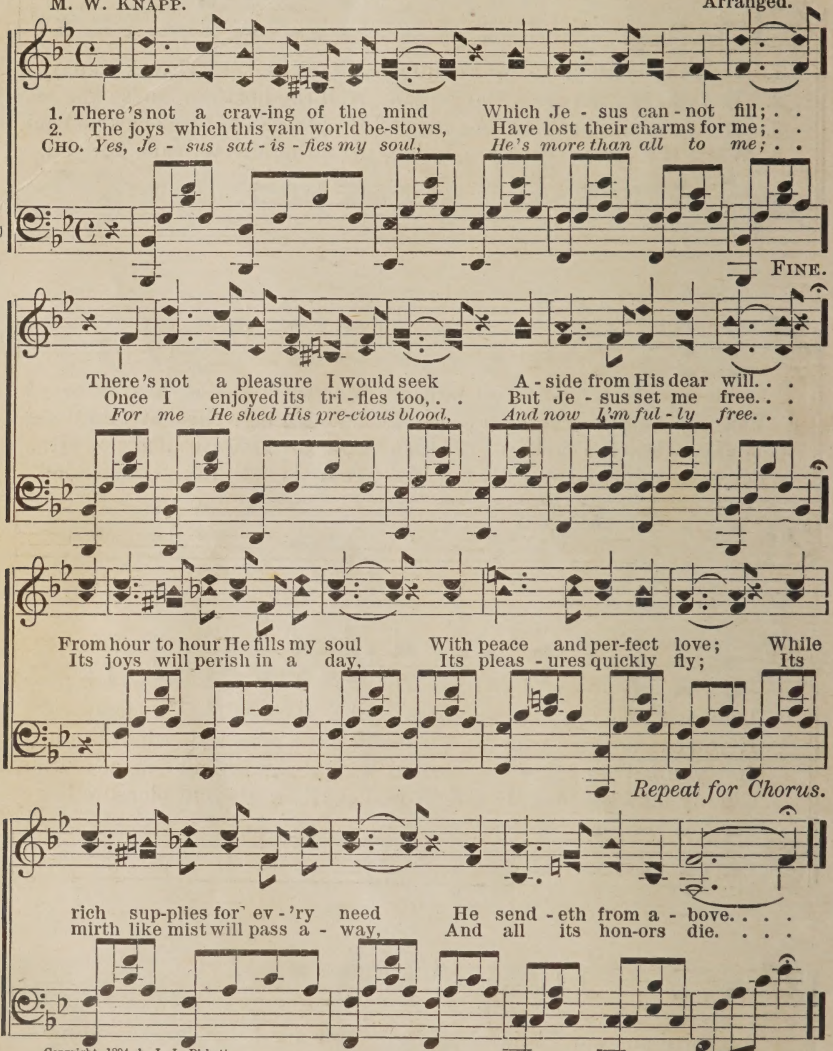
HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS.

"The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."—LUKE 10: 2.

DANIEL MARCH. P. P. VAN ARSDALE.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus calling,—Who will go and work to-day?
2. If you can not cross the o-cean And the heathen lands explore,
3. If you can not speak like angels, If you can not preach like Paul,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing, And the Mas-ter calls for you,
Fields are white, the harvest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves away?
You can find the heath-en near-er, You can help them at your door;
You can tell the love of Je-sus, You can say He died for all;
Let none hear you i - dly say-ing, "There is noth-ing I can do!"
Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward He of - fers free;
If you can not give your thousands, You can give the widow's mite,
If you fail to rouse the wicked, With the judgment's dread alarms,
Glad-ly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleasure be,
Who will an-swer, glad - ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
And the least you do for Je - sus, Will be precious in His sight.
You may lead the lit - tle children, To the Saviour's waiting arms.
An-swer quick-ly when He calleth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me,"

I AM SATISFIED WITH JESUS.

"They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures." Ps. xxxvi: 8.
"He satisfieth the longing soul." Ps. cvii: 9.

M. W. KNAPP. Arranged.

1. There's not a crav-ing of the mind Which Je - sus can - not fill; . .
2. The joys which this vain world be-stows, Have lost their charms for me; . .
CHO. Yes, Je - sus sat - is - fies my soul, He's more than all to me; . .
FINE.
There's not a pleasure I would seek A - side from His dear will. . .
Once I enjoyed its tri - fles too, . . But Je - sus set me free. . .
For me He shed His pre-cious blood, And now I'm ful - ly free. . .
From hour to hour He fills my soul With peace and per-fect love; While
Its joys will perish in a day, Its pleas - ures quickly fly; Its
Repeat for Chorus.
rich sup-plies for ev - 'ry need He send - eth from a - bove. . . .
mirth like mist will pass a - way, And all its hon-ors die. . . .

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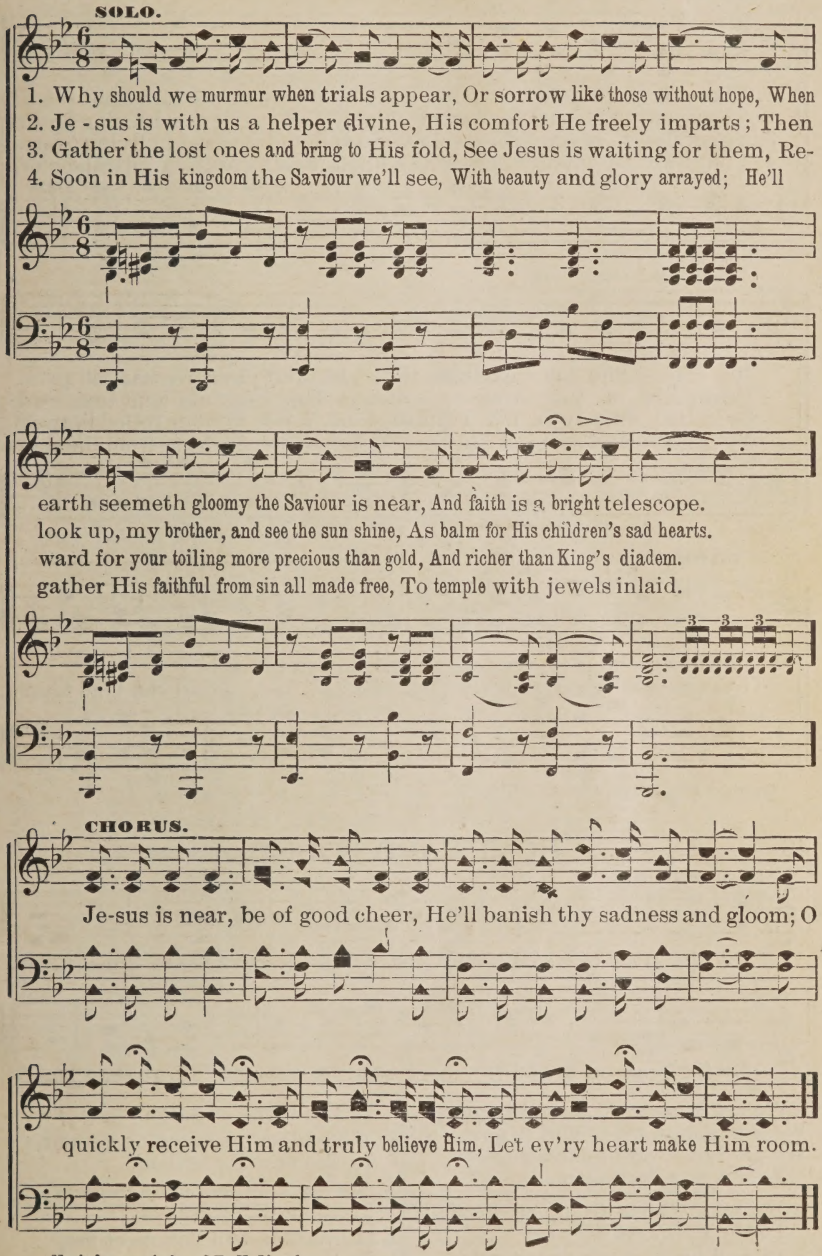
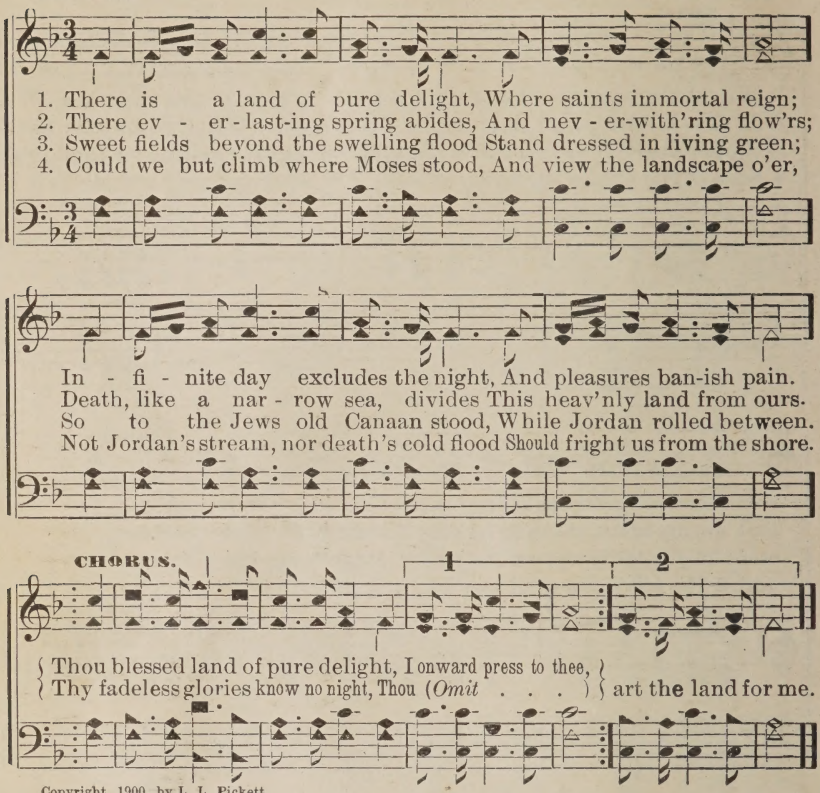
3 But Jesus is my Saviour dear,
My Rock, my Strength, my Song;
My Wisdom and my Refuge Safe,
To Jesus I belong.
He is my Advocate with God,
My Way, my Life, my Light,
My Great Physician and my Friend,
My Guide by day and night.

4 He stilled the angry tempests' power,
Which raged within my heart;
And bade each sinful passion there,
To speedily depart.
Yes, Jesus is my all in all,
He satisfies my soul,
For me He died on Calvary,
And now He makes me whole.

L. L. PICKETT. A. J. BUCHANAN.

SOLO.
1. Why should we murmur when trials appear, Or sorrow like those without hope, When
earth seemeth gloomy the Saviour is near, And faith is a bright telescope.
2. Je - sus is with us a helper divine, His comfort He freely imparts; Then
look up, my brother, and see the sun shine, As balm for His children's sad hearts.
3. Gather the lost ones and bring to His fold, See Jesus is waiting for them, Re-
ward for your toiling more precious than gold, And richer than King's diadem.
4. Soon in His kingdom the Saviour we'll see, With beauty and glory arrayed; He'll
gather His faithful from sin all made free, To temple with jewels inlaid.
CHORUS.
Je-sus is near, be of good cheer, He'll banish thy sadness and gloom; O
quickly receive Him and truly believe Him, Let ev'ry heart make Him room.

Music by permission of H. N. Lincoln.

47 LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

ISAAC WATTS. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
2. There ev - er-last-ing spring abides, And nev - er-with'ring flow'rs;
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green;
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,
In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.
Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.
CHORUS.
1
2
Thou blessed land of pure delight, I onward press to thee,
Thy fadeless glories know no night, Thou (Omit . . .) art the land for me.

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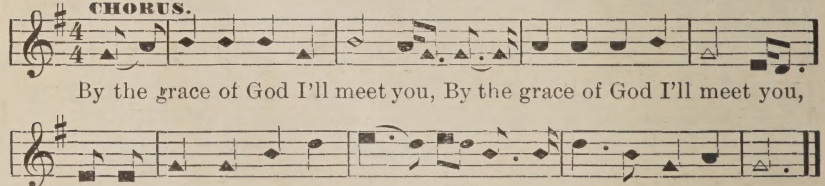
48 HOMEWARD BOUND.



1 We are homeward bound to glory,
We are homeward bound to glory,
We are homeward bound to glory,
To the new Jerusalem.

2 We will follow Christ, our Leader,
To the new Jerusalem.

3 By and by we hope to enter,
In the new Jerusalem.

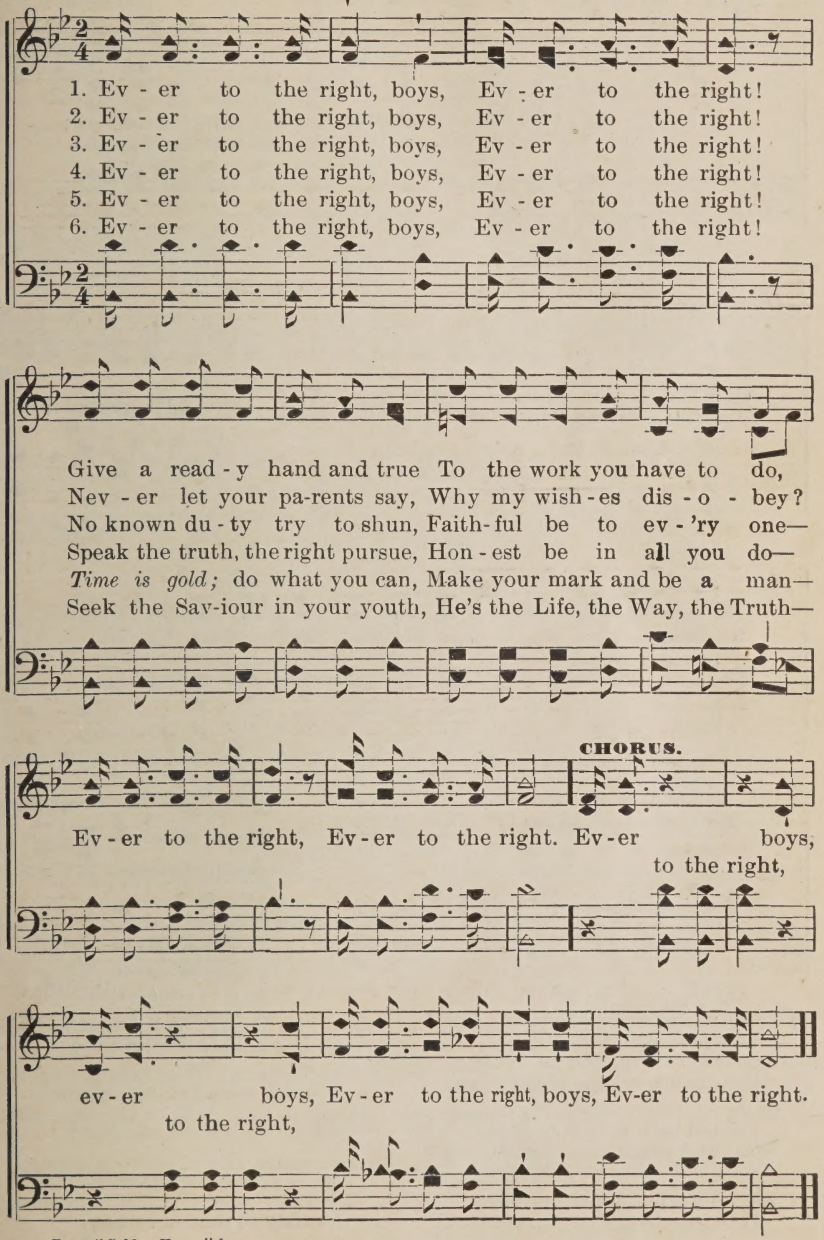
4 We will shout and sing hosanna
In the new Jerusalem.

5 We have fathers gone to glory,
To the new Jerusalem.

6 O brothers will you meet me,
In the new Jerusalem.

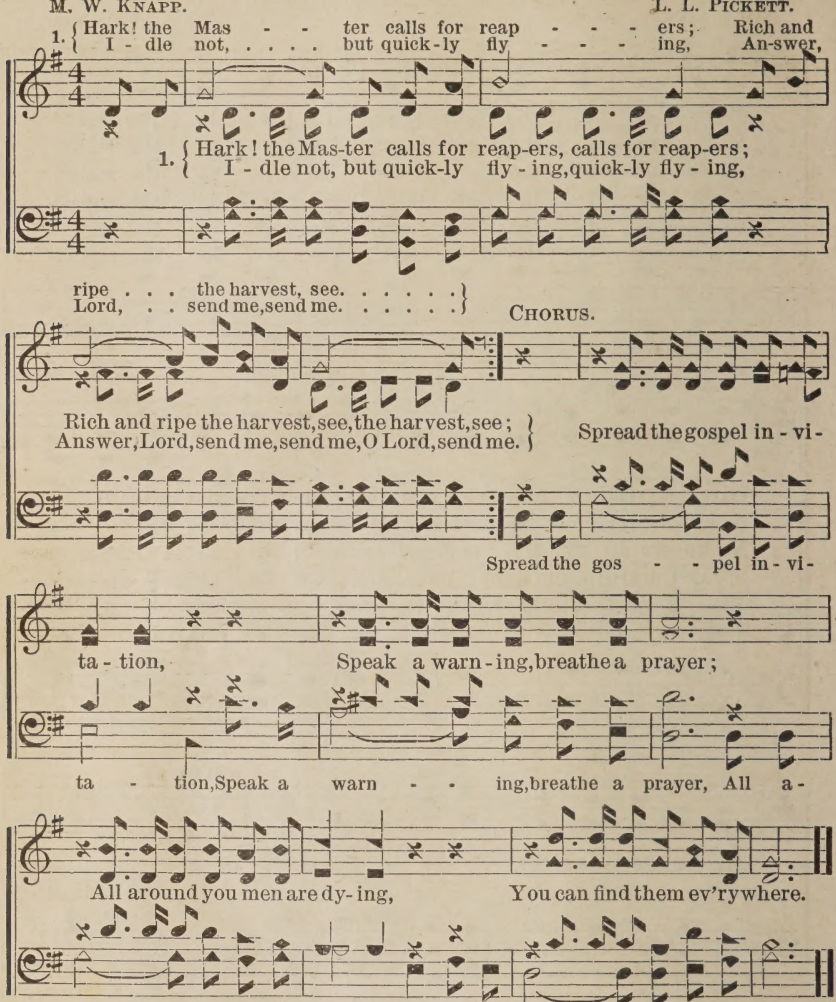
EVER TO THE RIGHT.

"Do all to the glory of God."—1 Cor. 10: 31.

ISAAC W. SANBORN. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Ev - er to the right, boys, Ev - er to the right!
2. Ev - er to the right, boys, Ev - er to the right!
3. Ev - er to the right, boys, Ev - er to the right!
4. Ev - er to the right, boys, Ev - er to the right!
5. Ev - er to the right, boys, Ev - er to the right!
6. Ev - er to the right, boys, Ev - er to the right!
Give a read - y hand and true To the work you have to do,
Nev - er let your pa-rents say, Why my wish - es dis - o - bey?
No known du - ty try to shun, Faith-ful be to ev - 'ry one—
Speak the truth, the right pursue, Hon - est be in all you do—
Time is gold; do what you can, Make your mark and be a man—
Seek the Sav-iour in your youth, He's the Life, the Way, the Truth—
CHORUS.
Ev - er to the right, Ev - er to the right. Ev - er boys,
to the right,
ev - er boys, Ev - er to the right, boys, Ev-er to the right.
to the right,

From "Golden Hours" by per.

THE MASTER CALLS FOR REAPERS.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Hark! the Mas - - ter calls for reap - - - ers; Rich and
I - dle not, ... but quick-ly fly - - - - ing, An-swer,
1. Hark! the Mas-ter calls for reap-ers, calls for reap-ers;
I - dle not, but quick-ly fly - ing, quick-ly fly - ing,
ripe . . . the harvest, see. . . . . .
Lord, . . send me, send me. . . . . .
CHORUS.
Rich and ripe the harvest, see, the harvest, see;
Answer, Lord, send me, send me, O Lord, send me.
Spread the gospel in - vi-
Spread the gos - - pel in - vi-
ta - tion, Speak a warn - ing, breathe a prayer;
ta - tion, Speak a warn - - ing, breathe a prayer, All a-
All around you men are dy - ing, You can find them ev'ry where.
round . . you men are dy - ing, You can find . . . them ev-'ry-where.

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2 Great the harvest, few the toilers,
Work is waiting one and all;
Answer quickly, and rejoicing,
Hear and heed the Master's call.

3 Gather golden sheaves for Jesus,
Ere too late, they ruined be;
Great and precious is the harvest,
And 't is Jesus calleth thee.

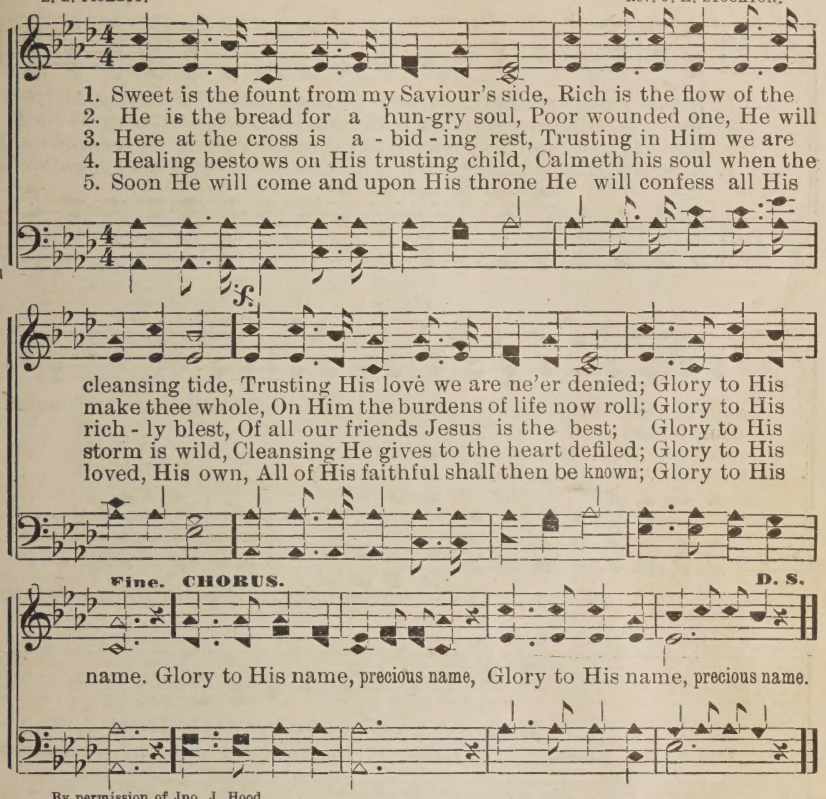
4 Rich reward is for thee waiting,
If but faithful thou wilt prove;
Christ will say, "Well done, thou faithful,"
In His kingdom bright above.

5 But if thou shouldst falsely linger,
Proving thus to Him untrue,
Fearful, then, will be the reckoning
At the Judgment waiting you.

6 Jesus shed His blood so precious,
On the cross for thee didst die;
Therefore heed His call so earnest,
Swiftly to the harvest fly.

DOWN AT THE CROSS. 51

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

L. L. PICKETT. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Sweet is the fount from my Saviour's side, Rich is the flow of the
2. He is the bread for a hun-gry soul, Poor wounded one, He will
3. Here at the cross is a - bid - ing rest, Trusting in Him we are
4. Healing bestows on His trusting child, Calmeth his soul when the
5. Soon He will come and upon His throne He will confess all His
f.
cleansing tide, Trusting His love we are ne'er denied; Glory to His
make thee whole, On Him the burdens of life now roll; Glory to His
rich - ly blest, Of all our friends Jesus is the best; Glory to His
storm is wild, Cleansing He gives to the heart defiled; Glory to His
loved, His own, All of His faithful shall then be known; Glory to His
Fine. CHORUS.
D. S.
name. Glory to His name, precious name, Glory to His name, precious name.

By permission of Jno. J. Hood.

GLORY TO HIS NAME. 52

"I will glorify thy name for evermore."

1 Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

CHO.—Glory to His name,
Glory to His name,
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within,
There at the cross where he took me in;
Glory to His name.

3 O precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in,
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet,
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet,
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

COME TO JESUS. 53

KEY OF G.

1 Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now,
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you, etc.

3 He is able, etc.

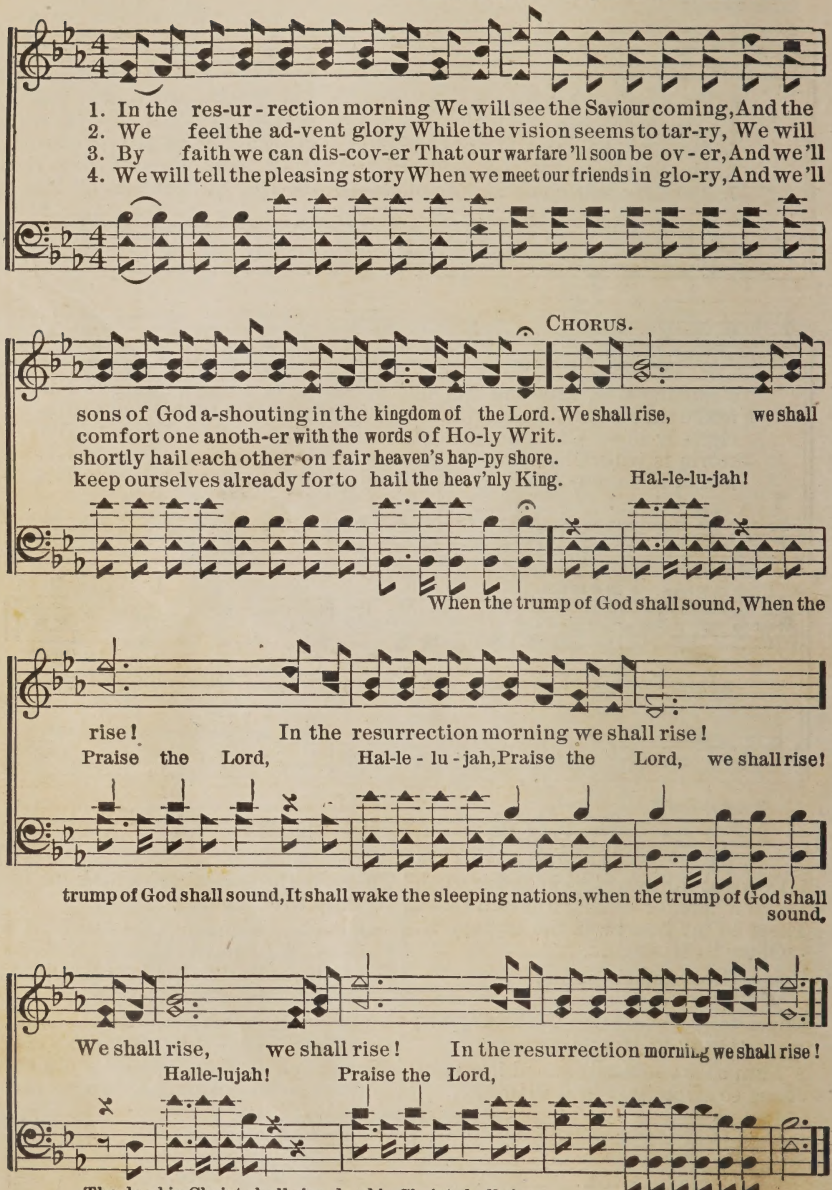
4 He is willing, etc.

5 He is waiting, etc.

6 O believe Him, etc.

7 He will bless you, etc.

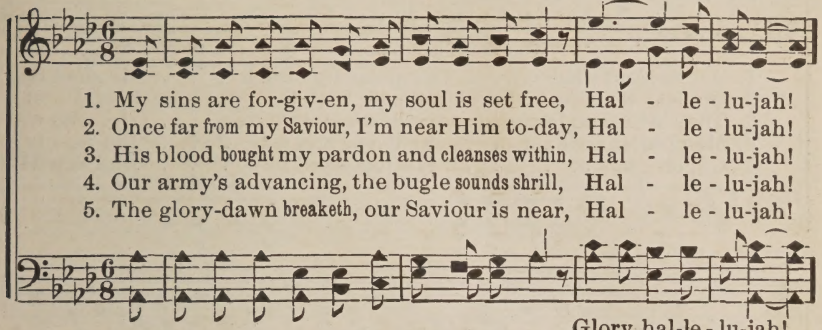
THE RESURRECTION.

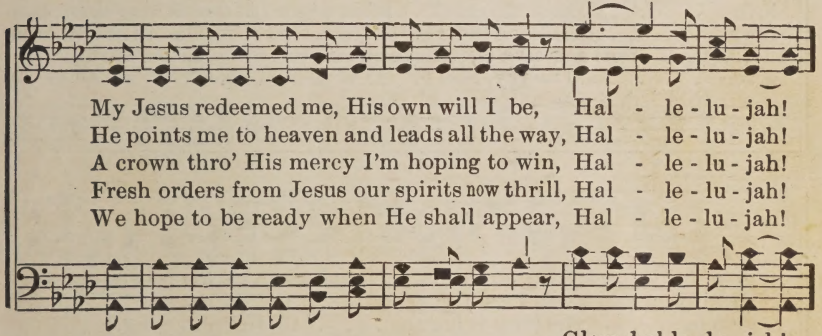
G. R. STREET. By per. of A. S. KIEFFER.

1. In the res-ur-rection morning We will see the Saviour coming, And the
2. We feel the ad-vent glory While the vision seems to tar-ry, We will
3. By faith we can dis-cov-er That our warfare 'll soon be ov-er, And we 'll
4. We will tell the pleasing story When we meet our friends in glo-ry, And we 'll
CHORUS.
sons of God a-shouting in the kingdom of the Lord. We shall rise, we shall
comfort one anoth-er with the words of Ho-ly Writ.
shortly hail each other on fair heaven's hap-py shore.
keep ourselves already for to hail the heav'nly King. Hal-le-lu-jah!
When the trump of God shall sound, When the
rise! In the resurrection morning we shall rise!
Praise the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise the Lord, we shall rise!
trump of God shall sound, It shall wake the sleeping nations, when the trump of God shall sound,
We shall rise, we shall rise! In the resurrection morning we shall rise!
Halle-lujah! Praise the Lord,
The dead in Christ shall rise, dead in Christ shall rise,

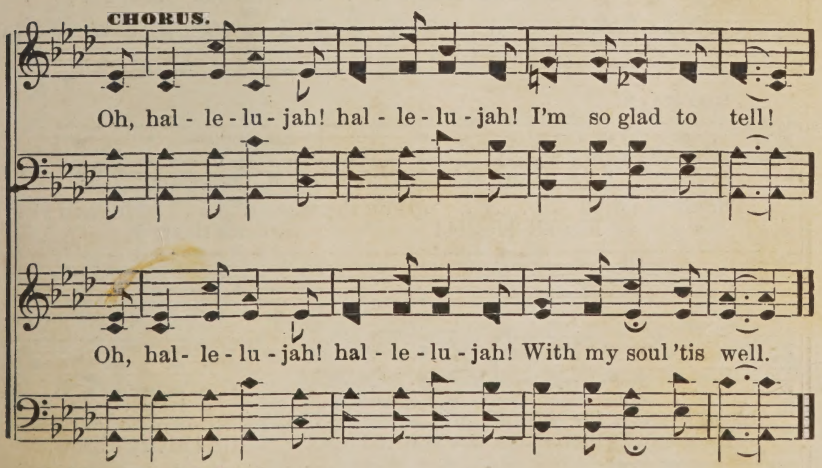
HALLELUJAH!

"Amen! Alleluia!"—REV. 19: 4.

L. D. CARRINGTON. Arr. by B. R. J. for this Work.


1. My sins are for-giv-en, my soul is set free, Hal - le - lu-jah!
2. Once far from my Saviour, I'm near Him to-day, Hal - le - lu-jah!
3. His blood bought my pardon and cleanses within, Hal - le - lu-jah!
4. Our army's advancing, the bugle sounds shrill, Hal - le - lu-jah!
5. The glory-dawn breaketh, our Saviour is near, Hal - le - lu-jah!
Glory hal-le - lu-jah!


My Jesus redeemed me, His own will I be, Hal - le - lu - jah!
He points me to heaven and leads all the way, Hal - le - lu - jah!
A crown thro' His mercy I'm hoping to win, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Fresh orders from Jesus our spirits now thrill, Hal - le - lu - jah!
We hope to be ready when He shall appear, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Glory hal-le - lu - jah!



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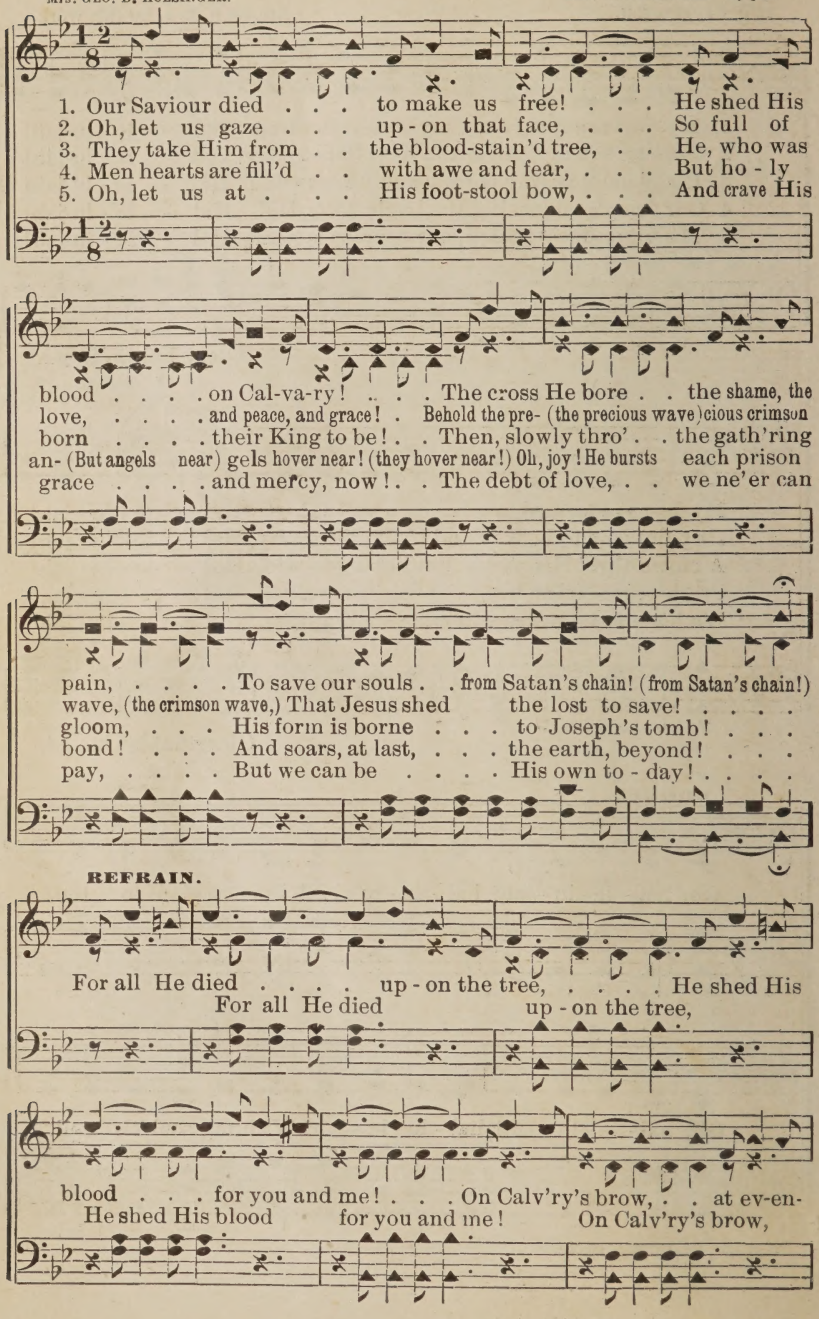
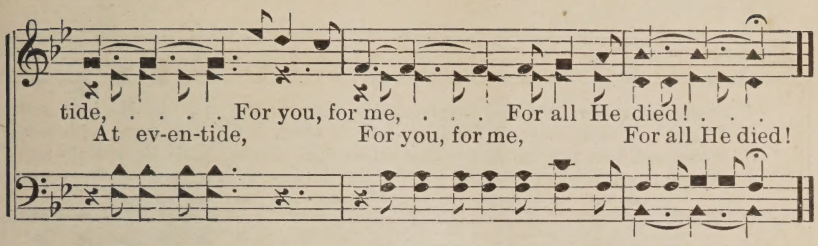
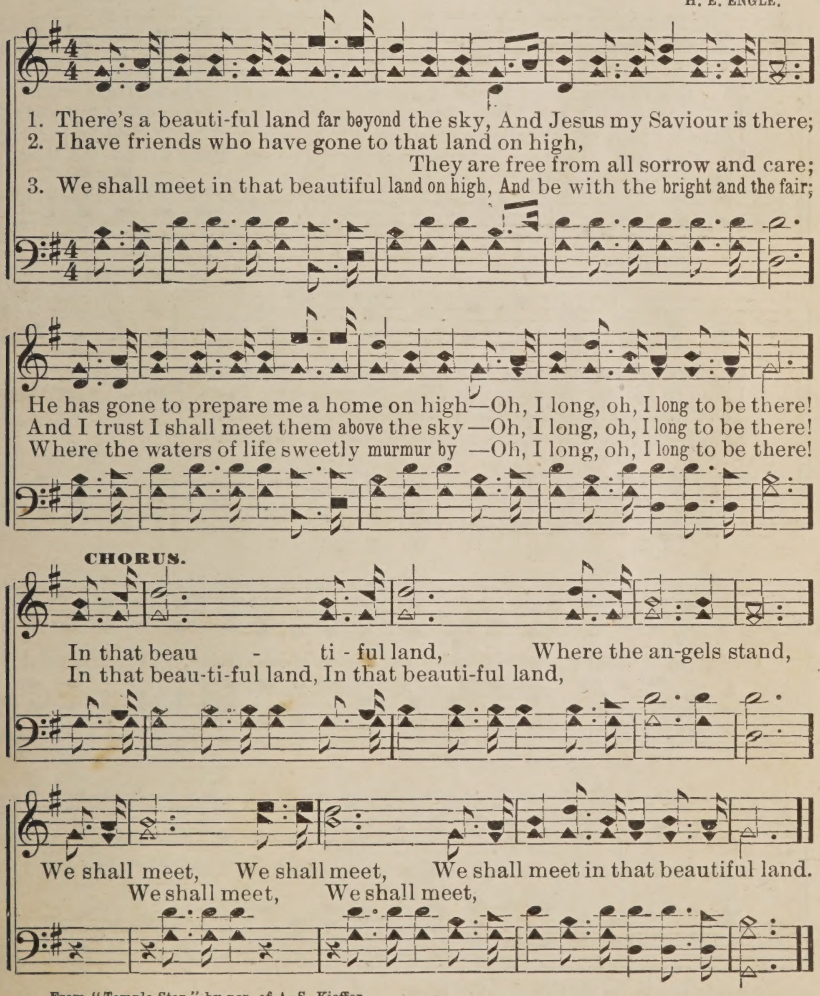
DEATH ON THE CROSS.

Mrs. GEO. B. HOLSINGER. GEO. B. HOLSINGER. By per.


1. Our Saviour died . . . to make us free! . . . He shed His
2. Oh, let us gaze . . . up - on that face, . . . So full of
3. They take Him from . . the blood-stain'd tree, . . He, who was
4. Men hearts are fill'd . . with awe and fear, . . . But ho - ly
5. Oh, let us at . . . His foot-stool bow, . . . And crave His
blood . . . . on Cal-va-ry! . . . The cross He bore . . the shame, the
love, ... and peace, and grace! . Behold the pre- (the precious wave) cious crimson
born . . . . their King to be! . . Then, slowly thro' . . the gath'ring
an- (But angels near) gels hover near! (they hover near!) Oh, joy! He bursts each prison
grace . . . . and mercy, now! . . The debt of love, . . we ne'er can
pain, ... To save our souls . . from Satan's chain! (from Satan's chain!)
wave, (the crimson wave,) That Jesus shed the lost to save! . . . . .
gloom, . . . His form is borne . . . to Joseph's tomb! . . . .
bond! . . . And soars, at last, . . . the earth, beyond! . . . .
pay, ... But we can be . . . . His own to - day! . . . .
REFRAIN.
For all He died . . . . up - on the tree, ... He shed His
For all He died up - on the tree,
blood . . . for you and me! . . . On Calv'ry's brow, . . at ev-en-
He shed His blood for you and me! On Calv'ry's brow,

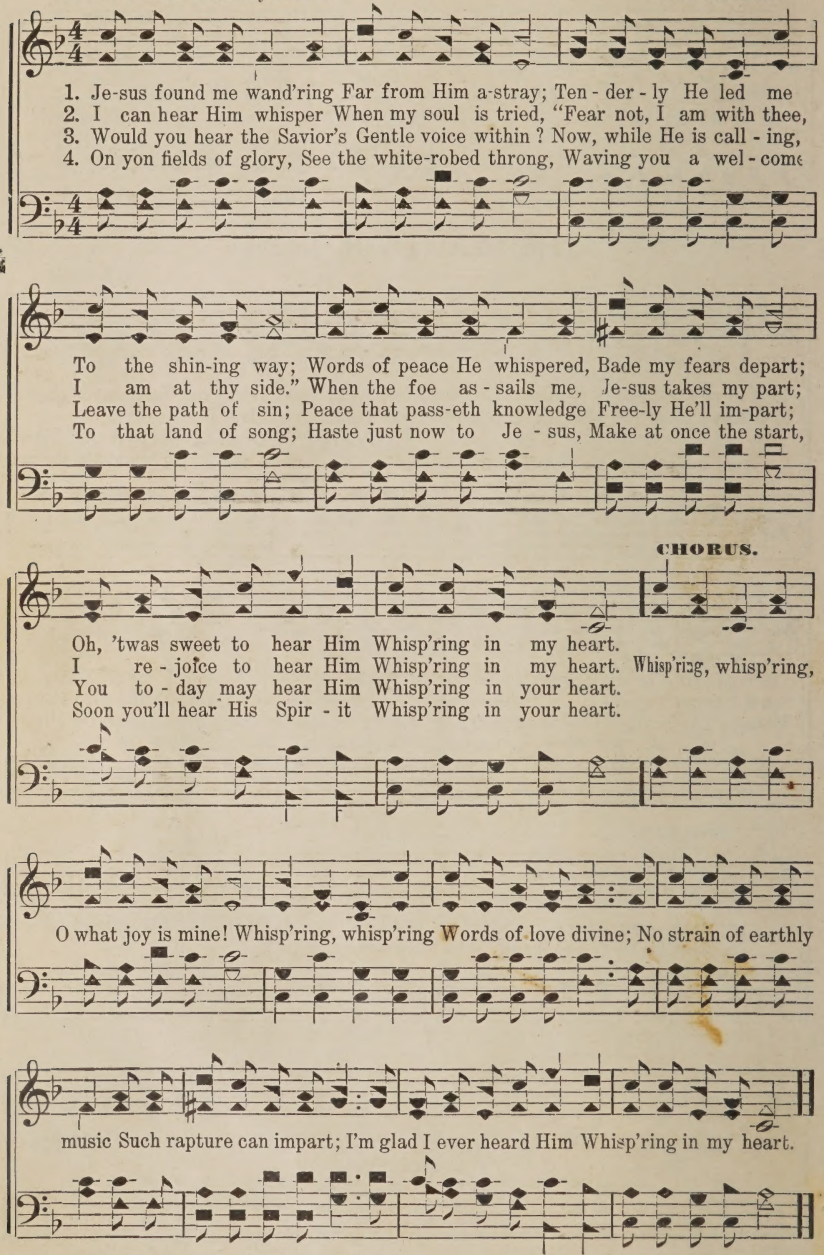
DEATH ON THE CROSS. Concluded.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND. 57

H. E. ENGLE.


1. There's a beauti-ful land far beyond the sky, And Jesus my Saviour is there;
2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high,
They are free from all sorrow and care;
3. We shall meet in that beautiful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair;
He has gone to prepare me a home on high—Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
And I trust I shall meet them above the sky—Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
Where the waters of life sweetly murmur by —Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
CHORUS.
In that beau - ti - ful land, Where the an-gels stand,
In that beau-ti-ful land, In that beauti-ful land,
We shall meet, We shall meet, We shall meet in that beautiful land.
We shall meet, We shall meet,

From "Temple Star," by per. of A. S. Kieffer.

WHISP'RING IN MY HEART.

J. B. M. Fourth Verse by L. L P. J. B. MACKAY.

1. Je-sus found me wand'ring Far from Him a-stray; Ten - der - ly He led me
2. I can hear Him whisper When my soul is tried, "Fear not, I am with thee,
3. Would you hear the Savior's Gentle voice within? Now, while He is call - ing,
4. On yon fields of glory, See the white-robed throng, Waving you a wel - come
To the shin-ing way; Words of peace He whispered, Bade my fears depart;
I am at thy side." When the foe as - sails me, Je-sus takes my part;
Leave the path of sin; Peace that pass-eth knowledge Free-ly He'll im-part;
To that land of song; Haste just now to Je - sus, Make at once the start,
CHORUS.
Oh, 'twas sweet to hear Him Whisp'ring in my heart.
I re - joice to hear Him Whisp'ring in my heart. Whisp'ring, whisp'ring,
You to - day may hear Him Whisp'ring in your heart.
Soon you'll hear His Spir - it Whisp'ring in your heart.
O what joy is mine! Whisp'ring, whisp'ring Words of love divine; No strain of earthly
music Such rapture can impart; I'm glad I ever heard Him Whisp'ring in my heart.

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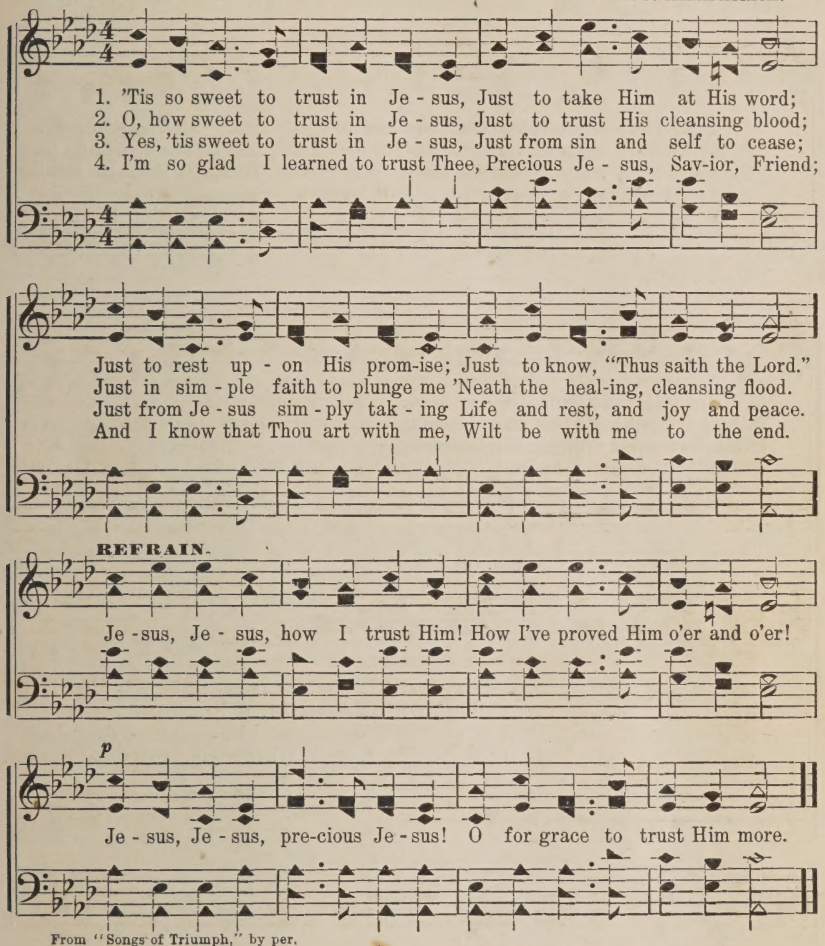
'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav-ior, Friend;
Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
REFRAIN.
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!
p
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

From "Songs of Triumph," by per.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD. 59½

Key of E. Music in T. and T.

1 The cross! the cross! the blood-stained cross!
The hallowed cross I see!
Reminding me of precious blood
That once was shed for me.

Cho.—O the blood! the precious blood!
That Jesus shed for me,
Upon the cross in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.

2 A thousand, thousand fountains spring
Up from the throne of God;
But none to me such blessings bring
As Jesus' precious blood.

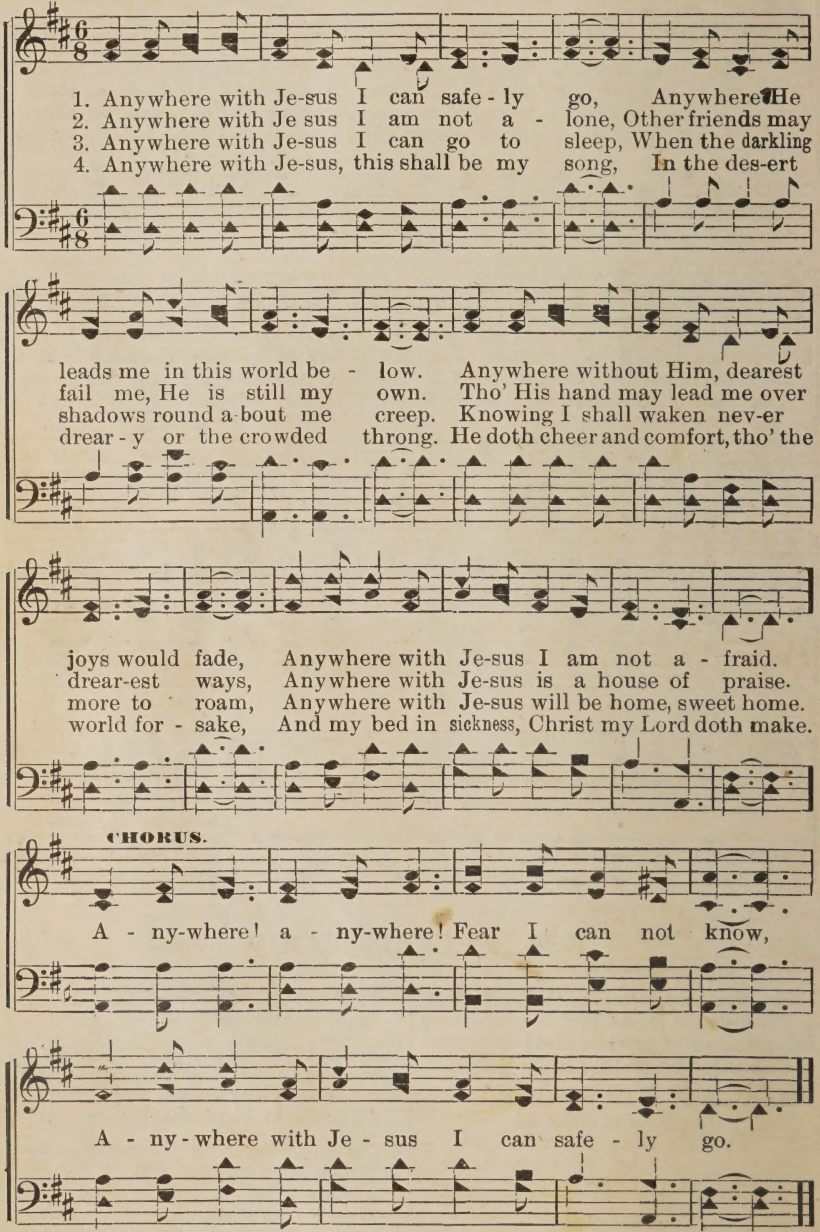
3 By faith that blood now sweeps away
My sins, as like a flood;
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay;
All praise to Jesus' blood!

4 The crown! the crown! the glorious crown!
The crown of victory!
The crown of life! it shall be mine,
When I shall Jesus see.

J. H. Stockton and Wm. McDonald.

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

JESSIE H. BROWN. "I will trust and not be afraid."—ISA. 12 : 2. D. B. TOWNER.
Fourth verse by L. L. PICKETT.


1. Anywhere with Je-sus I can safe - ly go, Anywhere He
2. Anywhere with Je sus I am not a - lone, Other friends may
3. Anywhere with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling
4. Anywhere with Je-sus, this shall be my song, In the des-ert
leads me in this world be - low. Anywhere without Him, dearest
fail me, He is still my own. Tho' His hand may lead me over
shadows round a-bout me creep. Knowing I shall waken nev-er
drear - y or the crowded throng. He doth cheer and comfort, tho' the
joys would fade, Anywhere with Je-sus I am not a - fraid.
drear-est ways, Anywhere with Je-sus is a house of praise.
more to roam, Anywhere with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.
world for - sake, And my bed in sickness, Christ my Lord doth make.
CHORUS.
A - ny-where! a - ny-where! Fear I can not know,
A - ny - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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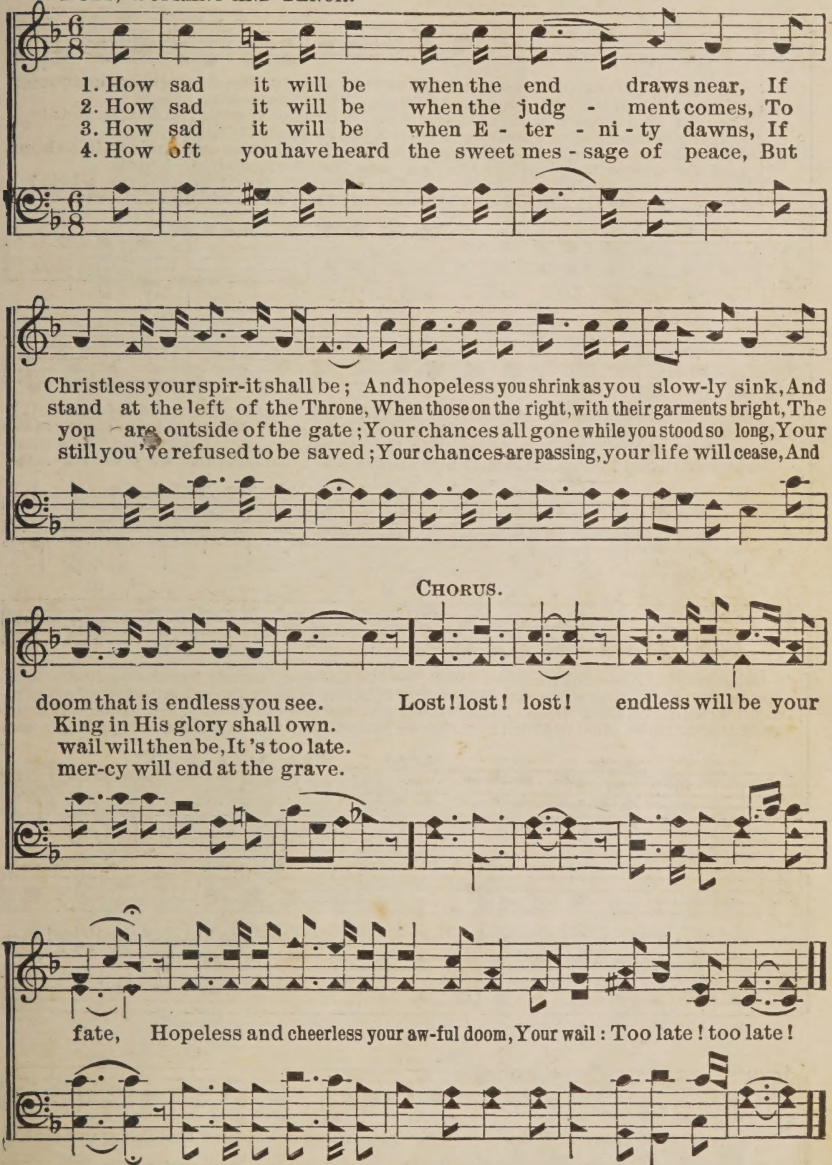
HOW SAD IT WILL BE.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Fourth Verse by PEARSON.

DUET, SOPRANO AND TENOR.

1. How sad it will be when the end draws near, If
2. How sad it will be when the judg - ment comes, To
3. How sad it will be when E - ter - ni - ty dawns, If
4. How oft you have heard the sweet mes - sage of peace, But
Christless your spir-it shall be; And hopeless you shrink as you slow-ly sink, And
stand at the left of the Throne, When those on the right, with their garments bright, The
you are outside of the gate; Your chances all gone while you stood so long, Your
still you've refused to be saved; Your chances are passing, your life will cease, And
CHORUS.
doom that is endless you see. Lost! lost! lost! endless will be your
King in His glory shall own.
wail will then be, It 's too late.
mer-cy will end at the grave.
fate, Hopeless and cheerless your aw-ful doom, Your wail: Too late! too late!

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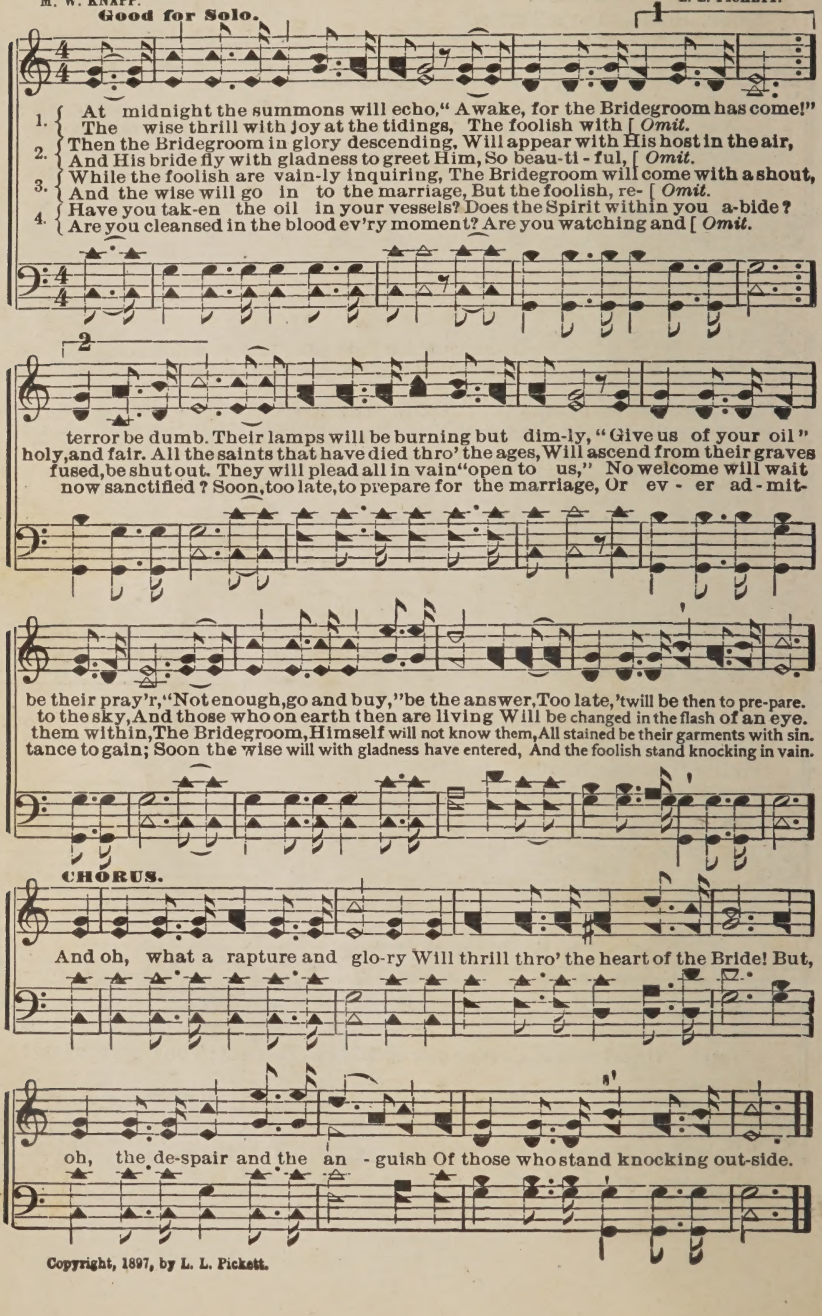
THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, behold, the bridegroom cometh ; go e out to meet him."—Matt. 25: 10.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

Good for Solo.

1
1. At midnight the summons will echo, "Awake, for the Bridegroom has come!" The wise thrill with joy at the tidings, The foolish with [Omit.
2. Then the Bridegroom in glory descending, Will appear with His host in the air, And His bride fly with gladness to greet Him, So beau-ti - ful, [Omit.
3. While the foolish are vain-ly inquiring, The Bridegroom will come with a shout, And the wise will go in to the marriage, But the foolish, re- [Omit.
4. Have you tak-en the oil in your vessels? Does the Spirit within you a-bide? Are you cleansed in the blood ev'ry moment? Are you watching and [Omit.
2
terror be dumb. Their lamps will be burning but dim-ly, "Give us of your oil"
holy, and fair. All the saints that have died thro' the ages, Will ascend from their graves
fused, be shut out. They will plead all in vain "open to us," No welcome will wait
now sanctified? Soon, too late, to prepare for the marriage, Or ev - er ad - mit-
be their pray'r, "Not enough, go and buy," be the answer, Too late, 'twill be then to pre-pare.
to the sky, And those who on earth then are living Will be changed in the flash of an eye.
them within, The Bridegroom, Himself will not know them, All stained be their garments with sin.
tance to gain; Soon the wise will with gladness have entered, And the foolish stand knocking in vain.
CHORUS.
And oh, what a rapture and glo-ry Will thrill thro' the heart of the Bride! But,
oh, the de-spair and the an - guish Of those who stand knocking out-side.

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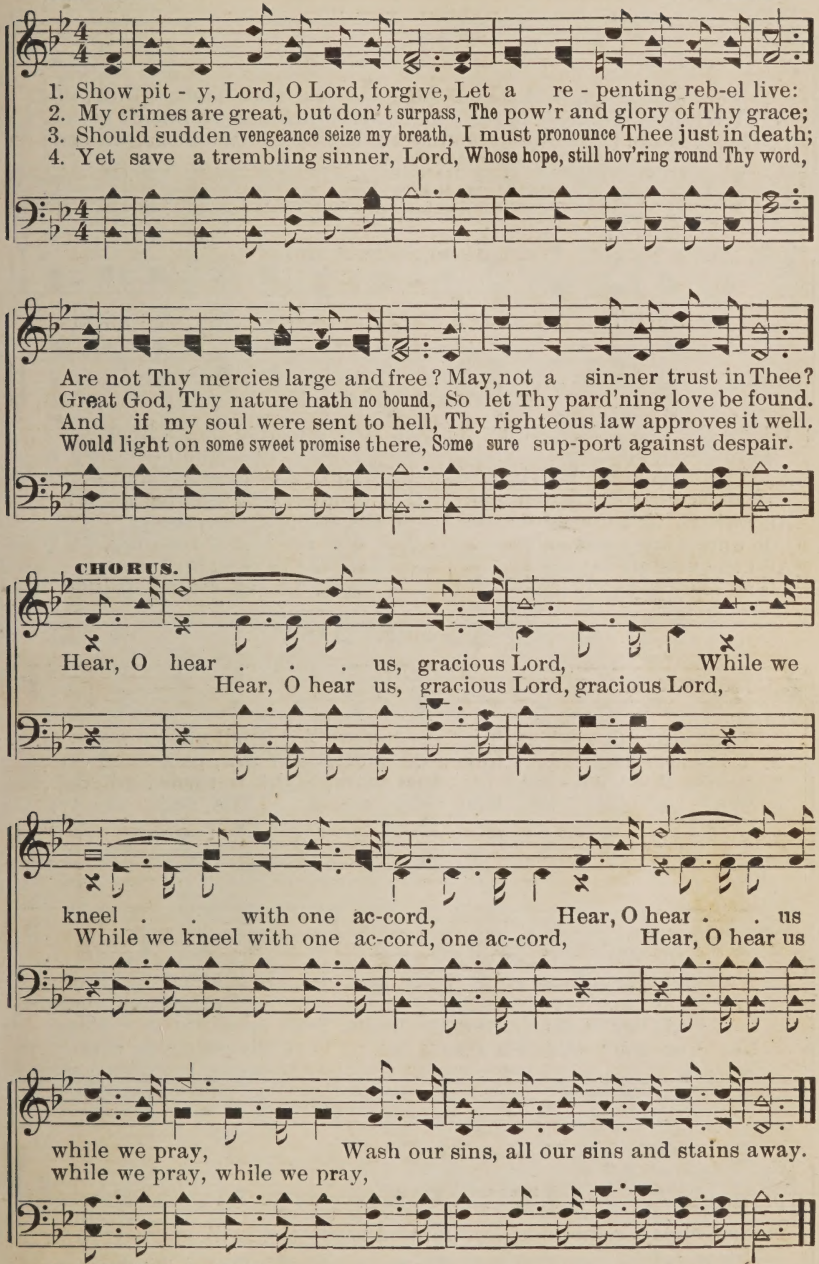
SHOW PITY, LORD.

ISAAC WATTS. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re - penting reb-el live:
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass, The pow'r and glory of Thy grace;
3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,
Are not Thy mercies large and free? May, not a sin-ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure sup-port against despair.
CHORUS.
Hear, O hear . . . us, gracious Lord, While we
Hear, O hear us, gracious Lord, gracious Lord,
kneel . . with one ac-cord, Hear, O hear . . us
While we kneel with one ac-cord, one ac-cord, Hear, O hear us
while we pray, Wash our sins, all our sins and stains away.
while we pray, while we pray,

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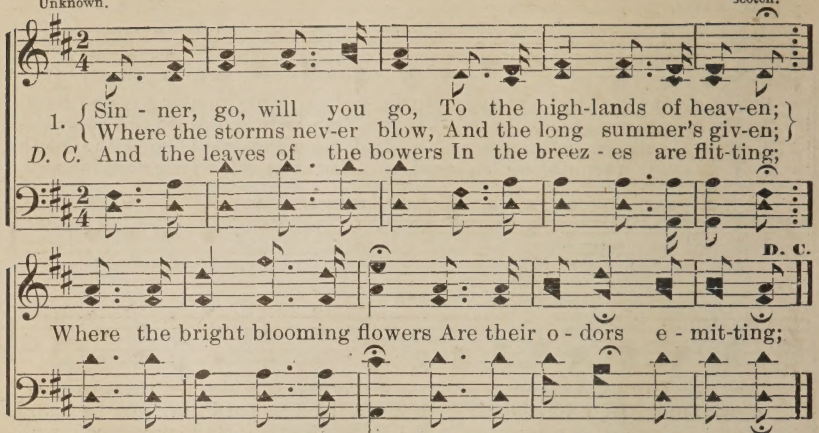
SINNER GO, WILL YOU GO?

Unknown. Scotch.


1. Sin - ner, go, will you go, To the high-lands of heav-en;
Where the storms nev-er blow, And the long summer's giv-en;
D. C. And the leaves of the bowers In the breez - es are flit-ting;
D. C.
Where the bright blooming flowers Are their o - dors e - mit-ting;

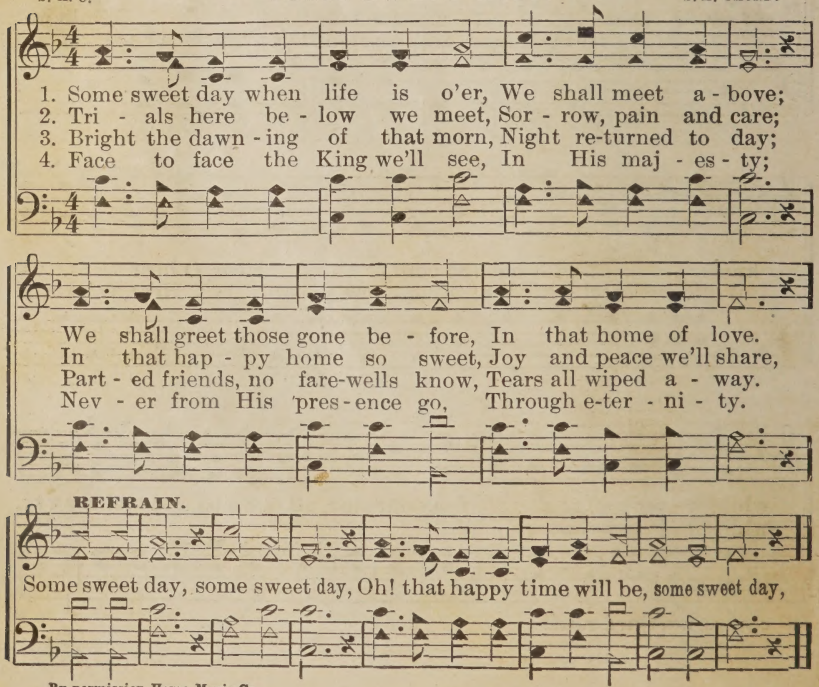
2 Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright clusters pending,
And the deep laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing.

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Savionr will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

65

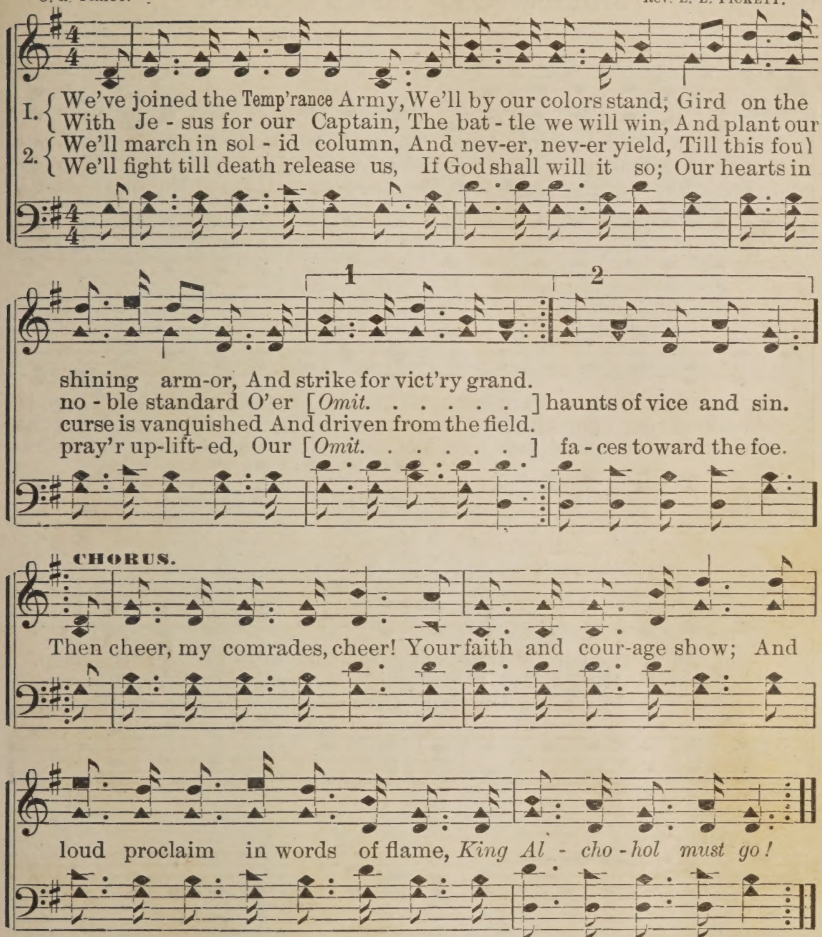
SOME SWEET DAY.

S. H. C. S. H. CHORD.


1. Some sweet day when life is o'er, We shall meet a - bove;
2. Tri - als here be - low we meet, Sor - row, pain and care;
3. Bright the dawn - ing of that morn, Night re-turned to day;
4. Face to face the King we'll see, In His maj - es - ty;
We shall greet those gone be - fore, In that home of love.
In that hap - py home so sweet, Joy and peace we'll share,
Part - ed friends, no fare-wells know, Tears all wiped a - way.
Nev - er from His pres - ence go, Through e-ter - ni - ty.
REFRAIN.
Some sweet day, some sweet day, Oh! that happy time will be, some sweet day,

By permission Home Music Co.

O. A. PRATT. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.


I. We've joined the Temp'rance Army, We'll by our colors stand; Gird on the
With Je - sus for our Captain, The bat - tle we will win, And plant our
2. We'll march in sol - id column, And nev-er, nev-er yield, Till this foul
We'll fight till death release us, If God shall will it so; Our hearts in
1
2
shining arm-or, And strike for vict'ry grand.
no - ble standard O'er [Omit. . . . .] haunts of vice and sin.
curse is vanquished And driven from the field.
pray'r up-lift- ed, Our [Omit. . . . .] fa - ces toward the foe.
CHORUS.
Then cheer, my comrades, cheer! Your faith and cour-age show; And
loud proclaim in words of flame, King Al - cho - hol must go!

3 We, eager watching upward
For coming of our King,
Trust in the God of Daniel,
And pray and shout and sing.
We fear not roaring lions,
Nor other mighty foes;
The Lord will send His angel
And all their mouths will close.

4 We fear no tall Goliaths;
The ballot well we know
If properly directed,
Will lay the monster low.
We'll sound the Gospel trumpet,
And shout while marching round,
For rum saloons are shaken,
Their walls must tumble down.

5 Praise to our brave Commander,
In Him alone we trust;
His arm is strong and mighty,
His ways are true and just.
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
He'll guide us safely on,
Till this rum fiend is vanquished—
The conquest nobly won.

6 Awake, ye sons and daughters,
A true and valiant band;
Rest not till this vile monster
Is banished from the land.
Loud let the proclamation
On lightning pinions fly
To every tribe and nation,—
"KING ALCOHOL MUST DIE."

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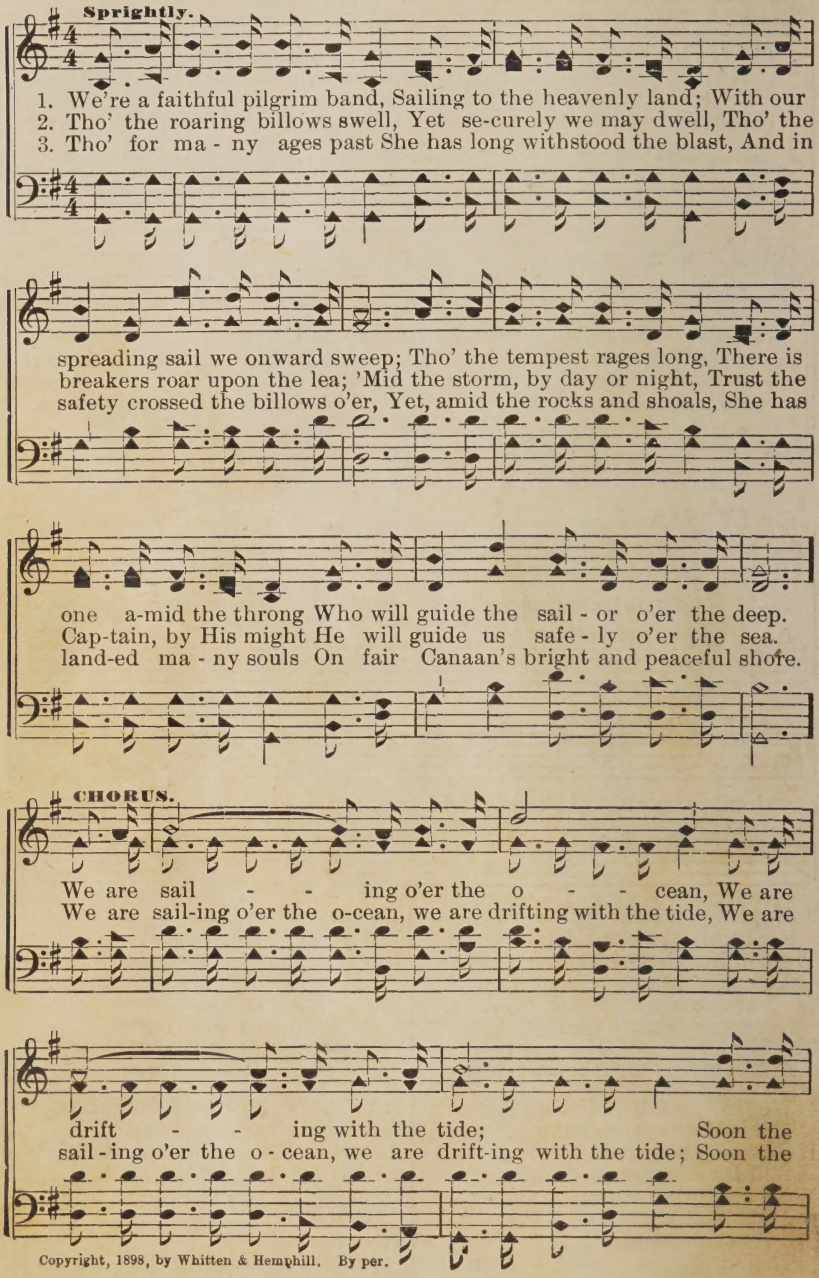
SAILING O'ER LIFE'S OCEAN.

(To Thomas G. Whitten, by the author.) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sprightly.
1. We're a faithful pilgrim band, Sailing to the heavenly land; With our
2. Tho' the roaring billows swell, Yet se-curely we may dwell, Tho' the
3. Tho' for ma - ny ages past She has long withstood the blast, And in
spreading sail we onward sweep; Tho' the tempest rages long, There is
breakers roar upon the lea; 'Mid the storm, by day or night, Trust the
safety crossed the billows o'er, Yet, amid the rocks and shoals, She has
one a-mid the throng Who will guide the sail - or o'er the deep.
Cap-tain, by His might He will guide us safe - ly o'er the sea.
land-ed ma - ny souls On fair Canaan's bright and peaceful shore.
CHORUS.
We are sail - - ing o'er the o - - cean, We are
We are sail-ing o'er the o-cean, we are drifting with the tide, We are
drift - - ing with the tide; Soon the
sail - ing o'er the o - cean, we are drift-ing with the tide; Soon the

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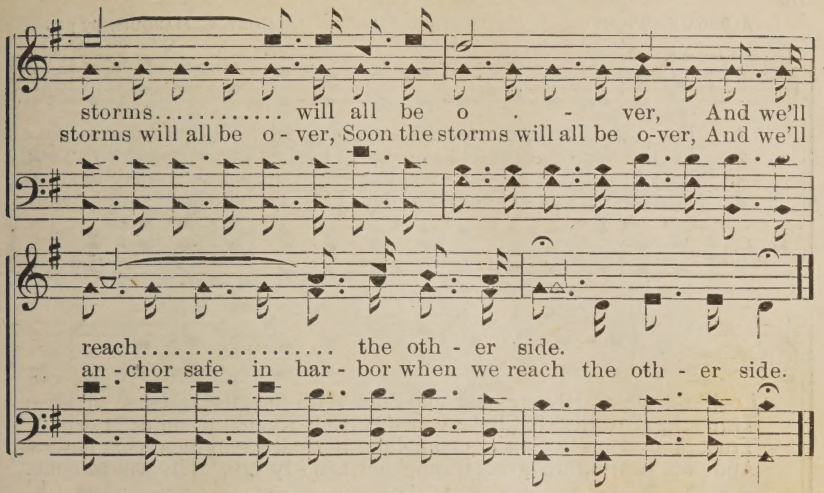
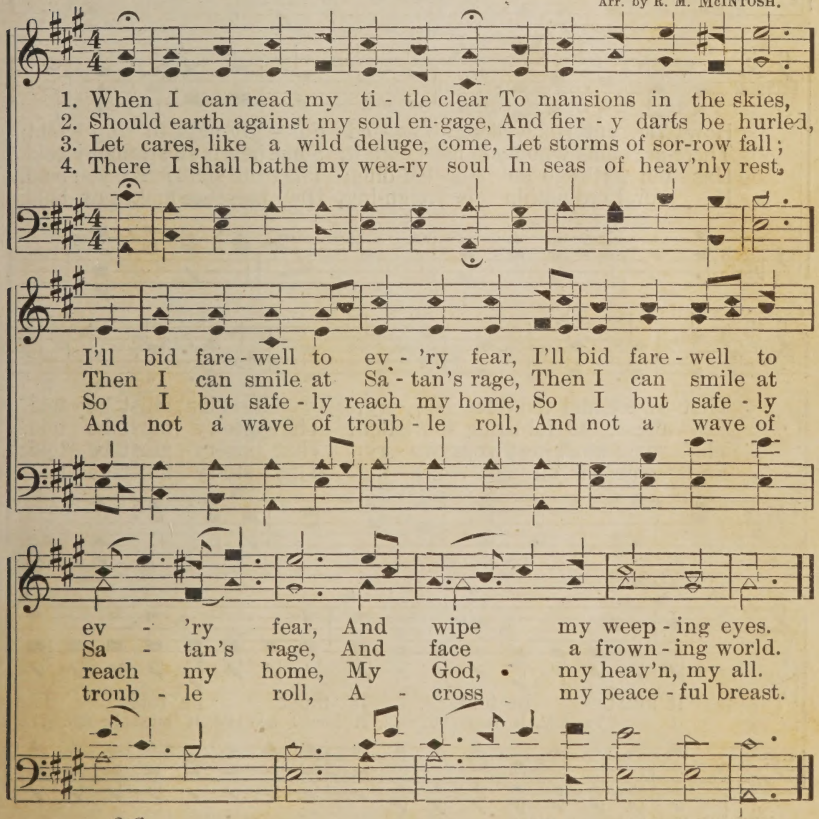
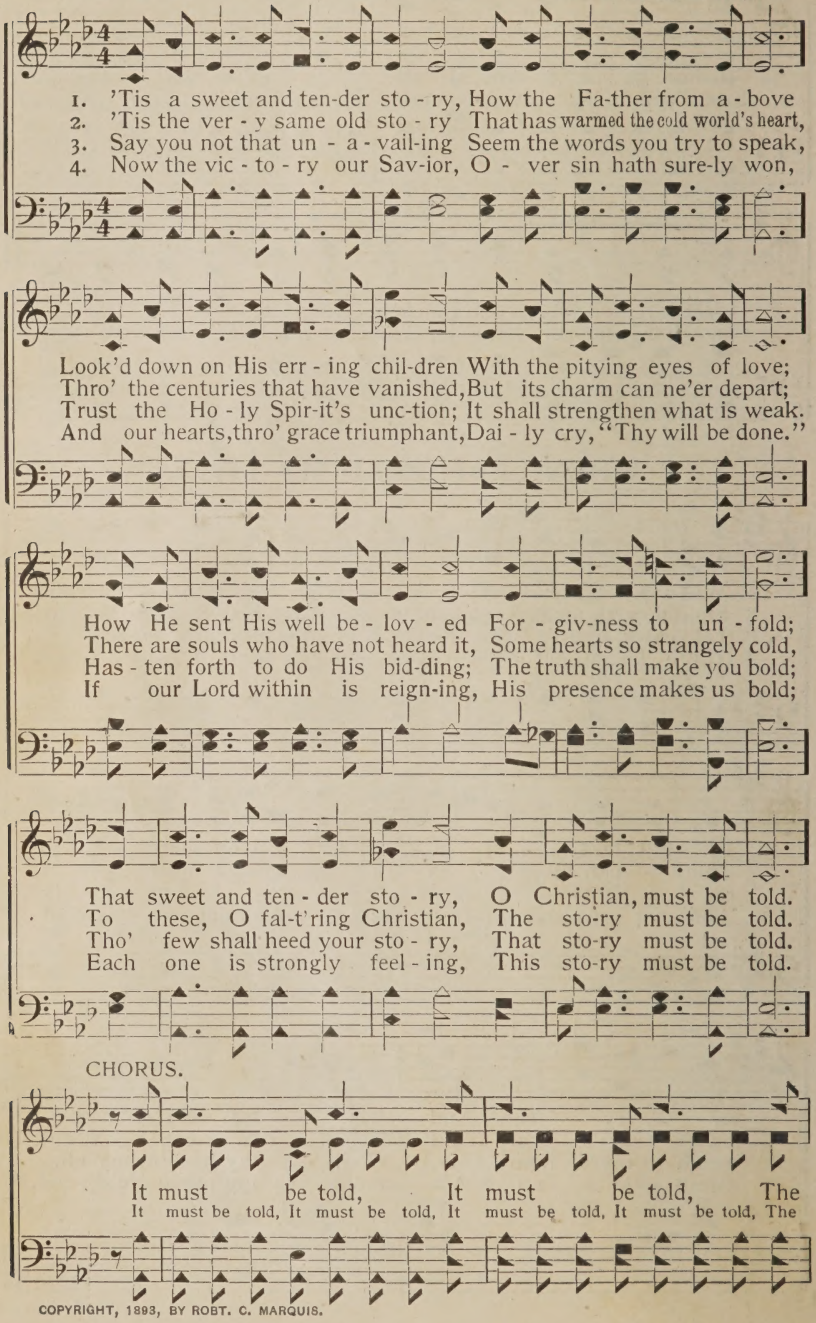
SAILING O'ER LIFE'S OCEAN. Concluded.


storms..... will all be o - - ver, And we'll
storms will all be o - ver, Soon the storms will all be o-ver, And we'll
reach..... the oth - er side.
an - chor safe in har - bor when we reach the oth - er side.

WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE. 68

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fier - y darts be hurled,
3. Let cares, like a wild deluge, come, Let storms of sor-row fall;
4. There I shall bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,
I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, I'll bid fare - well to
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, Then I can smile at
So I but safe - ly reach my home, So I but safe - ly
And not a wave of troub - le roll, And not a wave of
ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
troub - le roll, A - cross my peace - ful breast.

IT MUST BE TOLD.

ALMEDA E. WIGHT. ESTHER 4:14. ROBT. C. MARQUIS, by per.

1. 'Tis a sweet and ten-der sto - ry, How the Fa-ther from a - bove
2. 'Tis the ver - y same old sto - ry That has warmed the cold world's heart,
3. Say you not that un - a - vail-ing Seem the words you try to speak,
4. Now the vic - to - ry our Sav-ior, O - ver sin hath sure-ly won,
Look'd down on His err - ing chil-dren With the pitying eyes of love;
Thro' the centuries that have vanished, But its charm can ne'er depart;
Trust the Ho - ly Spir-it's unc-tion; It shall strengthen what is weak.
And our hearts, thro' grace triumphant, Dai - ly cry, "Thy will be done."
How He sent His well be - lov - ed For - giv-ness to un - fold;
There are souls who have not heard it, Some hearts so strangely cold,
Has - ten forth to do His bid-ding; The truth shall make you bold;
If our Lord within is reign-ing, His presence makes us bold;
That sweet and ten - der sto - ry, O Christian, must be told.
To these, O fal-t'ring Christian, The sto-ry must be told.
Tho' few shall heed your sto - ry, That sto-ry must be told.
Each one is strongly feel - ing, This sto-ry must be told.
CHORUS.
It must be told, It must be told, The
It must be told, It must be told, It must be told, It must be told, The

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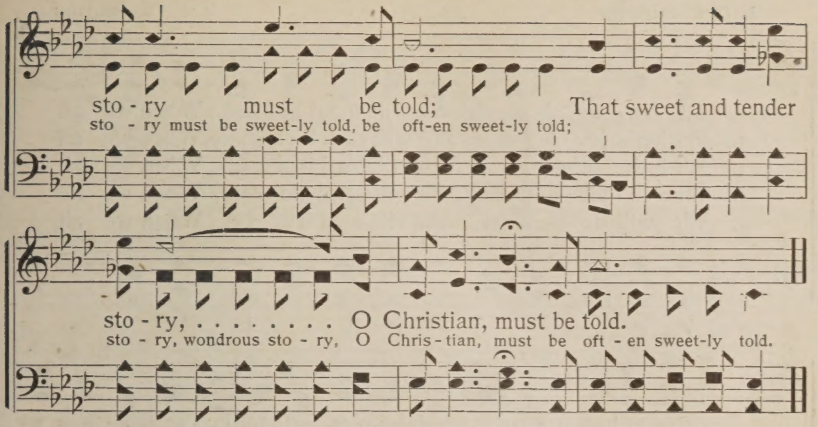
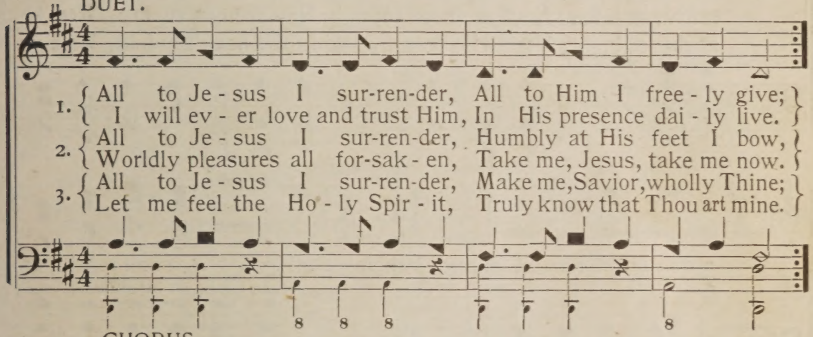
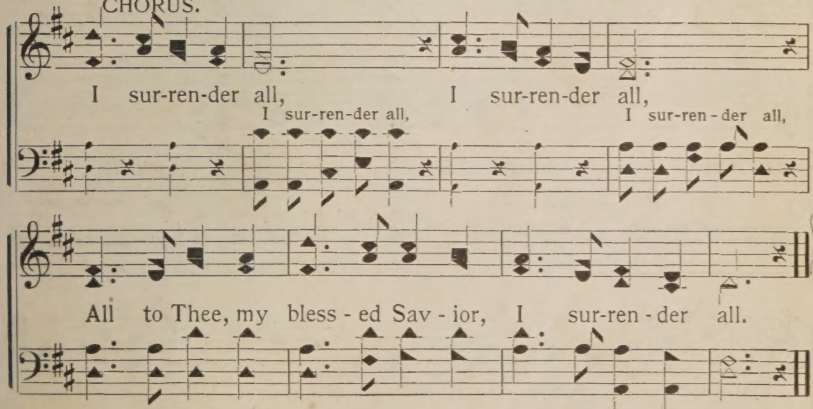
IT MUST BE TOLD. Concluded.

sto - ry must be told; That sweet and tender
sto - ry must be sweet-ly told, be oft-en sweet-ly told;
sto - ry, ... O Christian, must be told.
sto - ry, wondrous sto - ry, O Chris - tian, must be oft - en sweet-ly told.

I SURRENDER ALL. 70

J. W. VAN DEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

DUET.


1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free - ly give;
I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His presence dai - ly live.
2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Humbly at His feet I bow,
Worldly pleasures all for-sak - en, Take me, Jesus, take me now.
3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Savior, wholly Thine;
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Truly know that Thou art mine.

CHORUS.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee,
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

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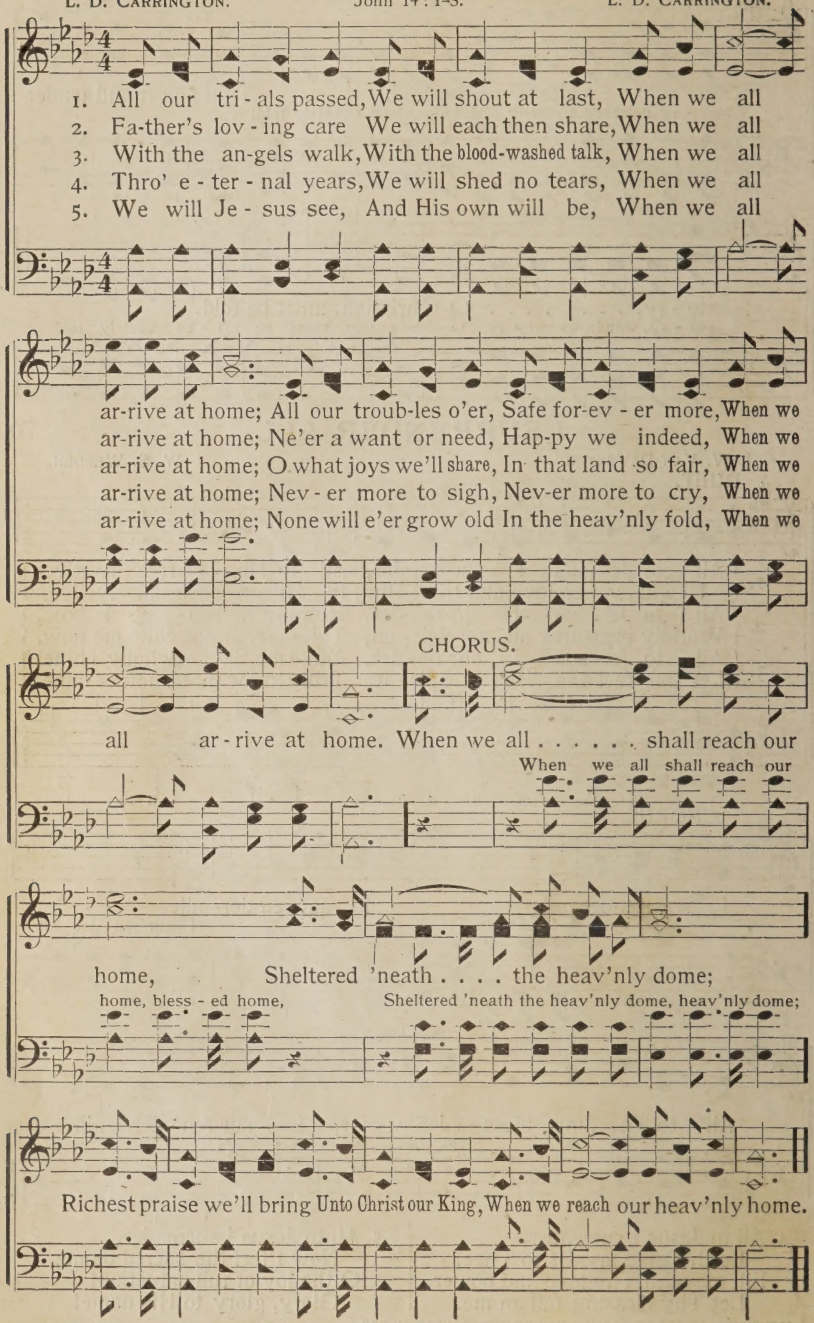
WHEN WE ALL ARRIVE AT HOME.

L. D. CARRINGTON. John 14 : 1-3. L. D. CARRINGTON.

1. All our tri - als passed, We will shout at last, When we all
2. Fa-ther's lov - ing care We will each then share, When we all
3. With the an-gels walk, With the blood-washed talk, When we all
4. Thro' e - ter - nal years, We will shed no tears, When we all
5. We will Je - sus see, And His own will be, When we all
ar-rive at home; All our troub-les o'er, Safe for-ev - er more, When we
ar-rive at home; Ne'er a want or need, Hap-py we indeed, When we
ar-rive at home; O what joys we'll share, In that land so fair, When we
ar-rive at home; Nev - er more to sigh, Nev-er more to cry, When we
ar-rive at home; None will e'er grow old In the heav'nly fold, When we
CHORUS.
all ar - rive at home. When we all . . . . . shall reach our
When we all shall reach our
home, Sheltered 'neath . . . . the heav'nly dome;
home, bless - ed home, Sheltered 'neath the heav'nly dome, heav'nly dome;
Richest praise we'll bring Unto Christ our King, When we reach our heav'nly home.

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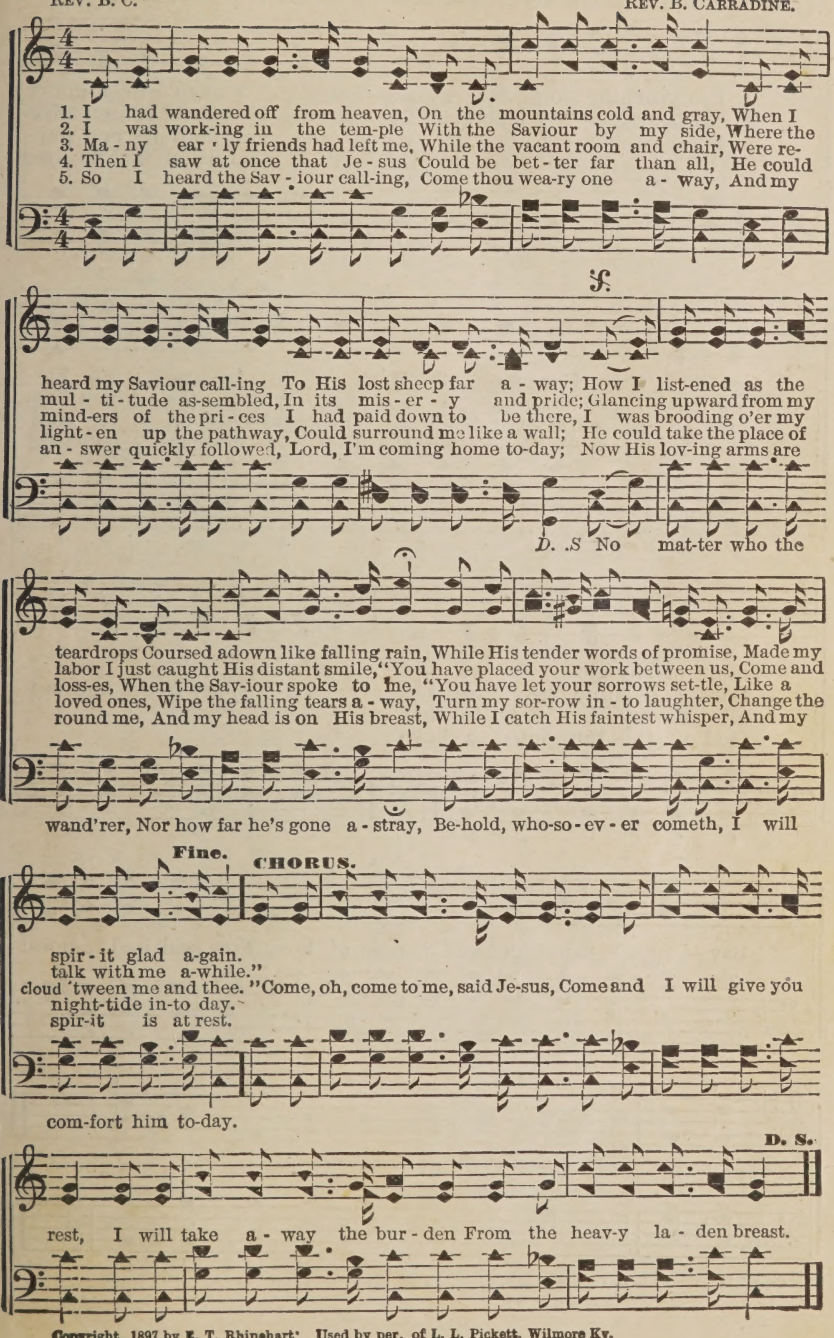
REV. B. C. REV. B. CARRADINE.


1. I had wandered off from heaven, On the mountains cold and gray, When I
2. I was work-ing in the tem-ple With the Saviour by my side, Where the
3. Ma-ny ear-ly friends had left me, While the vacant room and chair, Were re-
4. Then I saw at once that Je-sus Could be bet-ter far than all, He could
5. So I heard the Sav-iour call-ing, Come thou wea-ry one a-way, And my
f.
heard my Saviour call-ing To His lost sheep far a-way; How I list-ened as the
mul-ti-tude as-sembled, In its mis-er-y and pride; Glancing upward from my
mind-ers of the pri-ces I had paid down to be there, I was brooding o'er my
light-en up the pathway, Could surround me like a wall; He could take the place of
an-swer quickly followed, Lord, I'm coming home to-day; Now His lov-ing arms are
D. .S No mat-ter who the
teardrops Coursed adown like falling rain, While His tender words of promise, Made my
labor I just caught His distant smile, "You have placed your work between us, Come and
loss-es, When the Sav-iour spoke to me, "You have let your sorrows set-tle, Like a
loved ones, Wipe the falling tears a-way, Turn my sor-row in-to laughter, Change the
round me, And my head is on His breast, While I catch His faintest whisper, And my
wand'rer, Nor how far he's gone a-stray, Be-hold, who-so-ev-er cometh, I will
Fine.
CHORUS.
spir-it glad a-gain.
talk with me a-while."
cloud 'tween me and thee." "Come, oh, come to me, said Je-sus, Come and I will give you
night-tide in-to day.
spir-it is at rest.
com-fort him to-day.
D. S.
rest, I will take a-way the bur-den From the heav-y la-den breast.

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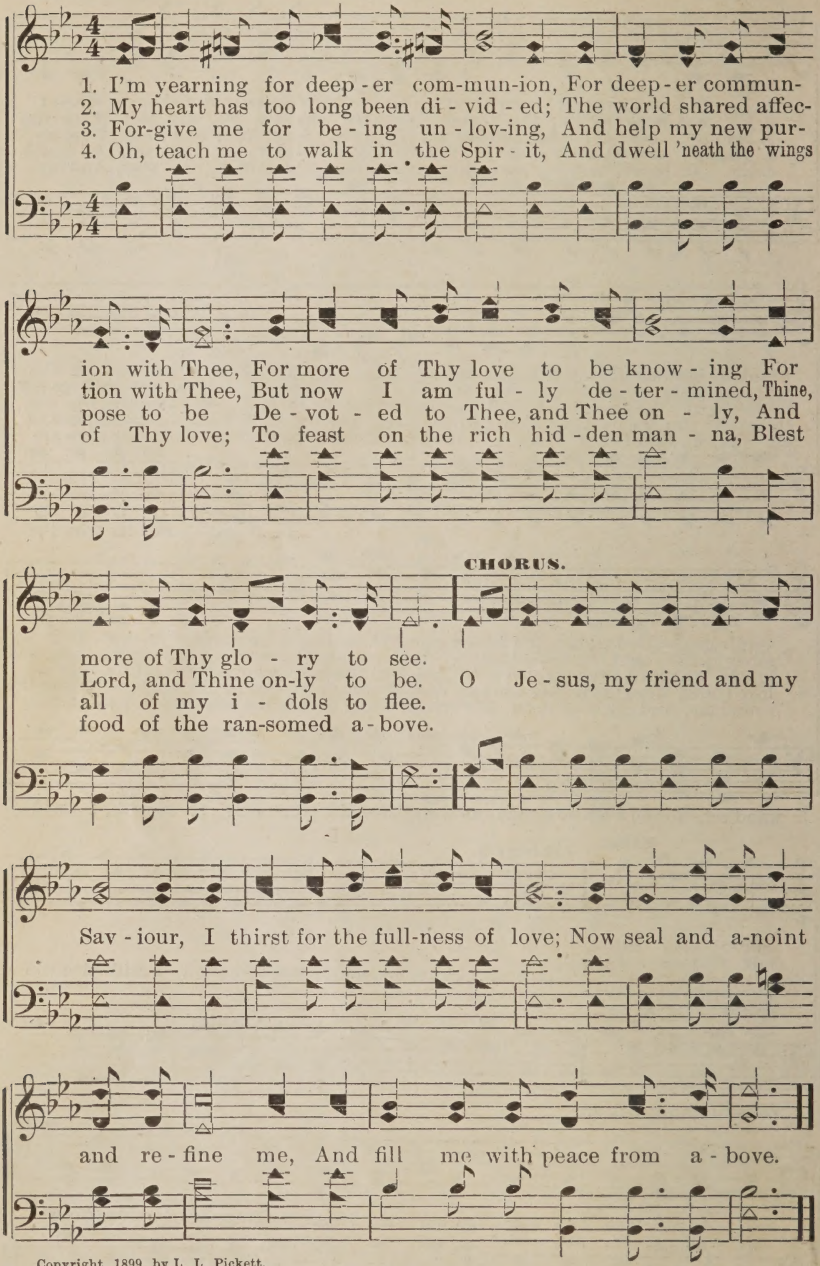
I THIRST FOR THE FULLNESS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Fourth Stanza by L. L. PICKETT. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. I'm yearning for deep-er com-mun-ion, For deep-er commun-
2. My heart has too long been di-vid-ed; The world shared affec-
3. For-give me for be-ing un-lov-ing, And help my new pur-
4. Oh, teach me to walk in the Spir-it, And dwell 'neath the wings
ion with Thee, For more of Thy love to be know-ing For
tion with Thee, But now I am ful-ly de-ter-mined, Thine,
pose to be De-vot-ed to Thee, and Thee on-ly, And
of Thy love; To feast on the rich hid-den man-na, Blest
CHORUS.
more of Thy glo-ry to see.
Lord, and Thine on-ly to be. O Je-sus, my friend and my
all of my i-dols to flee.
food of the ran-somed a-bove.
Sav-iour, I thirst for the full-ness of love; Now seal and a-noint
and re-fine me, And fill me with peace from a-bove.

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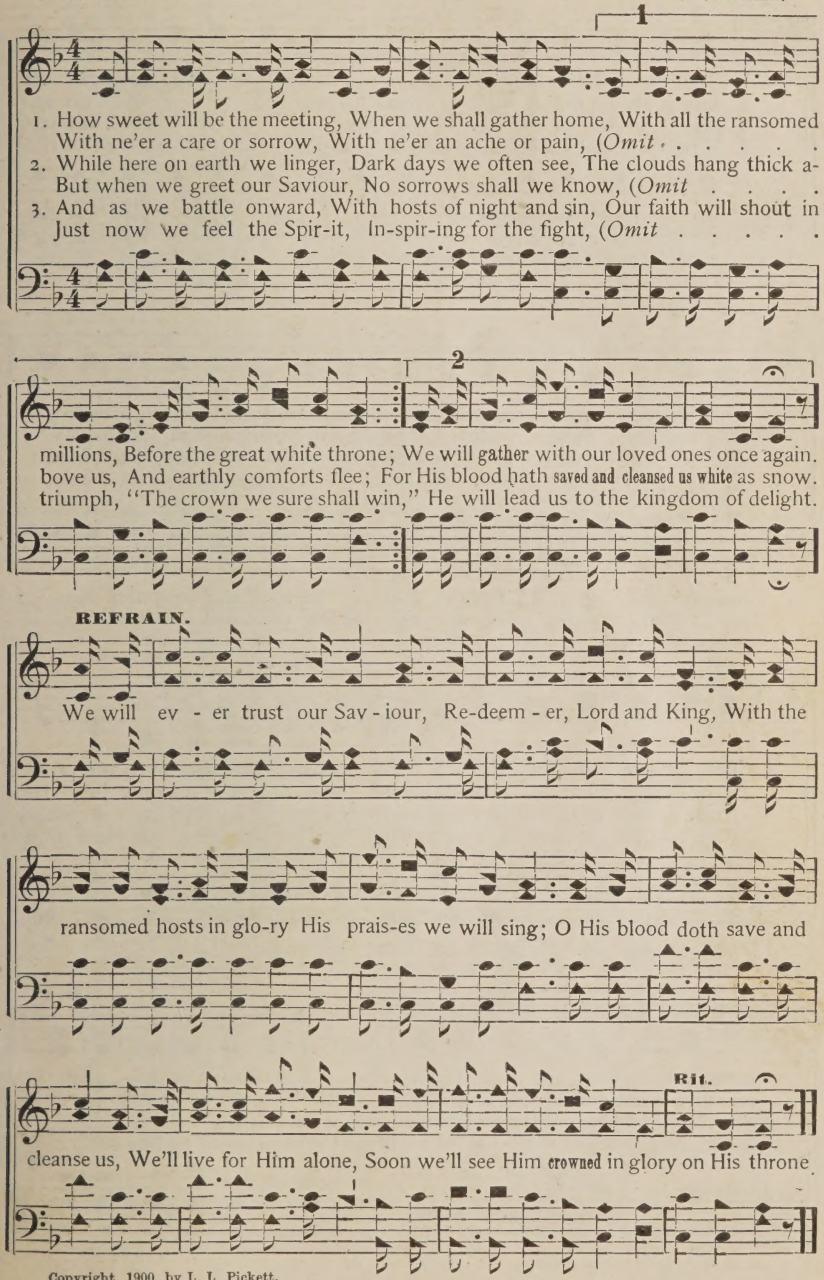
HOW SWEET WILL BE THE MEETING.

L. L. PICKETT. J. M. BOWMAN.

1
1. How sweet will be the meeting, When we shall gather home, With all the ransomed
With ne'er a care or sorrow, With ne'er an ache or pain, (Omit . . . . . .
2. While here on earth we linger, Dark days we often see, The clouds hang thick a-
But when we greet our Saviour, No sorrows shall we know, (Omit . . . .
3. And as we battle onward, With hosts of night and sin, Our faith will shout in
Just now we feel the Spir-it, In-spir-ing for the fight, (Omit . . . . .
2
millions, Before the great white throne; We will gather with our loved ones once again.
bove us, And earthly comforts flee; For His blood hath saved and cleansed us white as snow.
triumph, "The crown we sure shall win," He will lead us to the kingdom of delight.
REFRAIN.
We will ev - er trust our Sav - iour, Re-deem - er, Lord and King, With the
ransomed hosts in glo-ry His prais-es we will sing; O His blood doth save and
Rit.
cleanse us, We'll live for Him alone, Soon we'll see Him crowned in glory on His throne

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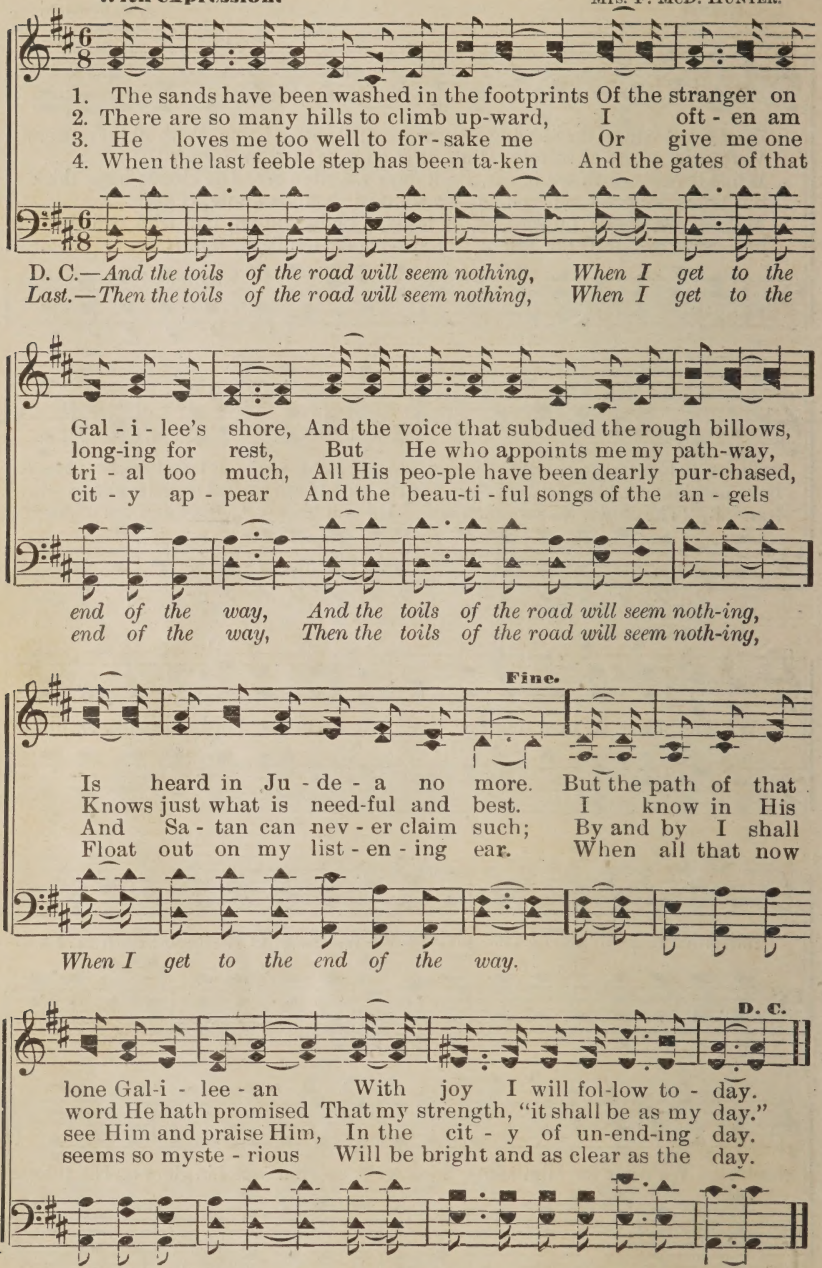
THE END OF THE WAY.

With expression. Mrs. F. McD. Hunter.

1. The sands have been washed in the footprints Of the stranger on
2. There are so many hills to climb up-ward, I oft - en am
3. He loves me too well to for - sake me Or give me one
4. When the last feeble step has been ta-ken And the gates of that
D. C.—And the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the
Last.—Then the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the
Gal - i - lee's shore, And the voice that subdued the rough billows,
long-ing for rest, But He who appoints me my path-way,
tri - al too much, All His peo-ple have been dearly pur-chased,
cit - y ap - pear And the beau-ti - ful songs of the an - gels
end of the way, And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing,
end of the way, Then the toils of the road will seem noth-ing,
Fine.
Is heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that
Knows just what is need-ful and best. I know in His
And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such; By and by I shall
Float out on my list - en - ing ear. When all that now
When I get to the end of the way.
D. C.
lone Gal-i - lee - an With joy I will fol-low to - day.
word He hath promised That my strength, "it shall be as my day."
see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un-end-ing day.
seems so myste - rious Will be bright and as clear as the day.

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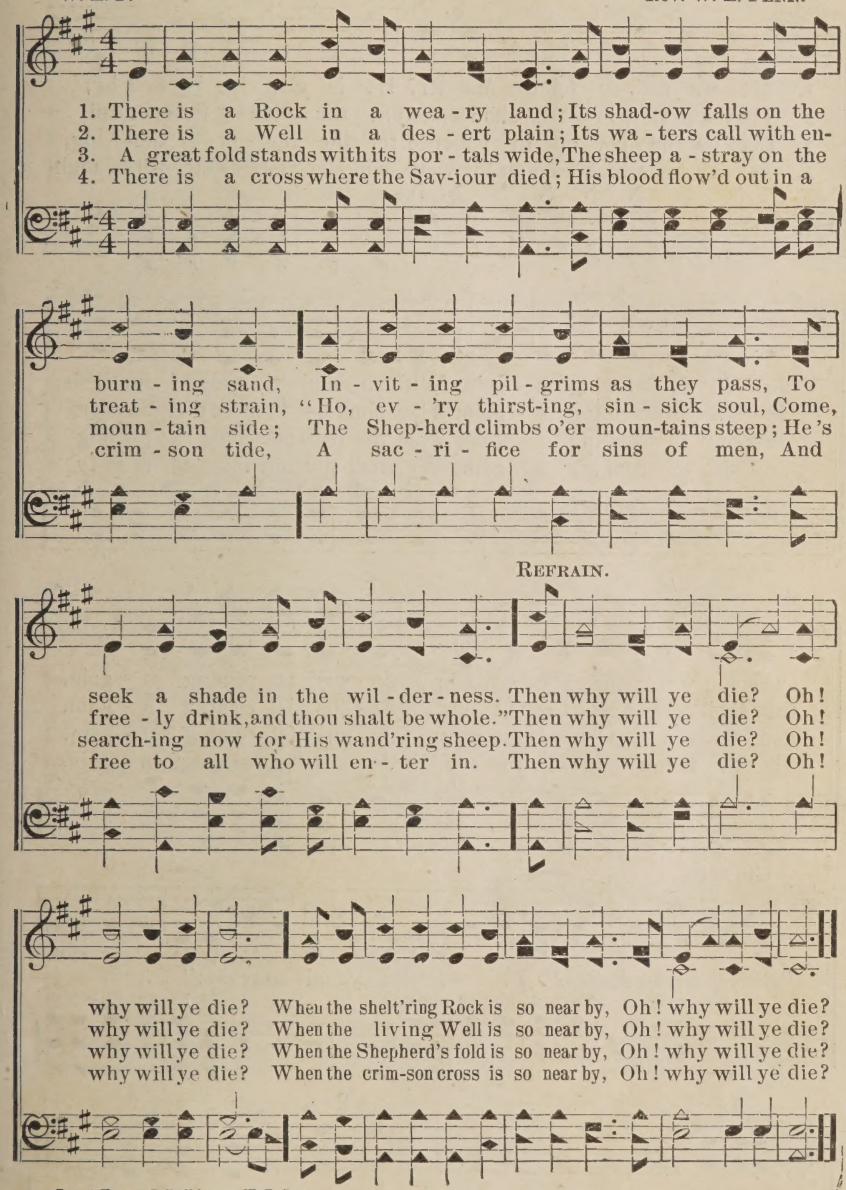
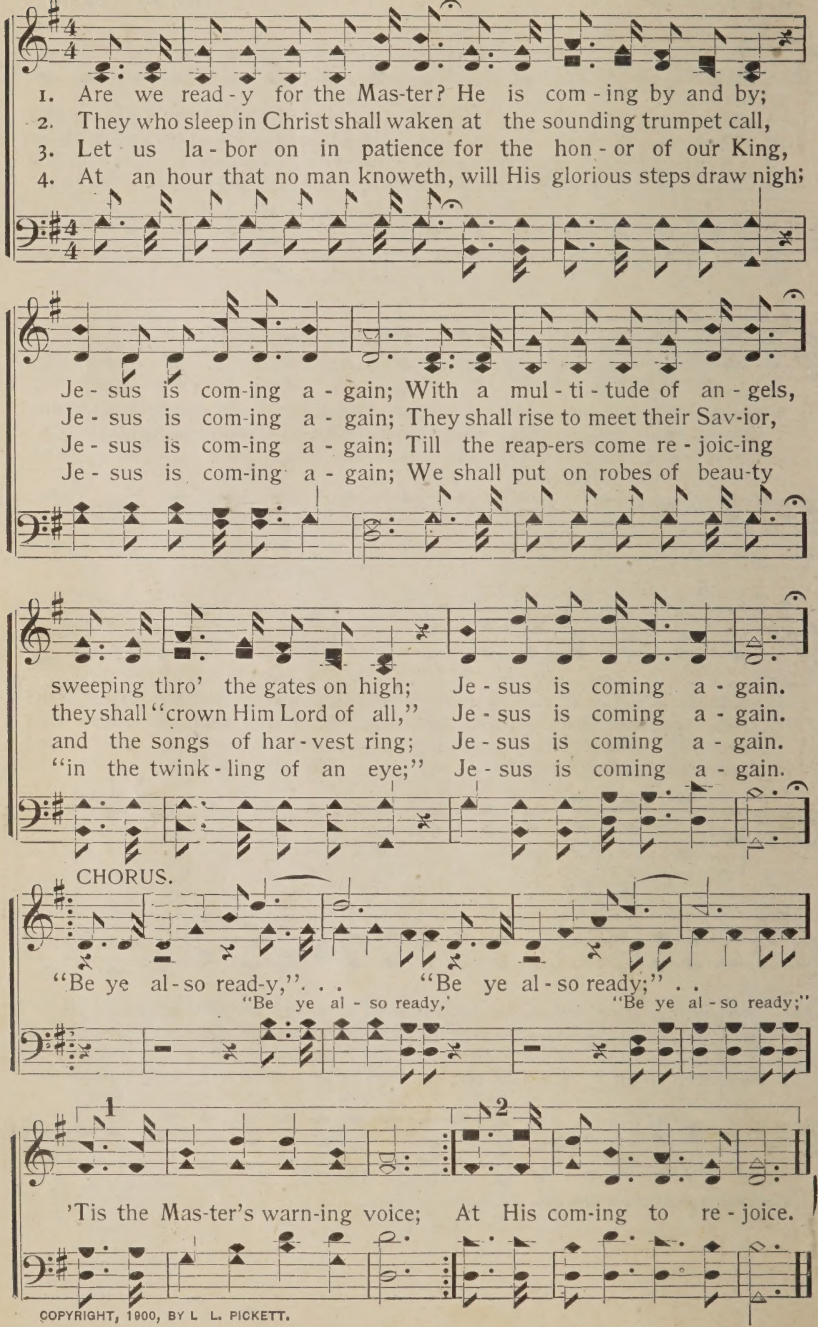
W. E. P. Rev. W. E. PENN.

1. There is a Rock in a wea - ry land; Its shad-ow falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain; Its wa - ters call with en-
3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav-iour died; His blood flow'd out in a
burn - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass, To
treat - ing strain, "Ho, ev - 'ry thirst-ing, sin - sick soul, Come,
moun - tain side; The Shep-herd climbs o'er moun-tains steep; He's
crim - son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And
REFRAIN.
seek a shade in the wil - der - ness. Then why will ye die? Oh!
free - ly drink, and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? Oh!
search-ing now for His wand'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? Oh!
free to all who will en - ter in. Then why will ye die? Oh!
why will ye die? When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?
why will ye die? When the living Well is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?
why will ye die? When the Shepherd's fold is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?
why will ye die? When the crim-son cross is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?

From "Harvest Bells," by per. W. E. Penn.

BE YE ALSO READY.

Miss E. E. HEWITT. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Are we read-y for the Mas-ter? He is com-ing by and by;
2. They who sleep in Christ shall waken at the sounding trumpet call,
3. Let us la-bor on in patience for the hon-or of our King,
4. At an hour that no man knoweth, will His glorious steps draw nigh;
Je-sus is com-ing a-gain; With a mul-ti-tude of an-gels,
Je-sus is com-ing a-gain; They shall rise to meet their Sav-ior,
Je-sus is com-ing a-gain; Till the reap-ers come re-joic-ing
Je-sus is com-ing a-gain; We shall put on robes of beau-ty
sweeping thro' the gates on high; Je-sus is coming a-gain.
they shall "crown Him Lord of all," Je-sus is coming a-gain.
and the songs of har-vest ring; Je-sus is coming a-gain.
"in the twink-ling of an eye;" Je-sus is coming a-gain.
CHORUS.
"Be ye al-so read-y,". . . "Be ye al-so ready;" . .
"Be ye al-so ready,' "Be ye al-so ready;"
1
2
'Tis the Mas-ter's warn-ing voice; At His com-ing to re-joice.

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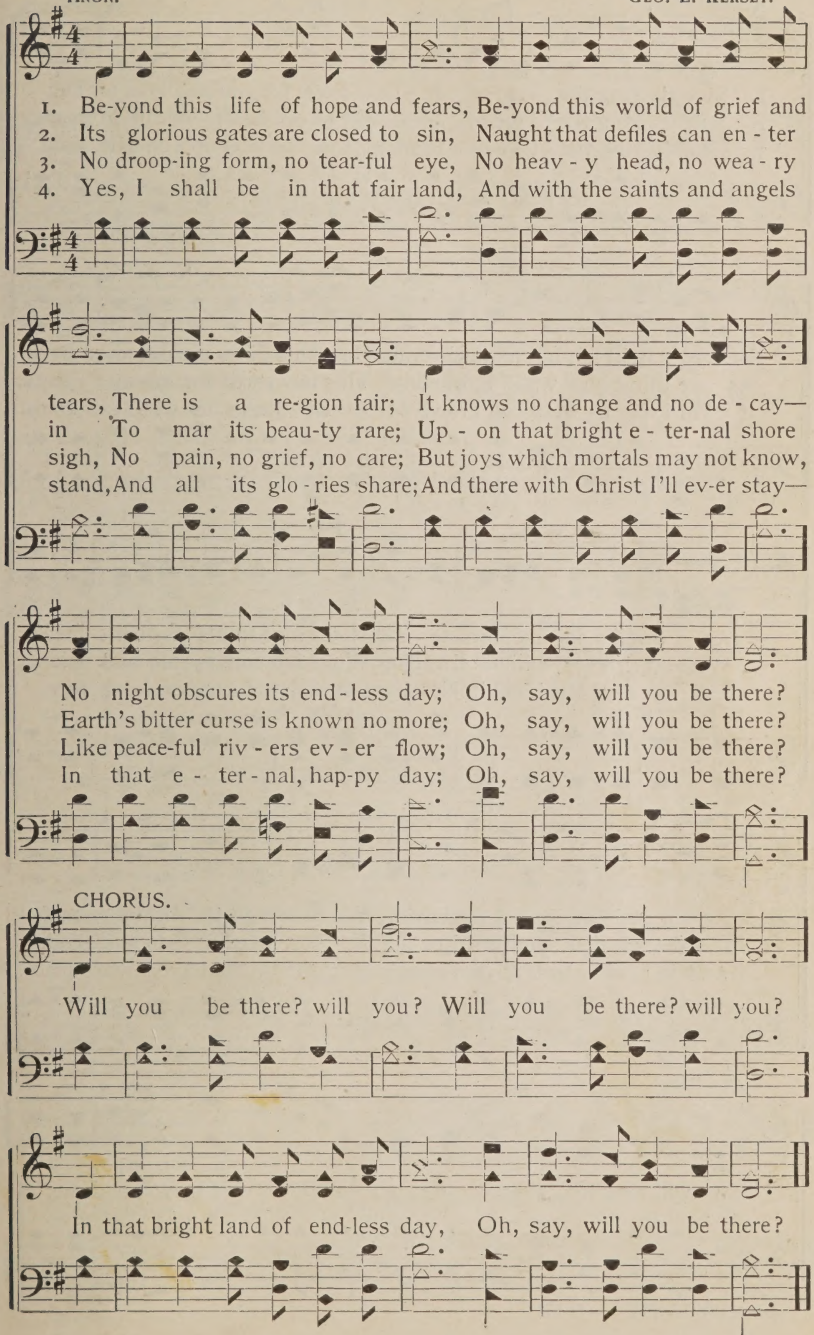
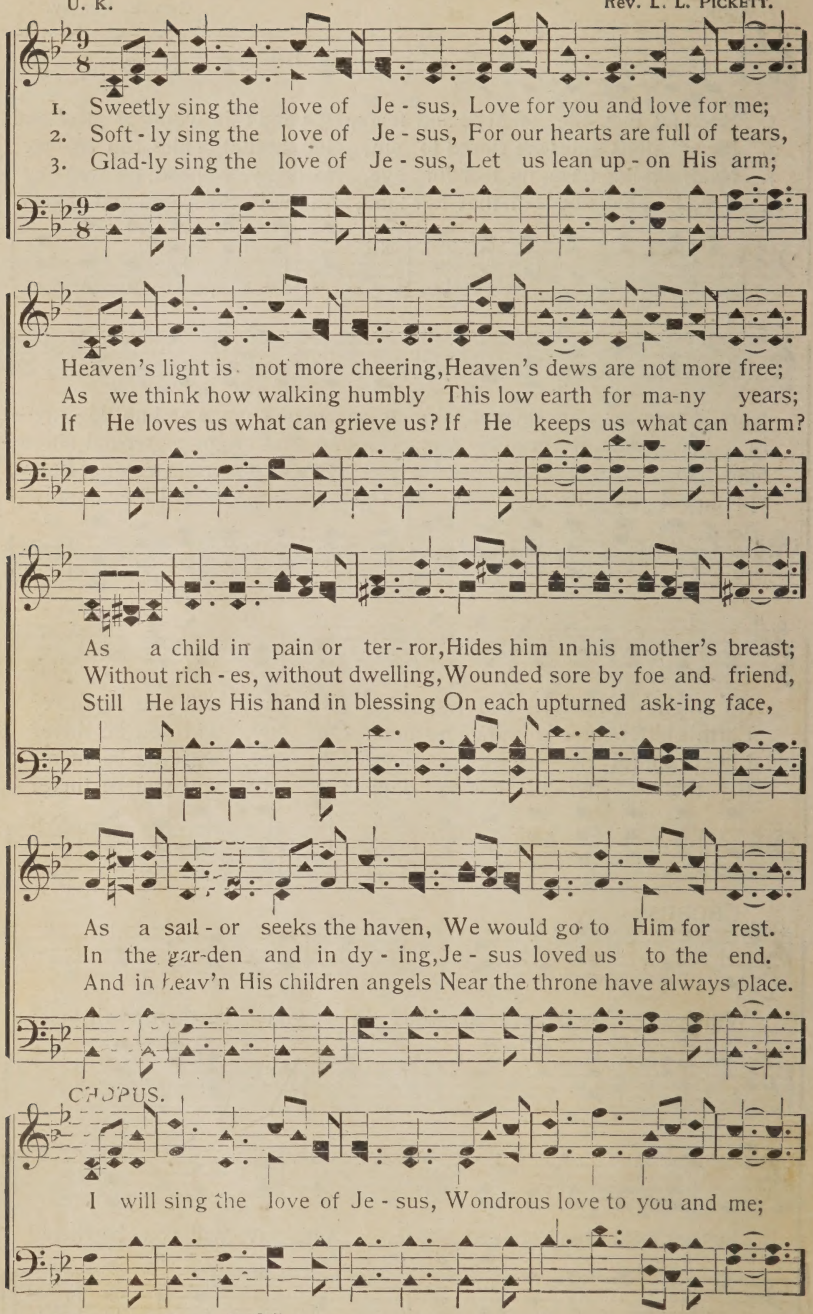
WILL YOU BE THERE?

ANON. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. Be-yond this life of hope and fears, Be-yond this world of grief and
2. Its glorious gates are closed to sin, Naught that defiles can en - ter
3. No droop-ing form, no tear-ful eye, No heav - y head, no wea - ry
4. Yes, I shall be in that fair land, And with the saints and angels
tears, There is a re-gion fair; It knows no change and no de - cay—
in To mar its beau-ty rare; Up - on that bright e - ter-nal shore
sigh, No pain, no grief, no care; But joys which mortals may not know,
stand, And all its glo - ries share; And there with Christ I'll ev-er stay—
No night obscures its end-less day; Oh, say, will you be there?
Earth's bitter curse is known no more; Oh, say, will you be there?
Like peace-ful riv - ers ev - er flow; Oh, say, will you be there?
In that e - ter - nal, hap-py day; Oh, say, will you be there?
CHORUS.
Will you be there? will you? Will you be there? will you?
In that bright land of end-less day, Oh, say, will you be there?

U. K. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.


1. Sweetly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me;
2. Soft - ly sing the love of Je - sus, For our hearts are full of tears,
3. Glad-ly sing the love of Je - sus, Let us lean up - on His arm;
Heaven's light is not more cheering, Heaven's dews are not more free;
As we think how walking humbly This low earth for ma-ny years;
If He loves us what can grieve us? If He keeps us what can harm?
As a child in pain or ter - ror, Hides him in his mother's breast;
Without rich - es, without dwelling, Wounded sore by foe and friend,
Still He lays His hand in blessing On each upturned ask-ing face,
As a sail - or seeks the haven, We would go to Him for rest.
In the gar-den and in dy - ing, Je - sus loved us to the end.
And in heav'n His children angels Near the throne have always place.
CHORUS.
I will sing the love of Je - sus, Wondrous love to you and me;

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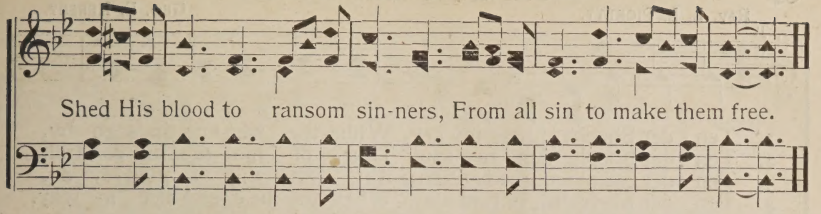
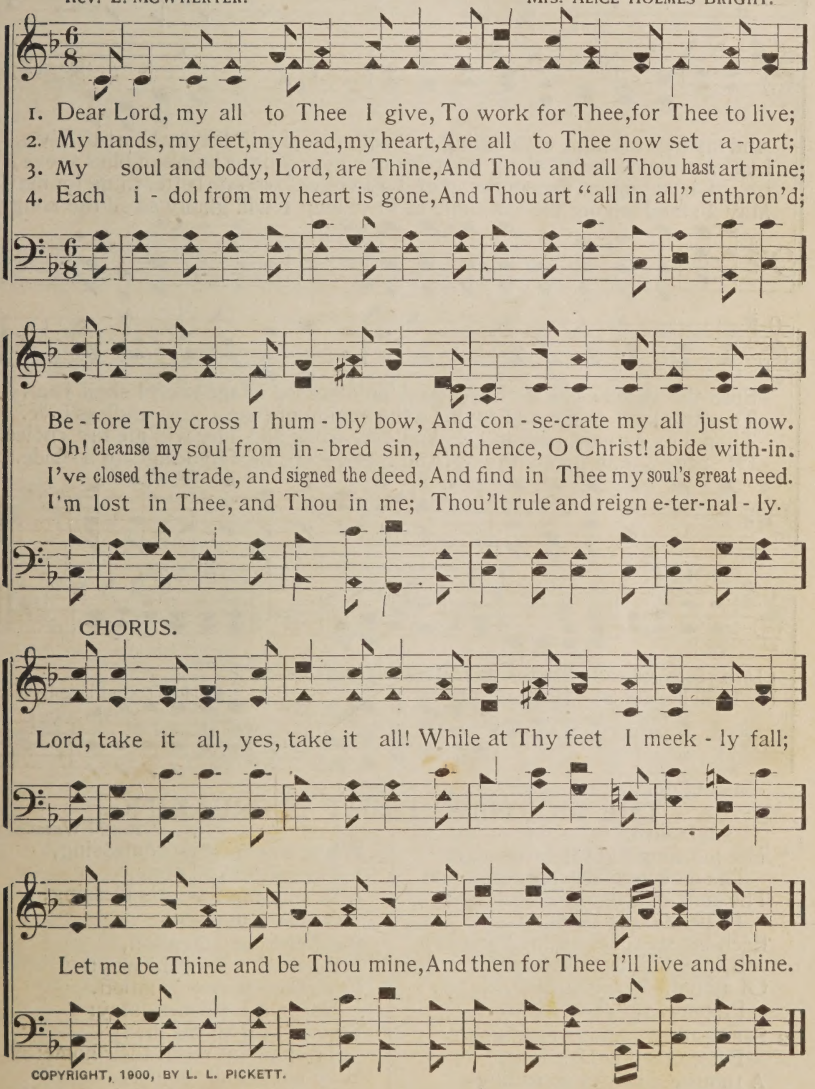
SWEETLY SING. Concluded.



FULL CONSECRATION. 80

Rev. L. McWHERTER. Mrs. ALICE HOLMES BRIGHT.


1. Dear Lord, my all to Thee I give, To work for Thee, for Thee to live;
2. My hands, my feet, my head, my heart, Are all to Thee now set a-part;
3. My soul and body, Lord, are Thine, And Thou and all Thou hast art mine;
4. Each i-dol from my heart is gone, And Thou art "all in all" enthron'd;
Be-fore Thy cross I hum-bly bow, And con-se-crate my all just now.
Oh! cleanse my soul from in-bred sin, And hence, O Christ! abide with-in.
I've closed the trade, and signed the deed, And find in Thee my soul's great need.
I'm lost in Thee, and Thou in me; Thou'lt rule and reign e-ter-nal-ly.
CHORUS.
Lord, take it all, yes, take it all! While at Thy feet I meek-ly fall;
Let me be Thine and be Thou mine, And then for Thee I'll live and shine.

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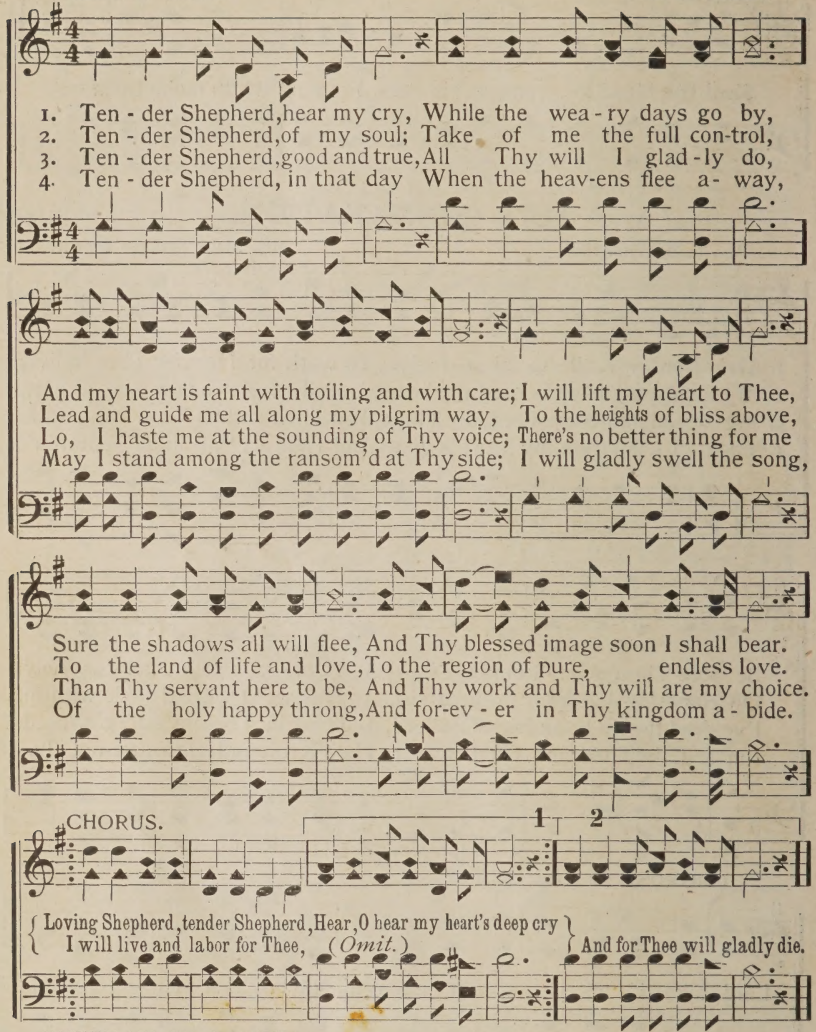
TENDER SHEPHERD.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. Ten - der Shepherd, hear my cry, While the wea - ry days go by,
2. Ten - der Shepherd, of my soul; Take of me the full con-trol,
3. Ten - der Shepherd, good and true, All Thy will I glad - ly do,
4. Ten - der Shepherd, in that day When the heav-ens flee a - way,
And my heart is faint with toiling and with care; I will lift my heart to Thee,
Lead and guide me all along my pilgrim way, To the heights of bliss above,
Lo, I haste me at the sounding of Thy voice; There's no better thing for me
May I stand among the ransom'd at Thy side; I will gladly swell the song,
Sure the shadows all will flee, And Thy blessed image soon I shall bear.
To the land of life and love, To the region of pure, endless love.
Than Thy servant here to be, And Thy work and Thy will are my choice.
Of the holy happy throng, And for-ev - er in Thy kingdom a - bide.
CHORUS.
1 2
Loving Shepherd, tender Shepherd, Hear, O hear my heart's deep cry
I will live and labor for Thee, (Omit.)
And for Thee will gladly die.

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82 THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

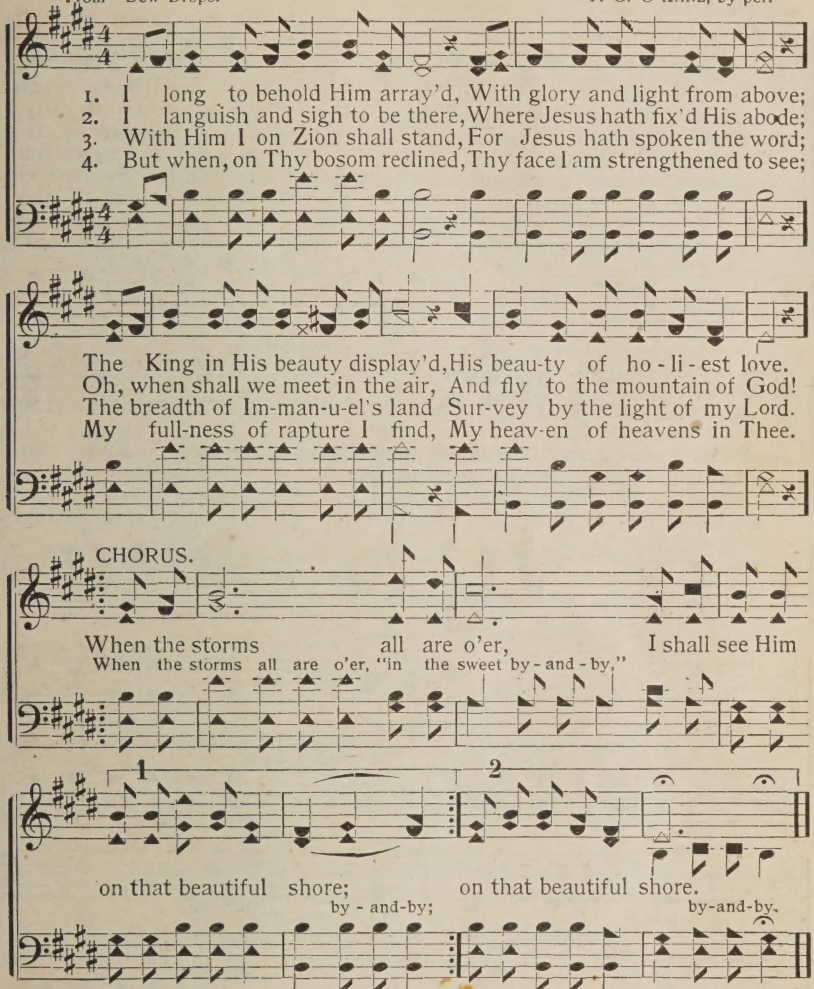
S. F. SMITH. *Tune:*—WEBB.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love;
A thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way:
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Say not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

"To be with Christ, which is far better."

From "Dew Drops." T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. I long to behold Him array'd, With glory and light from above;
2. I languish and sigh to be there, Where Jesus hath fix'd His abode;
3. With Him I on Zion shall stand, For Jesus hath spoken the word;
4. But when, on Thy bosom reclined, Thy face I am strengthened to see;
The King in His beauty display'd, His beau-ty of ho-li-est love.
Oh, when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mountain of God!
The breadth of Im-man-u-el's land Sur-vey by the light of my Lord.
My full-ness of rapture I find, My heav-en of heavens in Thee.
CHORUS.
When the storms all are o'er, I shall see Him
When the storms all are o'er, "in the sweet by-and-by,"
1
2
on that beautiful shore; on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; by-and-by.

84 COME THOU FOUNT.

1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount,—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

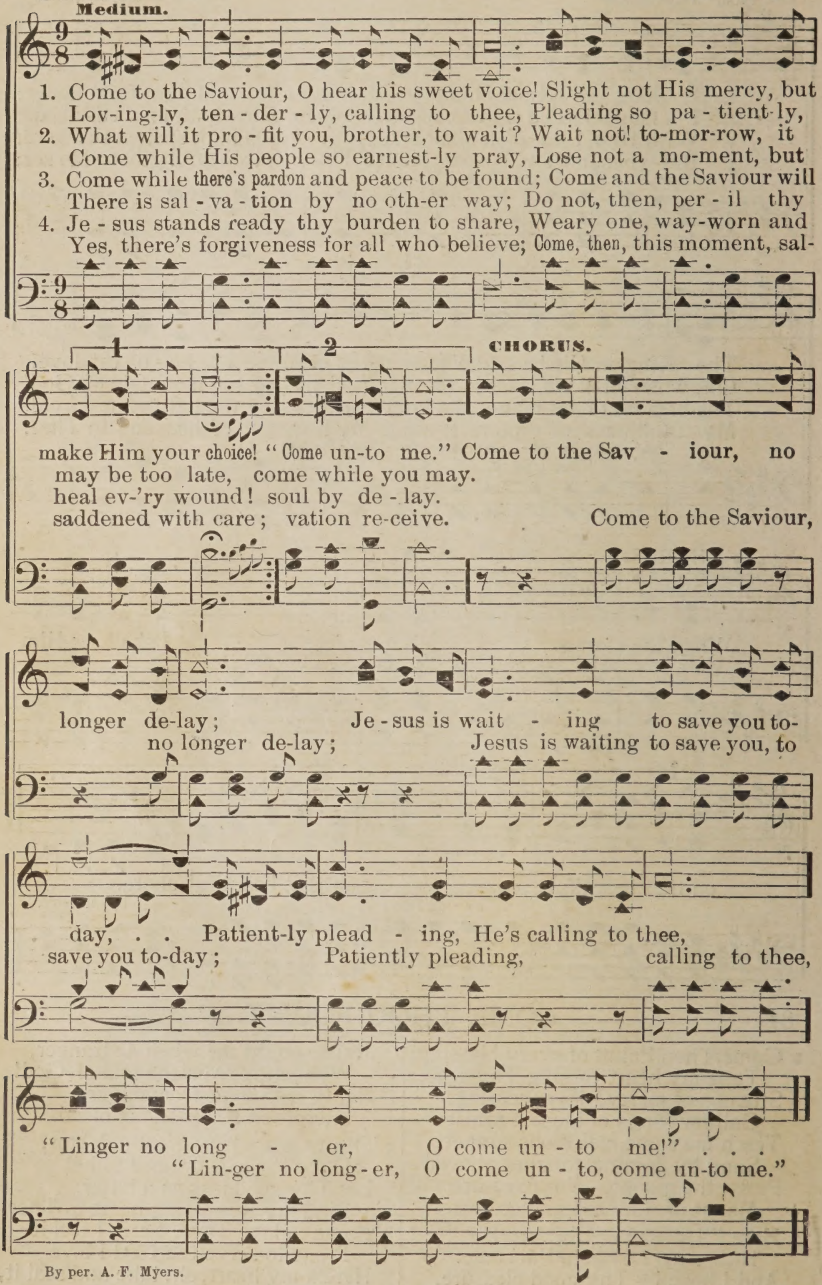
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God!
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to love Thee, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to serve the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

PATIENTLY PLEADING.

"And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

A. F. MYERS. FRED. HALE.

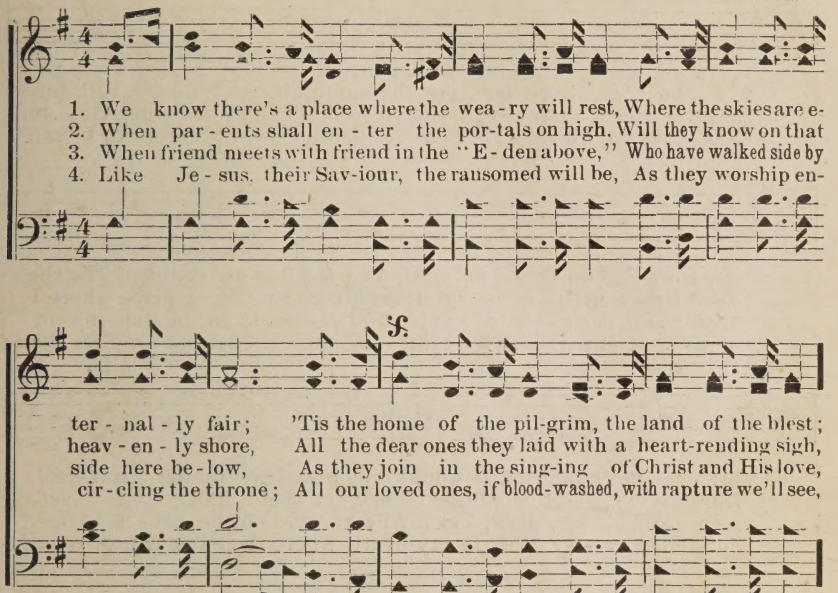
Medium.

1. Come to the Saviour, O hear his sweet voice! Slight not His mercy, but
Lov-ing-ly, ten - der - ly, calling to thee, Pleading so pa - tient-ly,
2. What will it pro - fit you, brother, to wait? Wait not! to-mor-row, it
Come while His people so earnest-ly pray, Lose not a mo-ment, but
3. Come while there's pardon and peace to be found; Come and the Saviour will
There is sal - va - tion by no oth-er way; Do not, then, per - il thy
4. Je - sus stands ready thy burden to share, Weary one, way-worn and
Yes, there's forgiveness for all who believe; Come, then, this moment, sal-
1
2
CHORUS.
make Him your choice! "Come un-to me." Come to the Sav - iour, no
may be too late, come while you may.
heal ev-'ry wound! soul by de - lay.
saddened with care; vation re-ceive.
Come to the Saviour,
longer de-lay; Je - sus is wait - ing to save you to-
no longer de-lay; Jesus is waiting to save you, to
day, . . Patient-ly plead - ing, He's calling to thee,
save you to-day; Patiently pleading, calling to thee,
"Linger no long - er, O come un - to me!" . . .
"Lin-ger no long-er, O come un - to, come un-to me."

By per. A. F. Myers.

DO THEY KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

1 Cor. 13: 12.

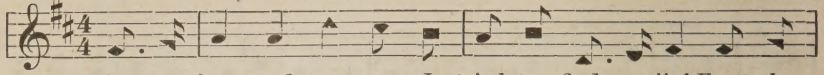
D. E. BRYER.


1. We know there's a place where the wea-ry will rest, Where the skies are e-
2. When par-ents shall en-ter the por-tals on high. Will they know on that
3. When friend meets with friend in the "E-den above," Who have walked side by
4. Like Je-sus, their Sav-iour, the ransomed will be, As they worship en-
ter-nal-ly fair; 'Tis the home of the pil-grim, the land of the blest;
heav-en-ly shore, All the dear ones they laid with a heart-rending sigh,
side here be-low, As they join in the sing-ing of Christ and His love,
cir-cling the throne; All our loved ones, if blood-washed, with rapture we'll see,
D.S.—geth-er the man-sions of light will we share,
FINE.
CHORUS.
But, oh, say, do they know each other there?
In the cold, si-lent grave years be-fore?
Will they not sure-ly each oth-er know?
And will *know e-ven as we are known.*
Oh, yes, we'll know each
Oh, yes, we'll know each other there, Oh,
And be part-ed a-gain nev-er-more.
D.S.
oth-er there, When we meet on that bright "shining shore." And to-
yes, we'll know each oth-er there.

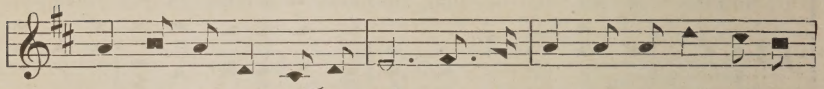
By per L. E. O'Kane.

AT A THOUSAND SOURCES.

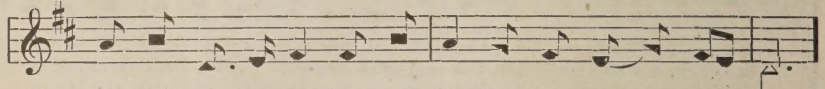
CAPT. McINDOE. 1 PET. 2: 7. Arr. by F. McD. HUNTER.



1. At a thou-sand sour-ces I tried to find re-lief From the
2. I have wandered far o'er the mountains and the sea, Still pur-
3. O the friends of youth that have seem'd so firm and true, Time and
4. O - ver childhood's E - den a flaming sword is crossed, I can

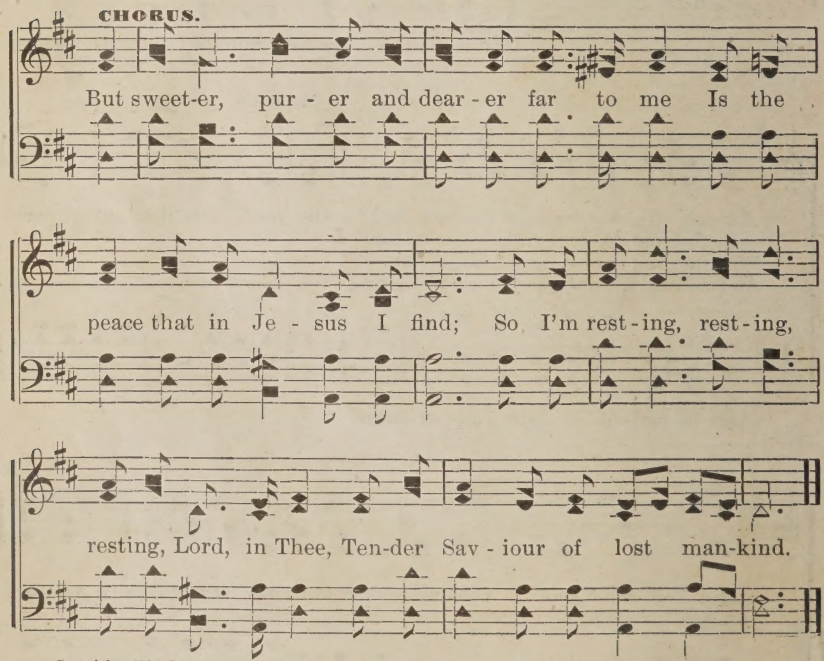


sor-rows that burdened my soul, And if pleas-ure could sti - fle the
sued by a vain re - gret; Seek-ing ev - er a place where I
distance that cir - cle di - vide; And I sought to be hap - py in
nev - er re-turn there a - gain; But an E - den far brighter than



bit - ter voice of grief, It would long have been un-der con - trol.
from myself might flee, But I nev - er could find it yet.
scenes and friendships new, Yet my heart could not be sat - is - fied.
childhood ev - er lost Is my heart, where the Saviour now reigns.

CHORUS.


But sweet-er, pur - er and dear - er far to me Is the
peace that in Je - sus I find; So I'm rest - ing, rest - ing,
resting, Lord, in Thee, Ten-der Sav - iour of lost man-kind.

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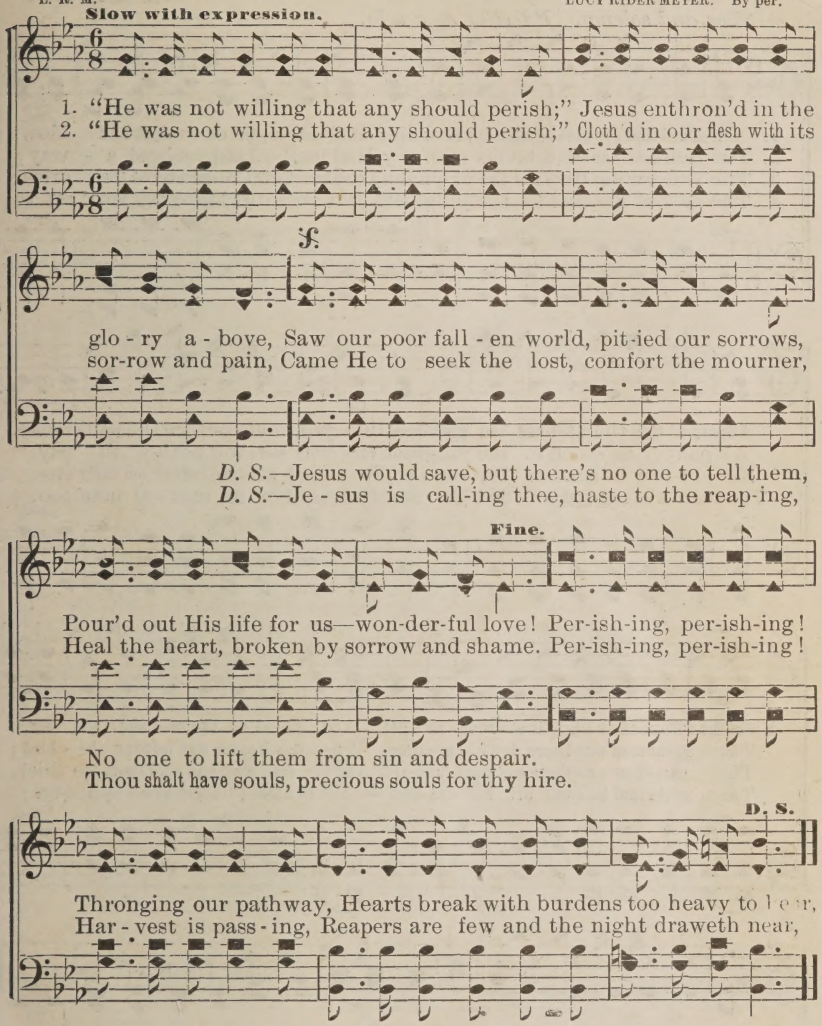
HE WAS NOT WILLING.

"Not willing that any should perish."—2 PET. 3: 9.

L. R. M. LUCY RIDER MEYER. By per.

Slow with expression.
1. "He was not willing that any should perish;" Jesus enthron'd in the
2. "He was not willing that any should perish;" Cloth'd in our flesh with its
f.
glo - ry a - bove, Saw our poor fall - en world, pit-ied our sorrows,
sor-row and pain, Came He to seek the lost, comfort the mourner,
D. S.—Jesus would save, but there's no one to tell them,
D. S.—Je - sus is call-ing thee, haste to the reap-ing,
Fine.
Pour'd out His life for us—won-der-ful love! Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing!
Heal the heart, broken by sorrow and shame. Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing!
No one to lift them from sin and despair.
Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for thy hire.
D. S.
Thronging our pathway, Hearts break with burdens too heavy to bear,
Har - vest is pass - ing, Reapers are few and the night draweth near,

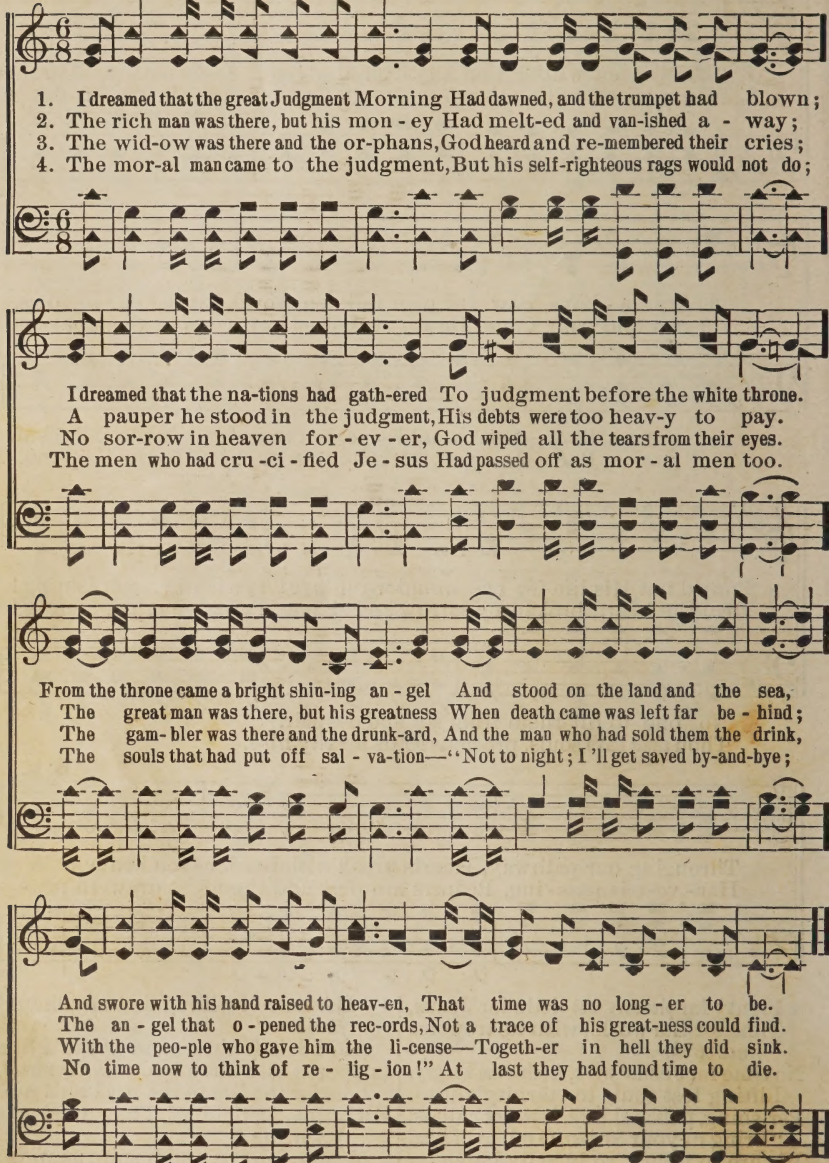
3 Plenty for pleasure, but little for Jesus,
Time for the world, with its troubles and toys,
No time for Jesus' work, feeding the hungry,
Lifting lost souls to eternity's joys.
Perishing, perishing! hark, how they call us;
"Bring us your Saviour, O tell us of Him!
We are so weary, so heavily laden,
And with long weeping our eyes have grown dim."

4 "He was not willing that any should perish;"
Am I His foll'wer, and O can I live
Longer at ease with a soul going downward,
Lost for the lack of the help I might give?
Perishing, perishing! Thou wast not willing;
Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
Live with eternity's values in view.

Copyright, 1889, by Lucy Rider Meyer.

War Cry. L. L. PICKETT.

Slow and solemn. Effective as a solo.


1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon - ey Had melt-ed and van-ished a - way;
3. The wid-ow was there and the or-phans, God heard and re-membered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;
I dreamed that the na-tions had gath-ered To judgment before the white throne.
A pauper he stood in the judgment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
No sor-row in heaven for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The men who had cru-ci - fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor - al men too.
From the throne came a bright shin-ing an - gel And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far be - hind;
The gam-bler was there and the drunk-ard, And the man who had sold them the drink,
The souls that had put off sal - va-tion—"Not to night; I'll get saved by-and-bye;
And swore with his hand raised to heav-en, That time was no long - er to be.
The an - gel that o - pened the rec-ords, Not a trace of his great-ness could find.
With the peo-ple who gave him the li-cense—Togeth-er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re - lig - ion!" At last they had found time to die.

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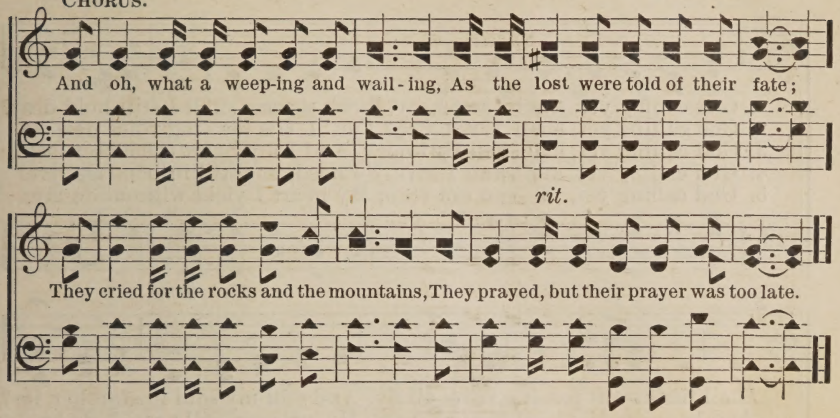
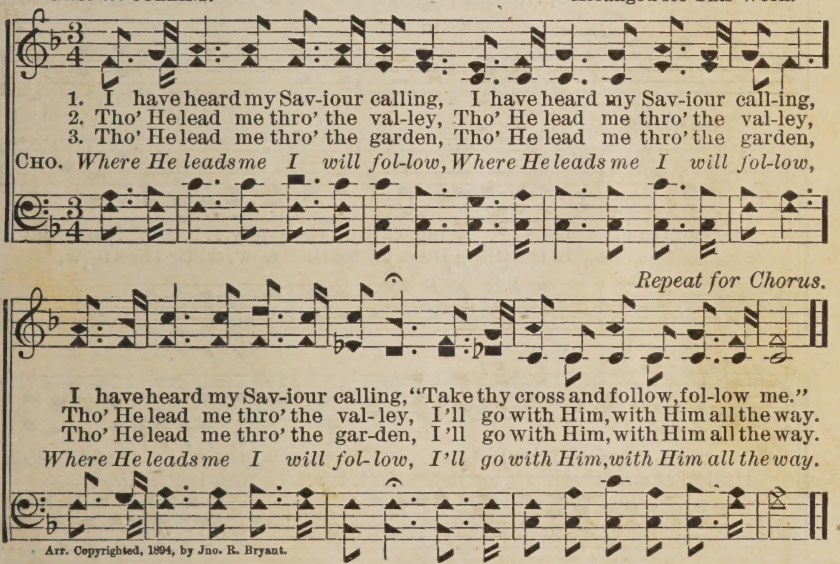
THE GREAT JUDGMENT MORNING. Concluded.

CHORUS.


And oh, what a weep-ing and wail-ing, As the lost were told of their fate;
rit.
They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

I'LL GO WITH HIM. 90

GEO. W. COLLINS. Arranged for This Work.


1. I have heard my Sav-iour calling, I have heard my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. Tho' He lead me thro' the val-ley, Tho' He lead me thro' the val-ley,
3. Tho' He lead me thro' the garden, Tho' He lead me thro' the garden,
CHO. Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
Repeat for Chorus.
I have heard my Sav-iour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."
Tho' He lead me thro' the val-ley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Tho' He lead me thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Arr. Copyrighted, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 ‖: Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ‖: Tho' He lead me to the conflict, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ‖: Tho' He lead thro' fiery trials, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

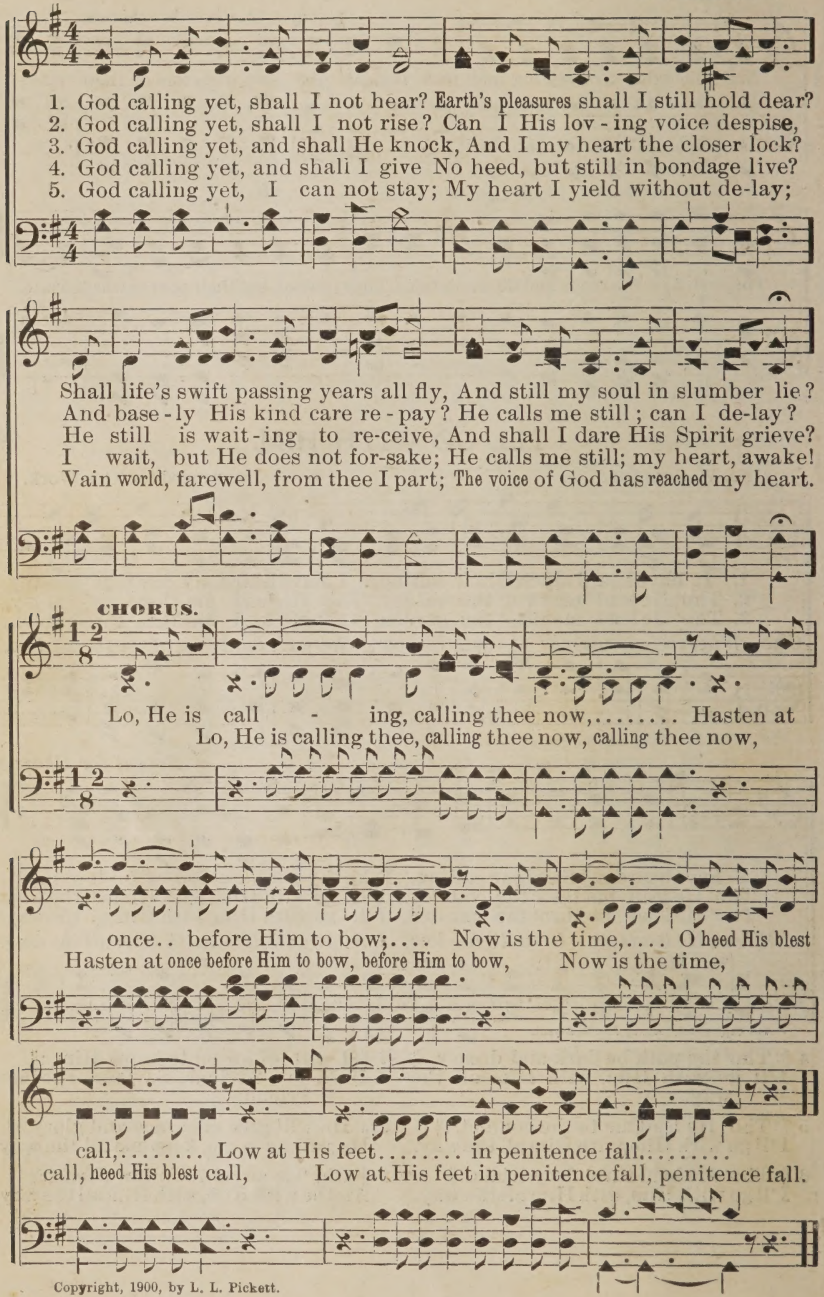
7 ‖: I will follow on to know Him, :‖
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.

8 ‖: He will give me grace and glory, :‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

9 ‖: Oh, 't is sweet to follow Jesus, :‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

GOD CALLING YET.

L. D. CARRINGTON.


1. God calling yet, shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet, shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice despise,
3. God calling yet, and shall He knock, And I my heart the closer lock?
4. God calling yet, and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live?
5. God calling yet, I can not stay; My heart I yield without de-lay;
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?
And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
He still is wait - ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?
I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart, awake!
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.
CHORUS.
Lo, He is call - ing, calling thee now,..... Hasten at
Lo, He is calling thee, calling thee now, calling thee now,
once.. before Him to bow;.... Now is the time,.... O heed His blest
Hasten at once before Him to bow, before Him to bow, Now is the time,
call,..... Low at His feet..... in penitence fall.....
call, heed His blest call, Low at His feet in penitence fall, penitence fall.

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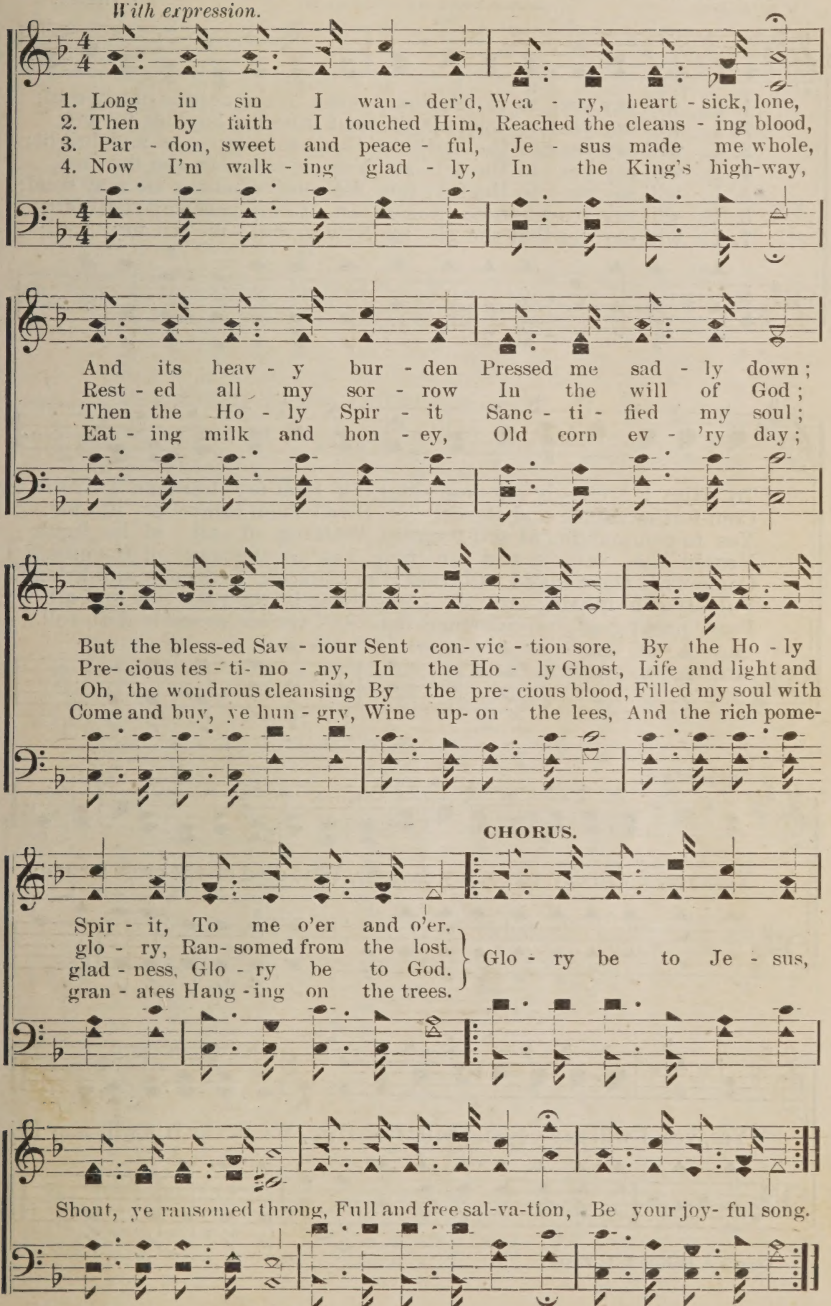
B. S. TAYLOR. ARTHUR C. BELL.

With expression.

1. Long in sin I wan - der'd, Wea - ry, heart - sick, lone,
2. Then by faith I touched Him, Reached the cleans - ing blood,
3. Par - don, sweet and peace - ful, Je - sus made me whole,
4. Now I'm walk - ing glad - ly, In the King's high-way,
And its heav - y bur - den Pressed me sad - ly down;
Rest - ed all my sor - row In the will of God;
Then the Ho - ly Spir - it Sanc - ti - fied my soul;
Eat - ing milk and hon - ey, Old corn ev - 'ry day;
But the bless-ed Sav - iour Sent con- vic - tion sore, By the Ho - ly
Pre- cious tes - ti- mo - ny, In the Ho - ly Ghost, Life and light and
Oh, the wondrous cleansing By the pre- cious blood, Filled my soul with
Come and buy, ye hun - gry, Wine up- on the lees, And the rich pome-
CHORUS.
Spir - it, To me o'er and o'er.
glo - ry, Ran- somed from the lost.
glad - ness, Glo - ry be to God.
gran - ates Hang - ing on the trees.
Glo - ry be to Je - sus,
Shout, ye ransomed throng, Full and free sal-va-tion, Be your joy- ful song.

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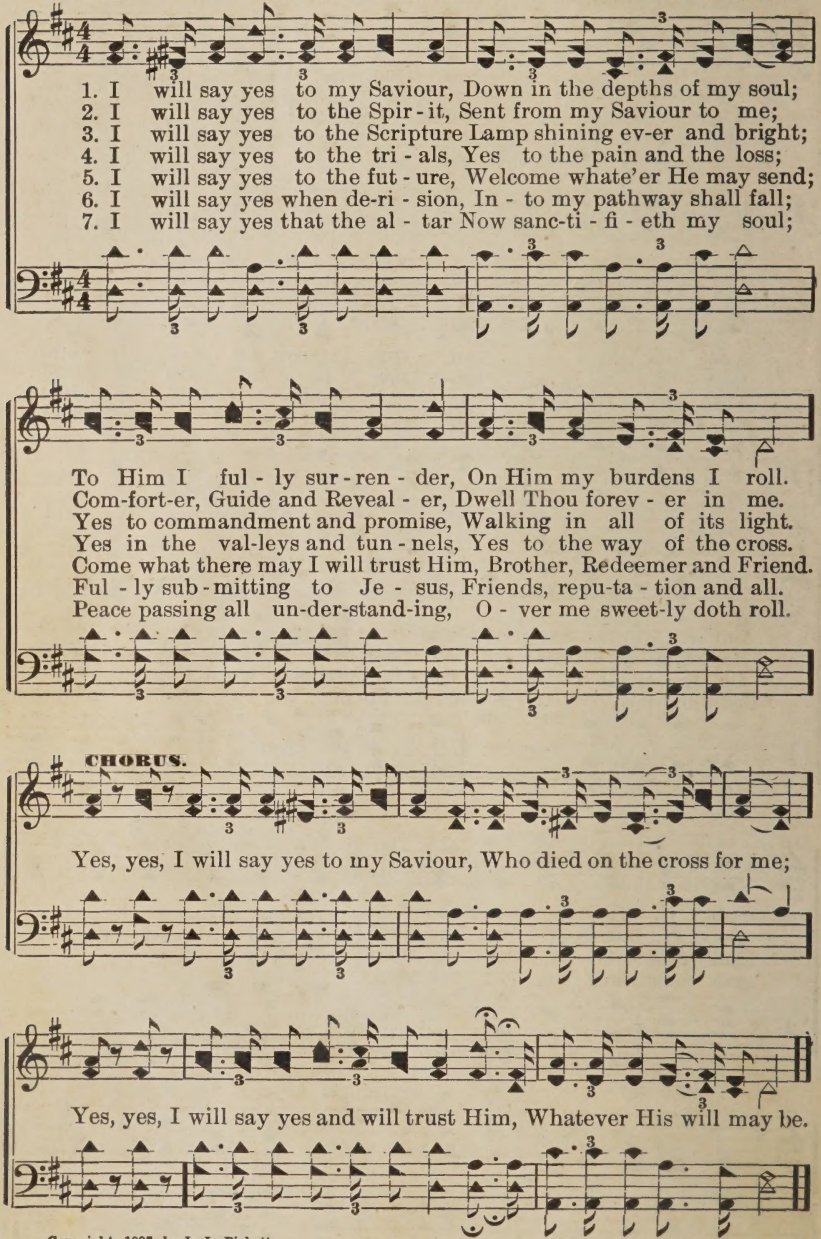
I WILL SAY YES TO MY SAVIOUR.

"If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—John 14: 23.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I will say yes to my Saviour, Down in the depths of my soul;
2. I will say yes to the Spir - it, Sent from my Saviour to me;
3. I will say yes to the Scripture Lamp shining ev-er and bright;
4. I will say yes to the tri - als, Yes to the pain and the loss;
5. I will say yes to the fut - ure, Welcome whate'er He may send;
6. I will say yes when de-ri - sion, In - to my pathway shall fall;
7. I will say yes that the al - tar Now sanc-ti - fi - eth my soul;
To Him I ful - ly sur - ren - der, On Him my burdens I roll.
Com-fort-er, Guide and Reveal - er, Dwell Thou forev - er in me.
Yes to commandment and promise, Walking in all of its light.
Yes in the val-leys and tun - nels, Yes to the way of the cross.
Come what there may I will trust Him, Brother, Redeemer and Friend.
Ful - ly sub - mitting to Je - sus, Friends, repu-ta - tion and all.
Peace passing all un-der-stand-ing, O - ver me sweet-ly doth roll.
CHORUS.
Yes, yes, I will say yes to my Saviour, Who died on the cross for me;
Yes, yes, I will say yes and will trust Him, Whatever His will may be.

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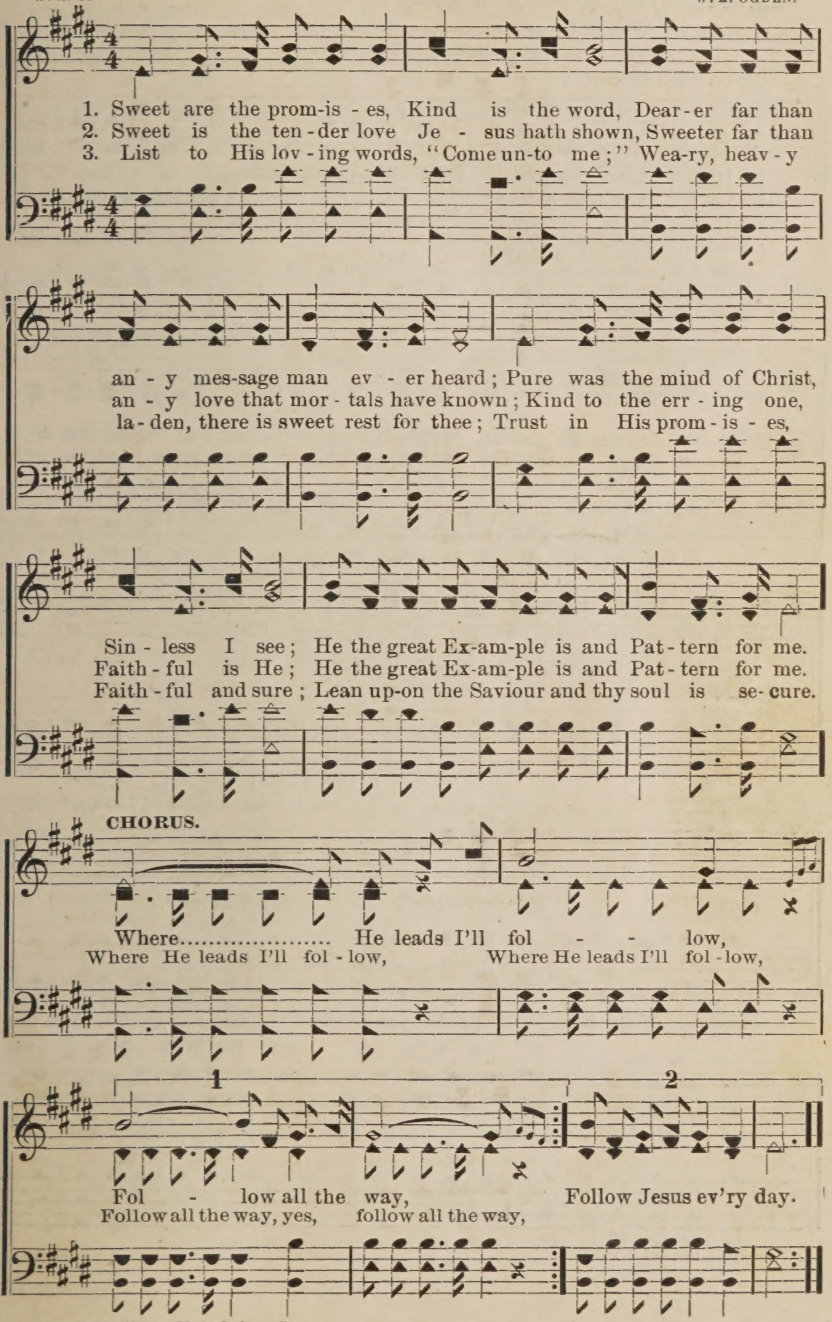
WHERE HE LEADS I'LL FOLLOW.

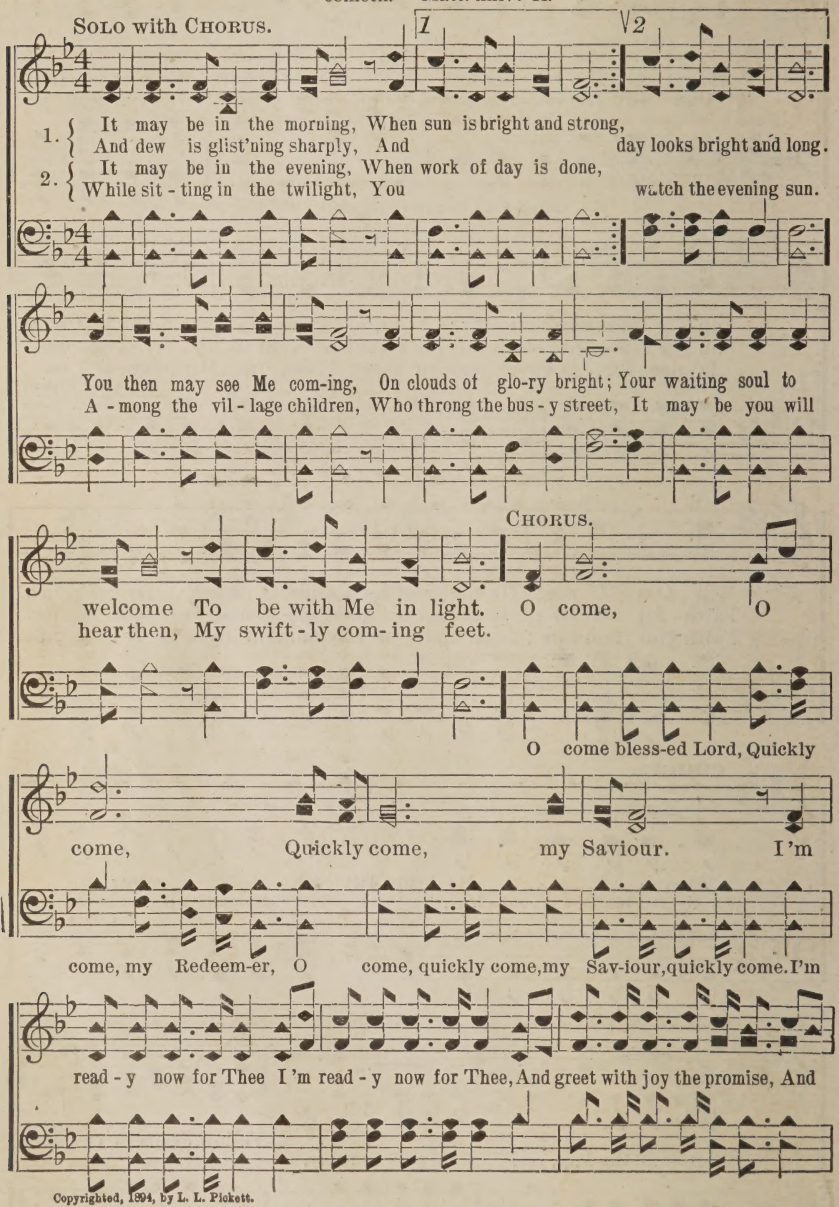
W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word, Dear-er far than
2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweeter far than
3. List to His lov-ing words, "Come un-to me;" Wea-ry, heav-y
an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
la-den, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom-is - es,
Sin - less I see; He the great Ex-am-ple is and Pat-tern for me.
Faith-ful is He; He the great Ex-am-ple is and Pat-tern for me.
Faith-ful and sure; Lean up-on the Saviour and thy soul is se-cure.
CHORUS.
Where..... He leads I'll fol - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol-low, Where He leads I'll fol-low,
1
2
Fol - low all the way, Follow Jesus ev'ry day.
Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way,

Copyright, 1885, by W. A. Ogden. By per.

BE READY.

Arr. and partly composed by M. W. KNAPP from B. M.

L. L. PICKETT.

"Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Matt. xxiv: 44.

SOLO with CHORUS.
1
2
1. It may be in the morning, When sun is bright and strong,
And dew is glist'ning sharply, And day looks bright and long.
2. It may be in the evening, When work of day is done,
While sit - ting in the twilight, You watch the evening sun.
You then may see Me com-ing, On clouds of glo-ry bright; Your waiting soul to
A - mong the vil - lage children, Who throng the bus - y street, It may be you will
CHORUS.
welcome To be with Me in light. O come, O
hear then, My swift - ly com - ing feet.
O come bless-ed Lord, Quickly
come, Quickly come, my Saviour. I'm
come, my Redeem-er, O come, quickly come, my Sav-iour, quickly come. I'm
read - y now for Thee I'm read - y now for Thee, And greet with joy the promise, And

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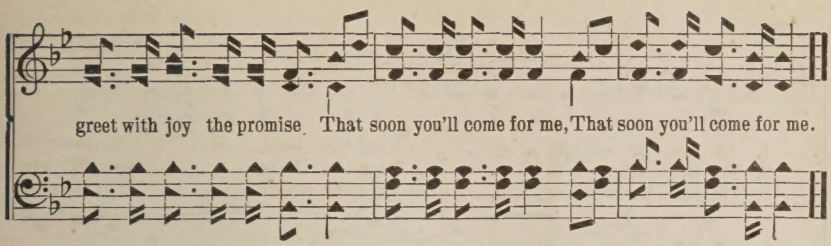
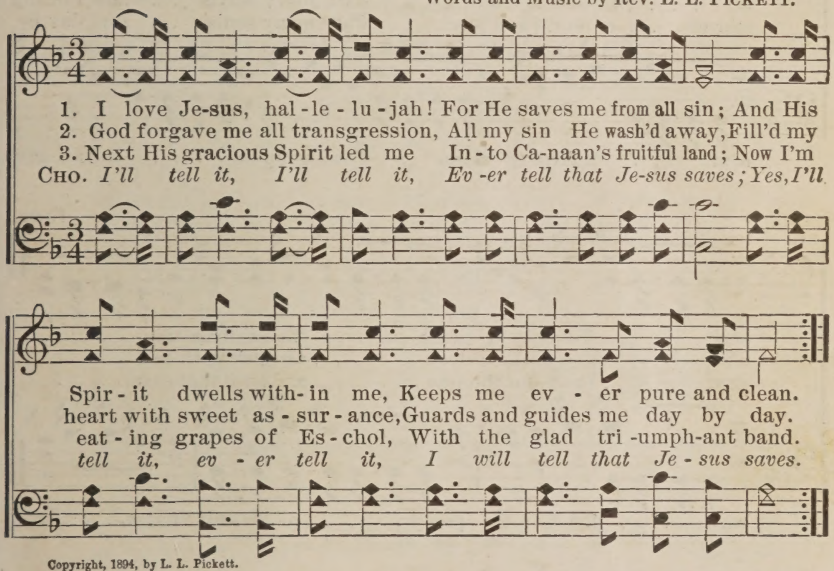


3 It may be when the midnight
Is heavy on the land,
The black waves lying dumbly
Along the dreary sand,
When moonless night draws closer
Above the sleeping sea,
When all are slumbering soundly,
And no one thinks of Me.

4 Be ready every moment,
Be robed and sanctified;
For quickly I will claim you
My own beloved bride.
In sweet and blessed union
We then shall ever be,
And dwell in bliss together
Through all eternity.

I'LL TELL IT. 96

Words and Music by Rev. L. L. PICKETT.


1. I love Je-sus, hal-le-lu-jah! For He saves me from all sin; And His
2. God forgave me all transgression, All my sin He wash'd away, Fill'd my
3. Next His gracious Spirit led me In-to Ca-naan's fruitful land; Now I'm
CHO. I'll tell it, I'll tell it, Ev-er tell that Je-sus saves; Yes, I'll
Spir-it dwells with-in me, Keeps me ev-er pure and clean.
heart with sweet as-sur-ance, Guards and guides me day by day.
eat-ing grapes of Es-chol, With the glad tri-umph-ant band.
tell it, ev-er tell it, I will tell that Je-sus saves.

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4 From all darkness into sunlight,
Jesus led my fainting soul;
And He'll guide me, ever guide me,
While eternal ages roll.

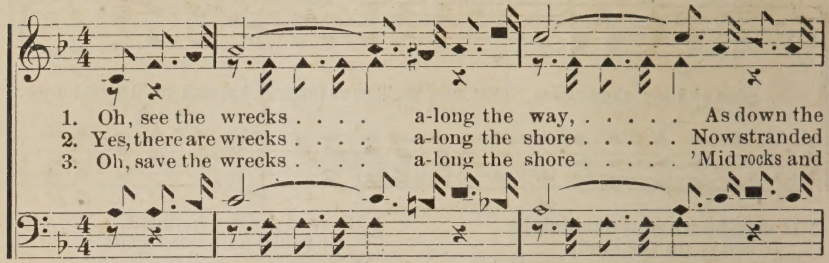
5 Thro' death's valley He will lead me,
To yon Heaven's golden shore;
There I'll sing with ransom'd millions
Saved and kept for evermore.

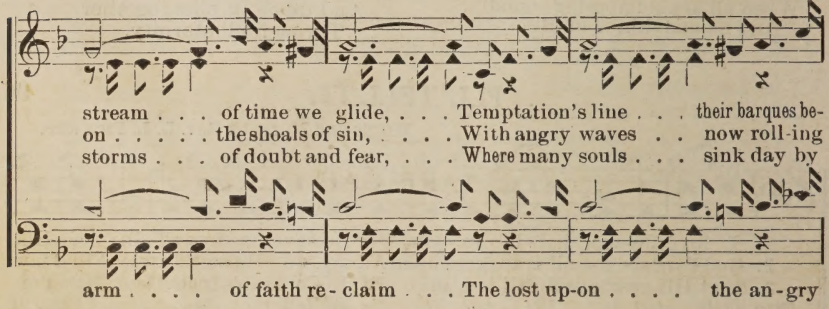
6 There I'll see my loving Saviour
Whom the angels all adore;
Through His mercy, grace, and favor,
I will live to die no more.

7 Then I'll meet with father, mother,
And with brothers, sisters dear;
We will gladly greet each other,
Whom we loved so well while here.

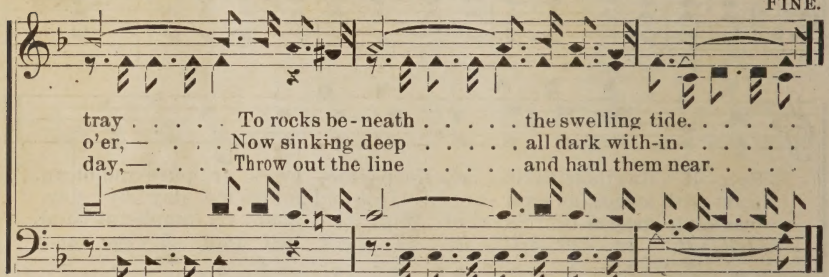
WRECKS ALONG THE WAY.

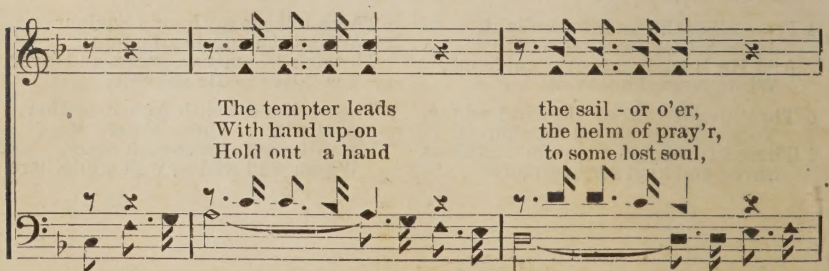
J. M. B. J. M. BOWMAN, by per.


1. Oh, see the wrecks . . . . a-long the way, ... As down the
2. Yes, there are wrecks . . . . a-long the shore . . . . . Now stranded
3. Oh, save the wrecks . . . . a-long the shore . . . . . 'Mid rocks and

D.C.—The spir - it line . . . . . throw out to save, ... With mighty

stream . . . of time we glide, . . . Temptation's line . . . their barques be-
on . . . . . the shoals of sin, ... With angry waves . . now roll-ing
storms . . . of doubt and fear, . . . Where many souls . . . sink day by
arm . . . . of faith re - claim . . . The lost up-on . . . . the an - gry

FINE.


tray . . . . To rocks be - neath . . . . . the swelling tide. . . . . .
o'er,— . . . Now sinking deep . . . . . all dark with-in. . . . . .
day,— . . . . Throw out the line . . . . . and haul them near. . . . .
wave . . . . Bring in the pow'r . . . . of Je - sus' name. . . . .



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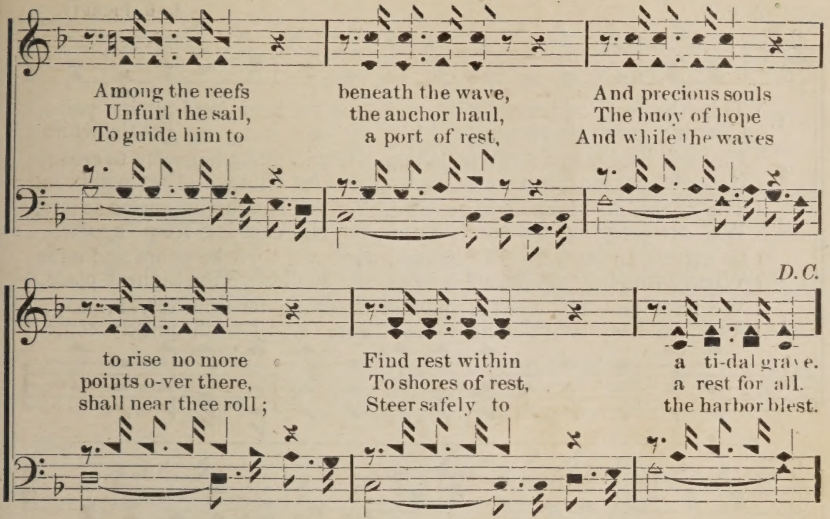
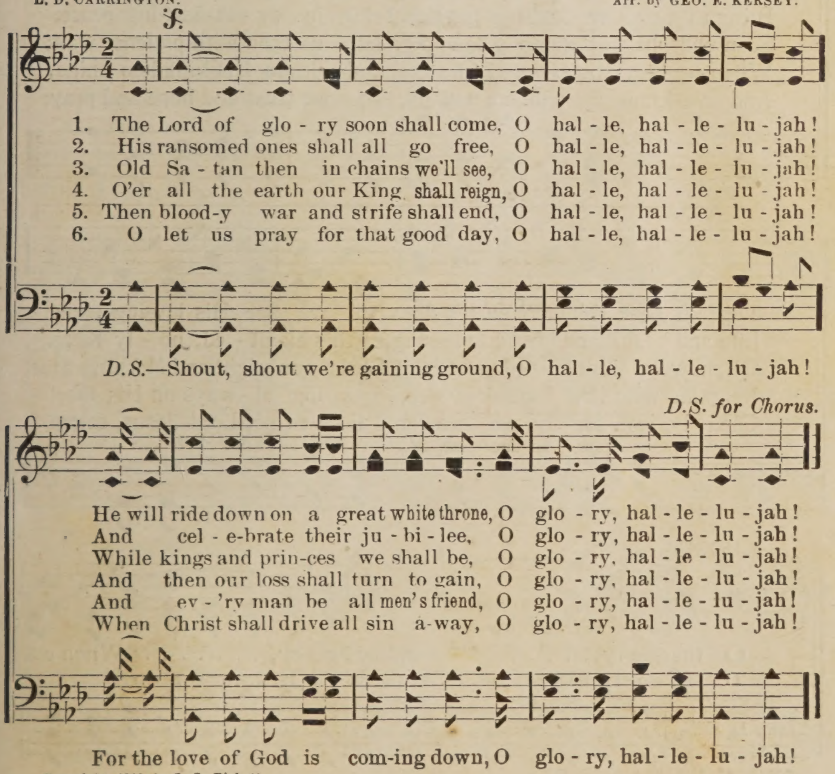
WRECKS ALONG THE WAY.—CONCLUDED

Among the reefs beneath the wave, And precious souls
Unfurl the sail, the anchor haul, The buoy of hope
To guide him to a port of rest, And while the waves
D.C.
to rise no more Find rest within a ti-dal grave.
points o-ver there, To shores of rest, a rest for all.
shall near thee roll; Steer safely to the harbor blest.

SHOUT, SHOUT WE ARE GAINING GROUND. 98

L. D. CARRINGTON. Arr. by GEO. E. KERSEY.

f.
1. The Lord of glo - ry soon shall come, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah!
2. His ransomed ones shall all go free, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah!
3. Old Sa - tan then in chains we'll see, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah!
4. O'er all the earth our King shall reign, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah!
5. Then blood-y war and strife shall end, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah!
6. O let us pray for that good day, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah!
D.S.—Shout, shout we're gaining ground, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah!
D.S. for Chorus.
He will ride down on a great white throne, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
And cel - e-brate their ju - bi - lee, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
While kings and prin-ces we shall be, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
And then our loss shall turn to gain, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
And ev - 'ry man be all men's friend, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
When Christ shall drive all sin a-way, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
For the love of God is com-ing down, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

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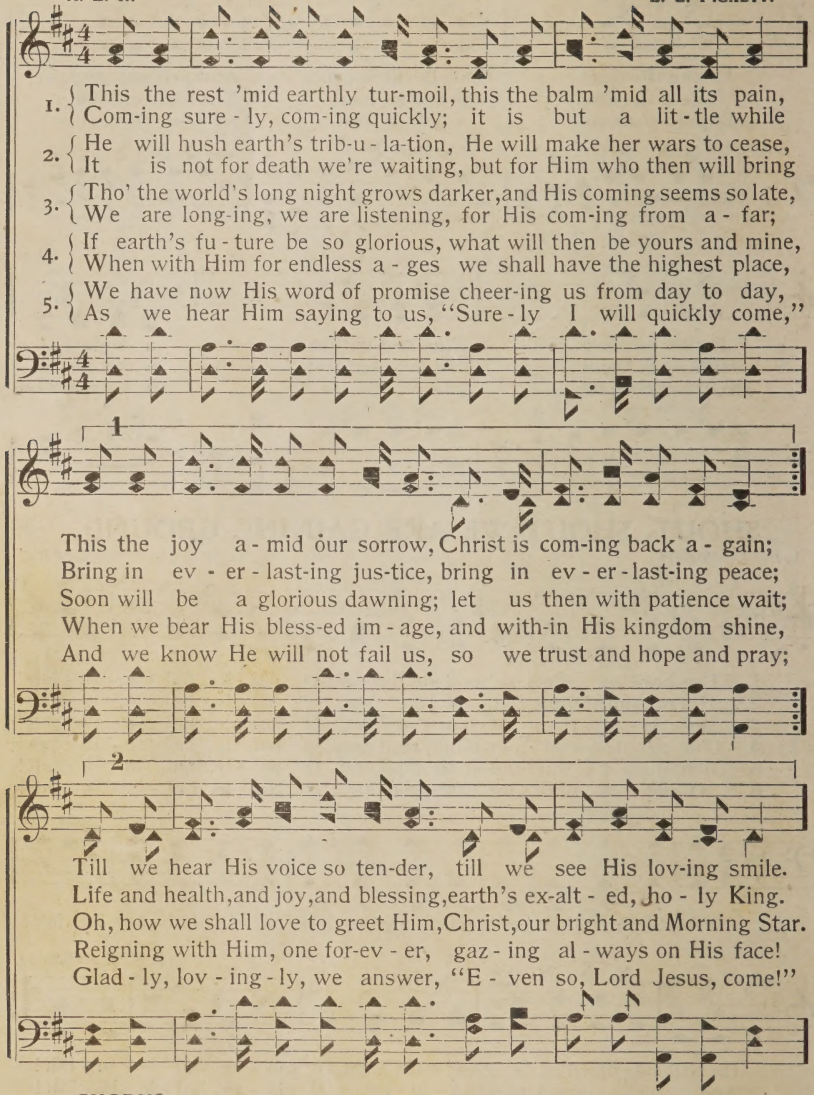
O THE GLORY.

A. E. R. L. L. PICKETT.


1. This the rest 'mid earthly tur-moil, this the balm 'mid all its pain,
Com-ing sure - ly, com-ing quickly; it is but a lit - tle while
2. He will hush earth's trib-u - la-tion, He will make her wars to cease,
It is not for death we're waiting, but for Him who then will bring
3. Tho' the world's long night grows darker, and His coming seems so late,
We are long-ing, we are listening, for His com-ing from a - far;
4. If earth's fu - ture be so glorious, what will then be yours and mine,
When with Him for endless a - ges we shall have the highest place,
5. We have now His word of promise cheer-ing us from day to day,
As we hear Him saying to us, "Sure - ly I will quickly come,"
1
This the joy a - mid our sorrow, Christ is com-ing back a - gain;
Bring in ev - er - last-ing jus-tice, bring in ev - er - last-ing peace;
Soon will be a glorious dawning; let us then with patience wait;
When we bear His bless-ed im - age, and with-in His kingdom shine,
And we know He will not fail us, so we trust and hope and pray;
2
Till we hear His voice so ten-der, till we see His lov-ing smile.
Life and health, and joy, and blessing, earth's ex-alt - ed, ho - ly King.
Oh, how we shall love to greet Him, Christ, our bright and Morning Star.
Reigning with Him, one for-ev - er, gaz - ing al - ways on His face!
Glad - ly, lov - ing - ly, we answer, "E - ven so, Lord Jesus, come!"
CHORUS.
O the glo-ry, ... wondrous glo-ry, ... When our
O the glo - ry, wondrous glo - ry, won-drous glo - ry, wondrous glo - ry,

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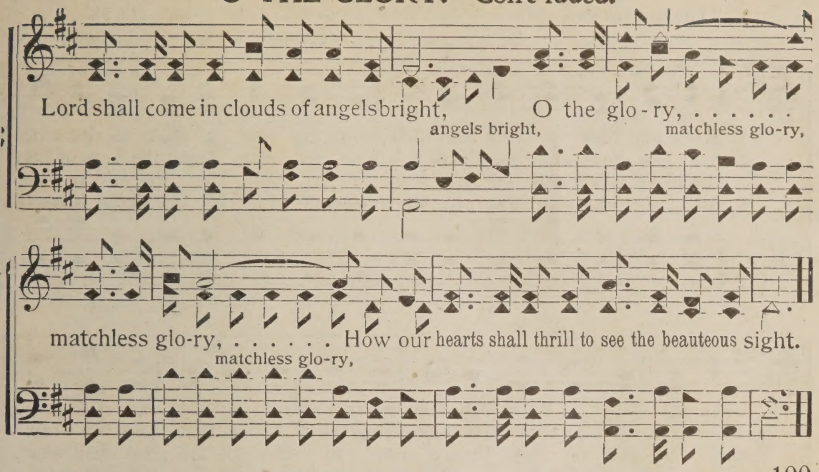
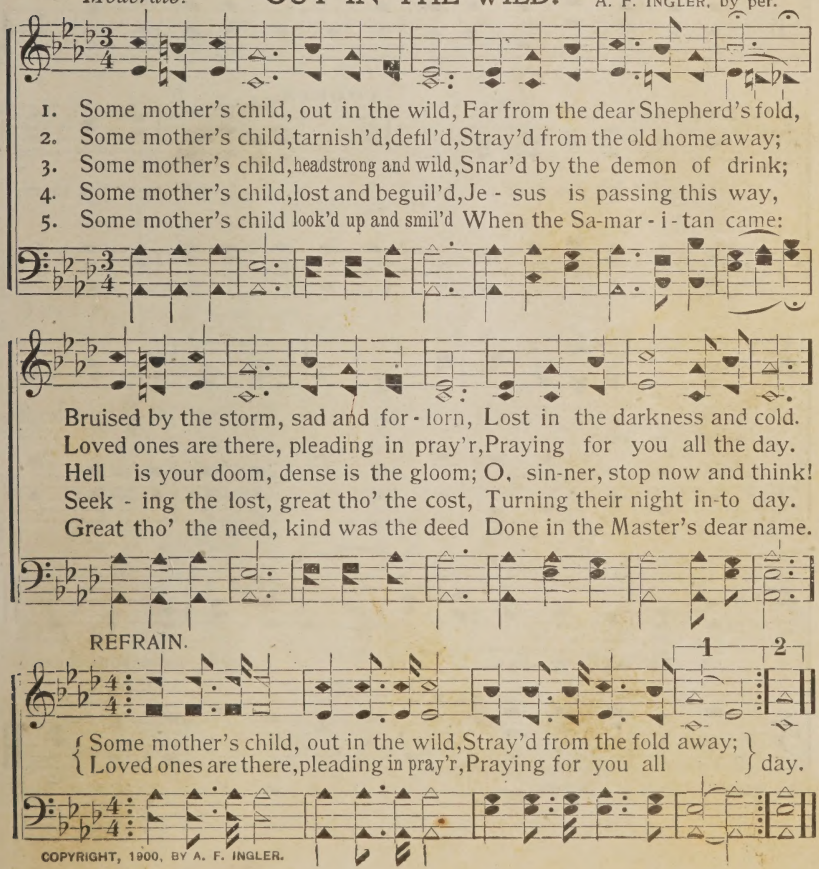
O THE GLORY. Concluded.


Lord shall come in clouds of angels bright, O the glo - ry, ...
angels bright, matchless glo-ry,
matchless glo-ry, ... How our hearts shall thrill to see the beauteous sight.
matchless glo-ry,

100

OUT IN THE WILD.

Moderato. A. F. INGLER, by per.

1. Some mother's child, out in the wild, Far from the dear Shepherd's fold,
2. Some mother's child, tarnish'd, defil'd, Stray'd from the old home away;
3. Some mother's child, headstrong and wild, Snar'd by the demon of drink;
4. Some mother's child, lost and beguil'd, Je - sus is passing this way,
5. Some mother's child look'd up and smil'd When the Sa-mar - i - tan came:
Bruised by the storm, sad and for - lorn, Lost in the darkness and cold.
Loved ones are there, pleading in pray'r, Praying for you all the day.
Hell is your doom, dense is the gloom; O, sin-ner, stop now and think!
Seek - ing the lost, great tho' the cost, Turning their night in-to day.
Great tho' the need, kind was the deed Done in the Master's dear name.
REFRAIN.
1
2
{ Some mother's child, out in the wild, Stray'd from the fold away; }
{ Loved ones are there, pleading in pray'r, Praying for you all } day.

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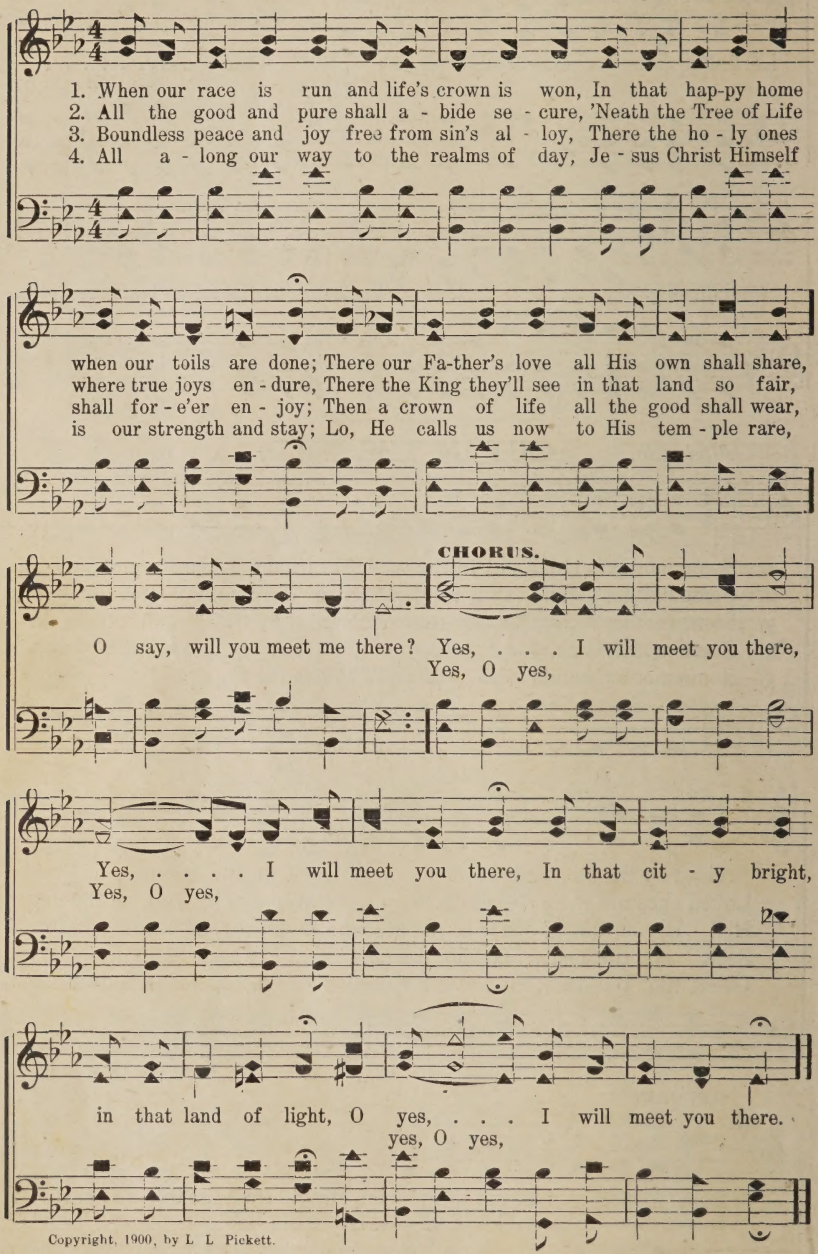
YES, I WILL MEET YOU THERE.

"The nations that are saved shall walk in the light of it."—Rev. 21 : 24.

Words and music by L. L. Pickett.

1. When our race is run and life's crown is won, In that hap-py home
2. All the good and pure shall a - bide se - cure, 'Neath the Tree of Life
3. Boundless peace and joy free from sin's al - loy, There the ho - ly ones
4. All a - long our way to the realms of day, Je - sus Christ Himself
when our toils are done; There our Fa-ther's love all His own shall share,
where true joys en - dure, There the King they'll see in that land so fair,
shall for - e'er en - joy; Then a crown of life all the good shall wear,
is our strength and stay; Lo, He calls us now to His tem - ple rare,
CHORUS.
O say, will you meet me there? Yes, . . . I will meet you there,
Yes, O yes,
Yes, ... I will meet you there, In that cit - y bright,
Yes, O yes,
in that land of light, O yes, . . . I will meet you there.
yes, O yes,

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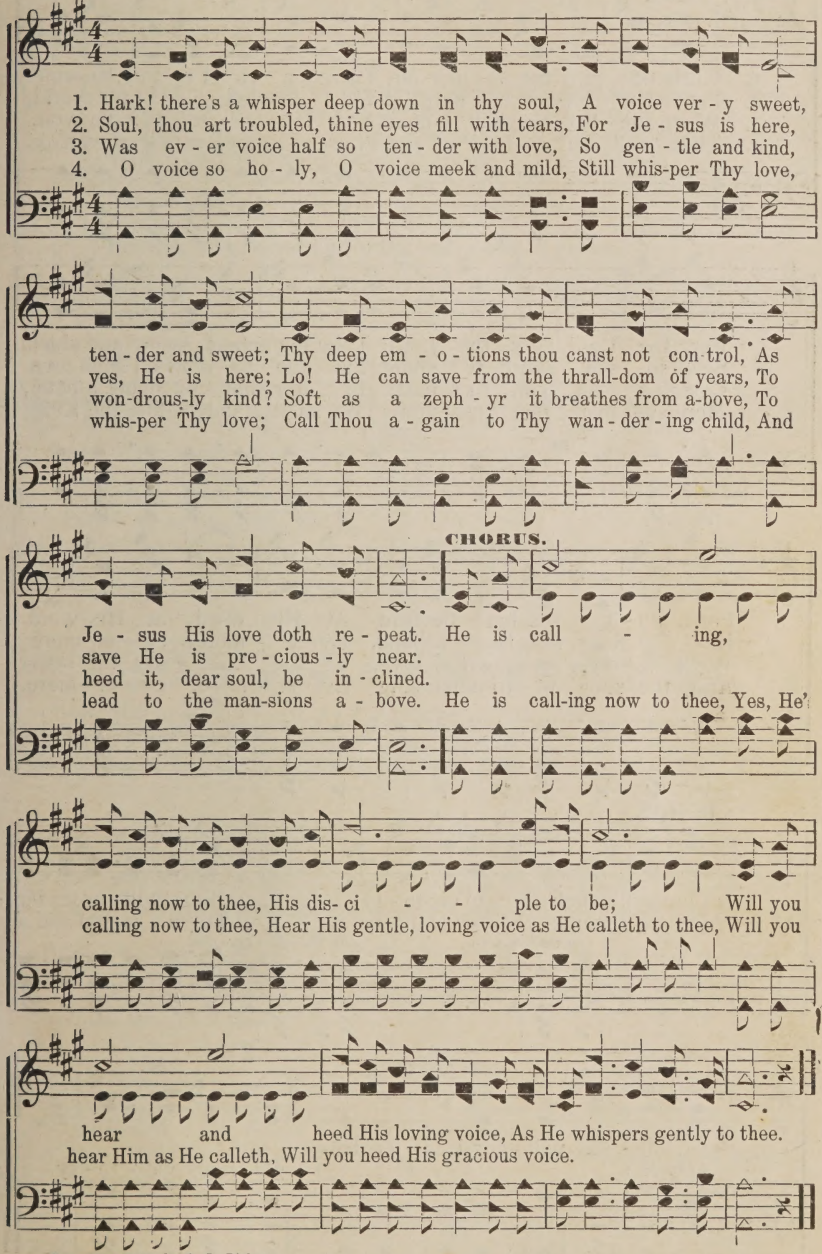
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. MATT. 11: 28. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Hark! there's a whisper deep down in thy soul, A voice ver - y sweet,
2. Soul, thou art troubled, thine eyes fill with tears, For Je - sus is here,
3. Was ev - er voice half so ten - der with love, So gen - tle and kind,
4. O voice so ho - ly, O voice meek and mild, Still whis-per Thy love,
ten - der and sweet; Thy deep em - o - tions thou canst not con-trol, As
yes, He is here; Lo! He can save from the thrall-dom of years, To
won-drous-ly kind? Soft as a zeph - yr it breathes from a-bove, To
whis-per Thy love; Call Thou a - gain to Thy wan - der - ing child, And
CHORUS.
Je - sus His love doth re - peat. He is call - ing,
save He is pre - cious - ly near.
heed it, dear soul, be in - clined.
lead to the man-sions a - bove. He is call-ing now to thee, Yes, He'
calling now to thee, His dis- ci - - ple to be; Will you
calling now to thee, Hear His gentle, loving voice as He calleth to thee, Will you
hear and heed His loving voice, As He whispers gently to thee.
hear Him as He calleth, Will you heed His gracious voice.

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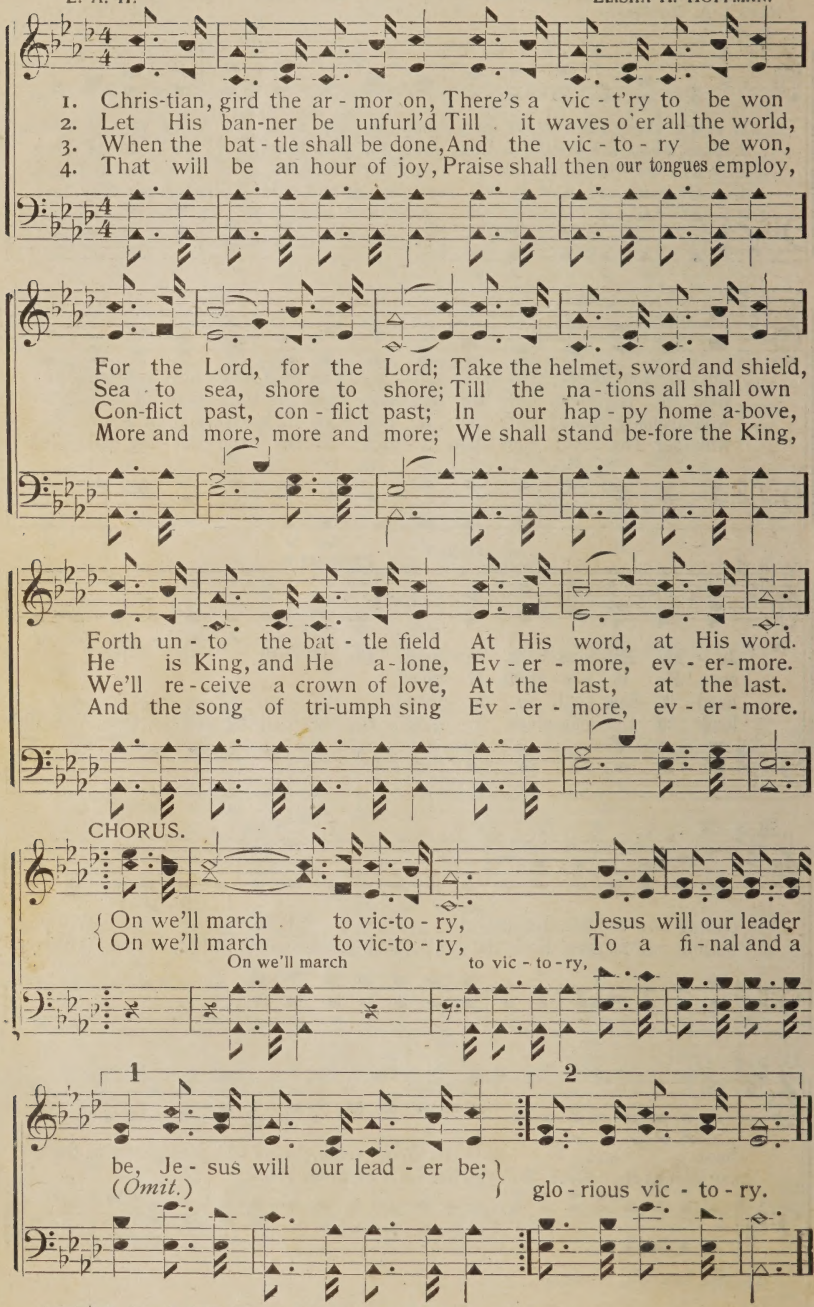
ON TO VICTORY.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Chris-tian, gird the ar - mor on, There's a vic - t'ry to be won
2. Let His ban-ner be unfurl'd Till it waves o'er all the world,
3. When the bat - tle shall be done, And the vic - to - ry be won,
4. That will be an hour of joy, Praise shall then our tongues employ,
For the Lord, for the Lord; Take the helmet, sword and shield,
Sea - to sea, shore to shore; Till the na - tions all shall own
Con-flict past, con - flict past; In our hap - py home a-bove,
More and more, more and more; We shall stand be-fore the King,
Forth un - to the bat - tle field At His word, at His word.
He is King, and He a-lone, Ev - er - more, ev - er-more.
We'll re-ceive a crown of love, At the last, at the last.
And the song of tri-umph sing Ev - er - more, ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
On we'll march to vic-to - ry, Jesus will our leader
On we'll march to vic-to - ry, To a fi - nal and a
On we'll march to vic - to - ry,
1
be, Je - sus will our lead - er be;
(Omit.)
2
glo - rious vic - to - ry.

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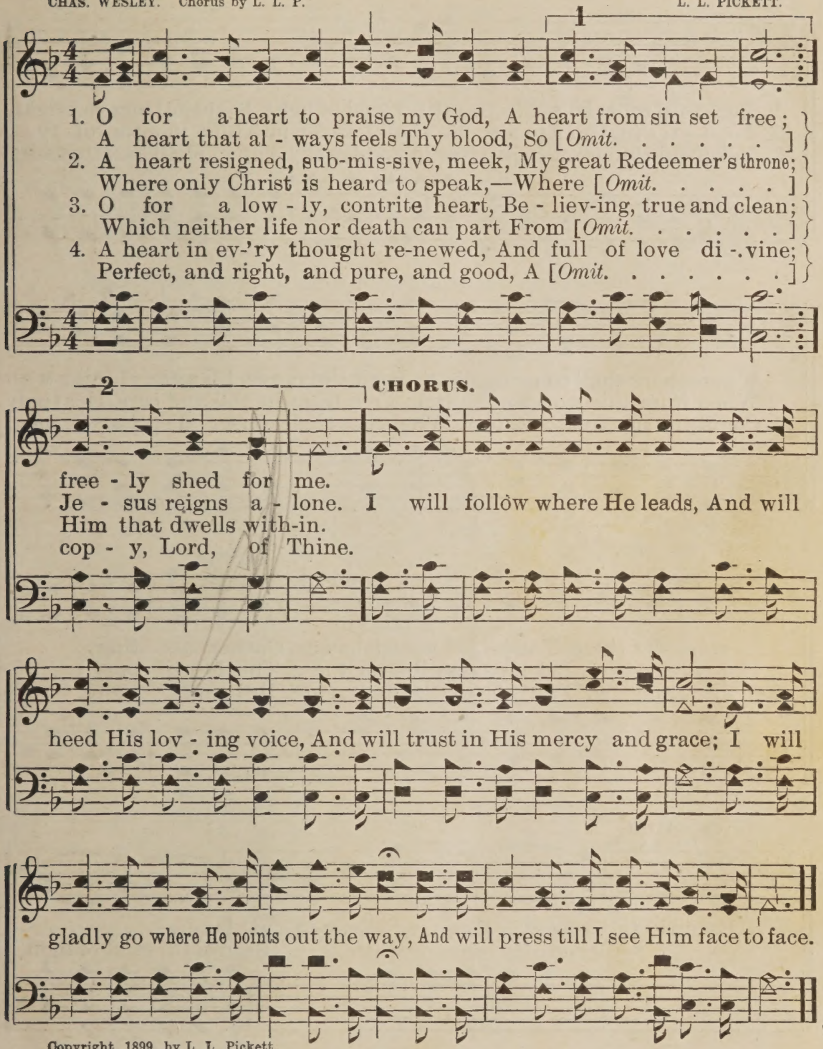
I WILL FOLLOW WHERE HE LEADS. 104

CHAS. WESLEY. Chorus by L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.


1
1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So [Omit. . . . .]
2. A heart resigned, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—Where [Omit. . . . .]
3. O for a low - ly, contrite heart, Be - liev-ing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part From [Omit. . . . .]
4. A heart in ev-'ry thought re-newed, And full of love di -vine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A [Omit. . . . .]
2
CHORUS.
free - ly shed for me.
Je - sus reigns a - lone. I will follow where He leads, And will
Him that dwells with-in.
cop - y, Lord, of Thine.
heed His lov - ing voice, And will trust in His mercy and grace; I will
gladly go where He points out the way, And will press till I see Him face to face.

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105

Sing to above tune.

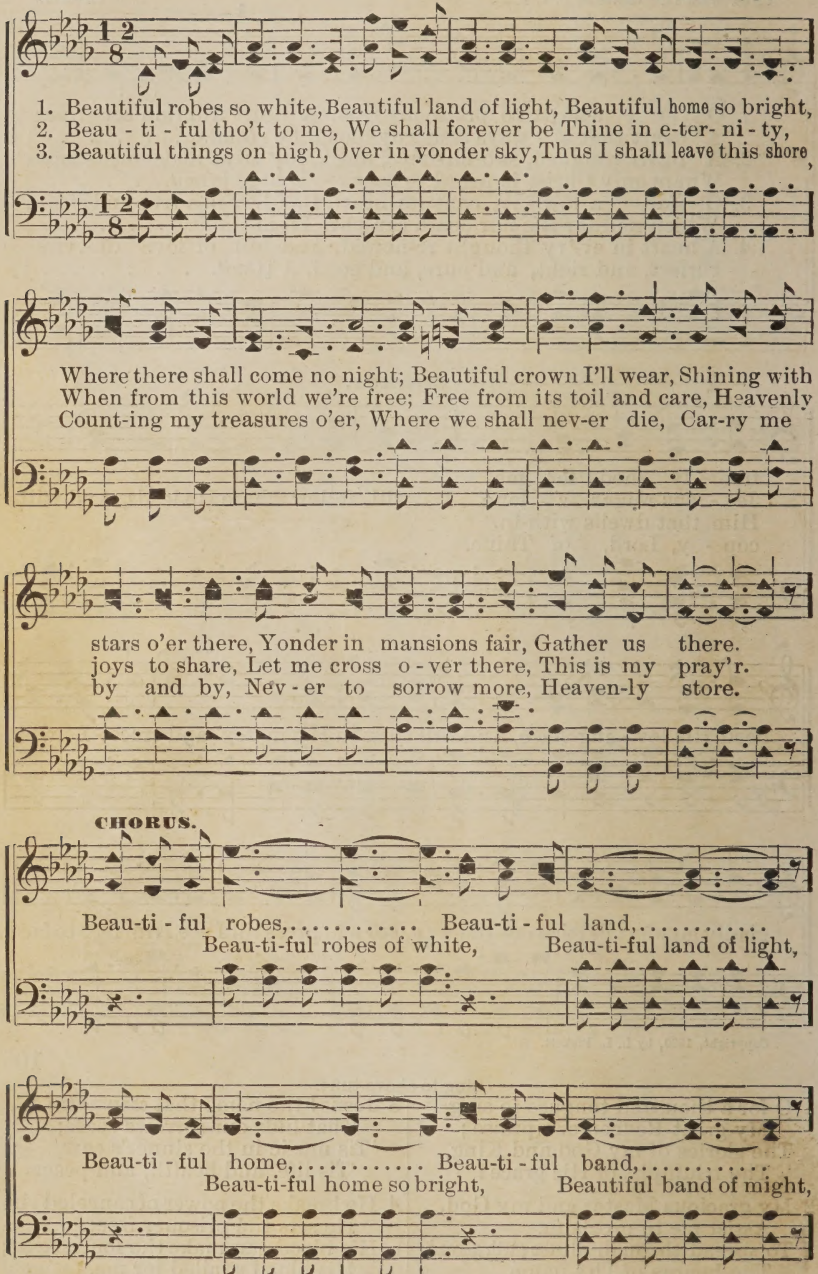
1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

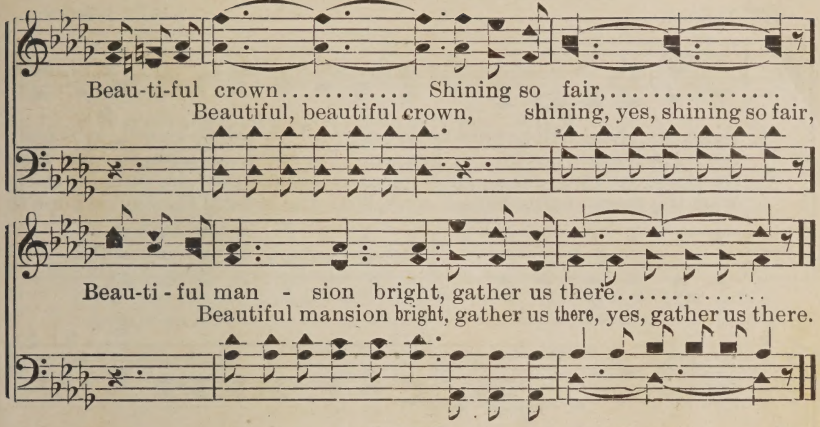
2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

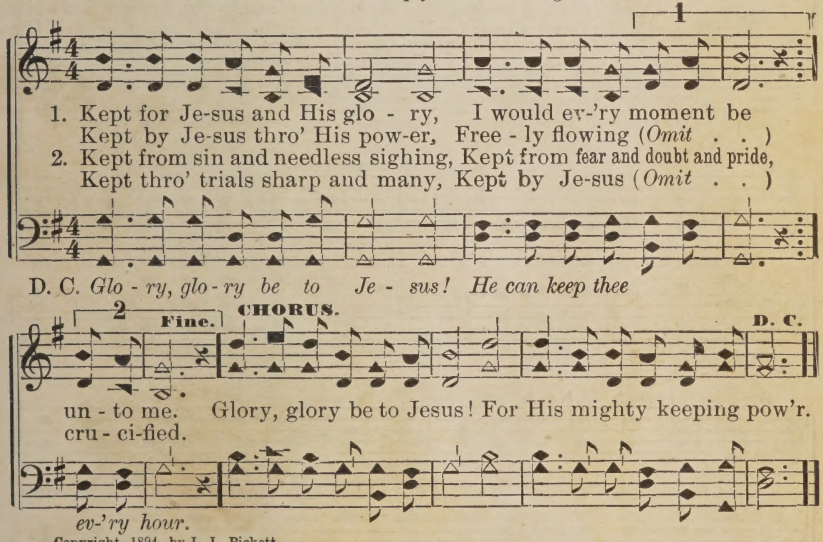
Chas. Wesley.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN. By per.

1. Beautiful robes so white, Beautiful land of light, Beautiful home so bright,
2. Beau - ti - ful tho't to me, We shall forever be Thine in e-ter- ni - ty,
3. Beautiful things on high, Over in yonder sky, Thus I shall leave this shore,
Where there shall come no night; Beautiful crown I'll wear, Shining with
When from this world we're free; Free from its toil and care, Heavenly
Count-ing my treasures o'er, Where we shall nev-er die, Car-ry me
stars o'er there, Yonder in mansions fair, Gather us there.
joys to share, Let me cross o - ver there, This is my pray'r.
by and by, Nev - er to sorrow more, Heaven-ly store.
CHORUS.
Beau-ti - ful robes,..... Beau-ti - ful land,.....
Beau-ti-ful robes of white, Beau-ti-ful land of light,
Beau-ti - ful home,..... Beau-ti - ful band,.....
Beau-ti-ful home so bright, Beautiful band of might,

BEAUTIFUL. Concluded.

Beau-ti-ful crown..... Shining so fair,.....
Beautiful, beautiful crown, shining, yes, shining so fair,
Beau-ti-ful man - sion bright, gather us there.....
Beautiful mansion bright, gather us there, yes, gather us there.

KEPT. 107

M. W. KNAPP. "Unto him that is able to keep you from falling."—JUDE 24. L. L. PICKETT.


1
1. Kept for Je-sus and His glo - ry, I would ev-'ry moment be
Kept by Je-sus thro' His pow-er, Free - ly flowing (*Omit . . .*)
2. Kept from sin and needless sighing, Kept from fear and doubt and pride,
Kept thro' trials sharp and many, Kept by Je-sus (*Omit . . .*)
D. C. *Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus! He can keep thee*
2
Fine.
CHORUS.
D. C.
un - to me. Glory, glory be to Jesus! For His mighty keeping pow'r.
cru - ci-fied.
ev-'ry hour.

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3 Kept 'mid all the world's allurements,
Kept when passions strongly plead;
Kept 'mid storm and persecution,
Kept in every time of need.

4 Kept when all around seems falling,
Kept when friends unfaithful prove;
Kept, and sweetly kept, by Jesus,
Happy in His perfect love.

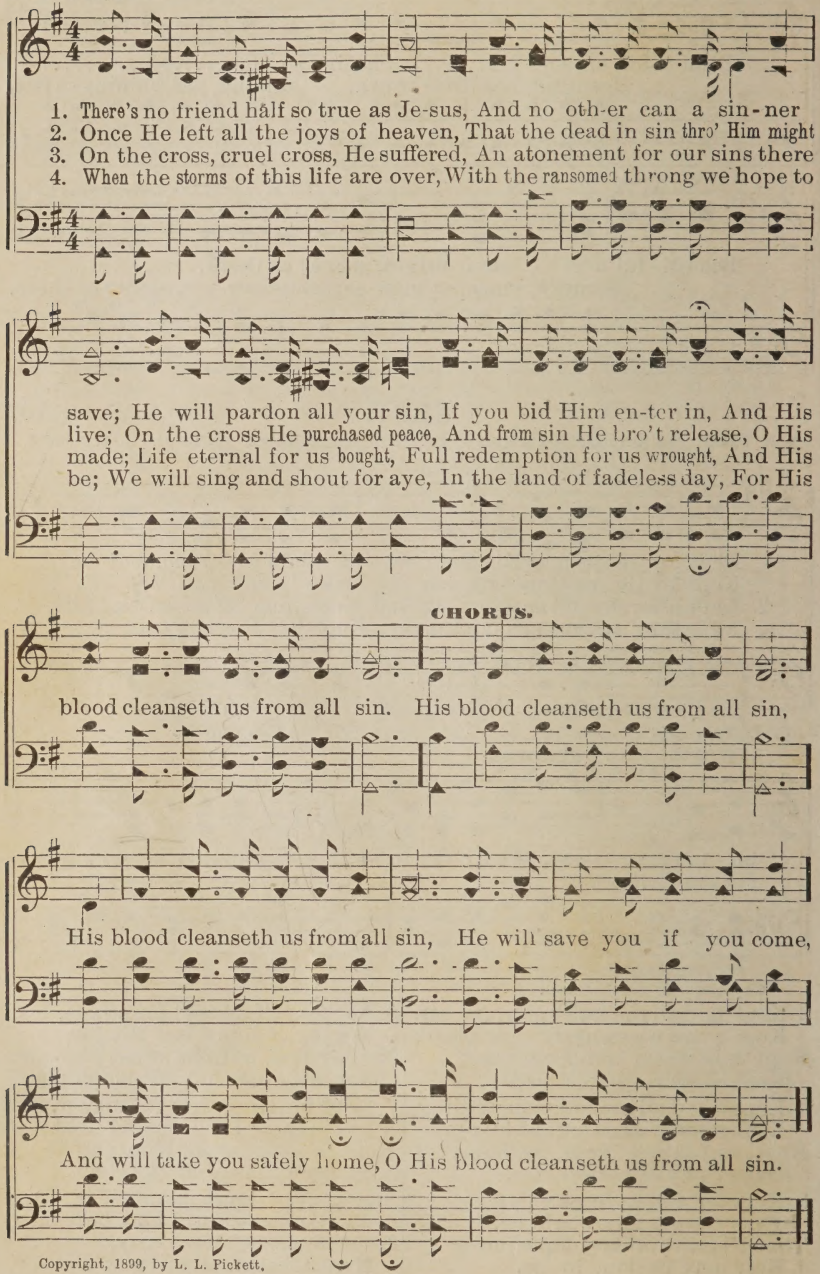
5 Kept for Jesus, Jesus only,
Thus I every day would be,
That His will in its completeness
Ever may be done in me.

6 Not for self nor yet for others,
Not my comfort, but His joy,
Not my rest, but His sweet pleasure,
Not my work, but His employ.

7 Kept for Him, that He may ever
In me show His love and light;
Kept to walk before Him perfect
Not in others', but His sight.

8 Kept for Him to do or suffer,
As His blessed will may be;
Kept for Jesus, Jesus only,
Kept through all eternity.

HIS BLOOD CLEANSETH US.

L. L. PICKETT. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. There's no friend half so true as Je-sus, And no oth-er can a sin-ner
2. Once He left all the joys of heaven, That the dead in sin thro' Him might
3. On the cross, cruel cross, He suffered, An atonement for our sins there
4. When the storms of this life are over, With the ransomed throng we hope to
save; He will pardon all your sin, If you bid Him en-ter in, And His
live; On the cross He purchased peace, And from sin He bro't release, O His
made; Life eternal for us bought, Full redemption for us wrought, And His
be; We will sing and shout for aye, In the land of fadeless day, For His
CHORUS.
blood cleanseth us from all sin. His blood cleanseth us from all sin,
His blood cleanseth us from all sin, He will save you if you come,
And will take you safely home, O His blood cleanseth us from all sin.

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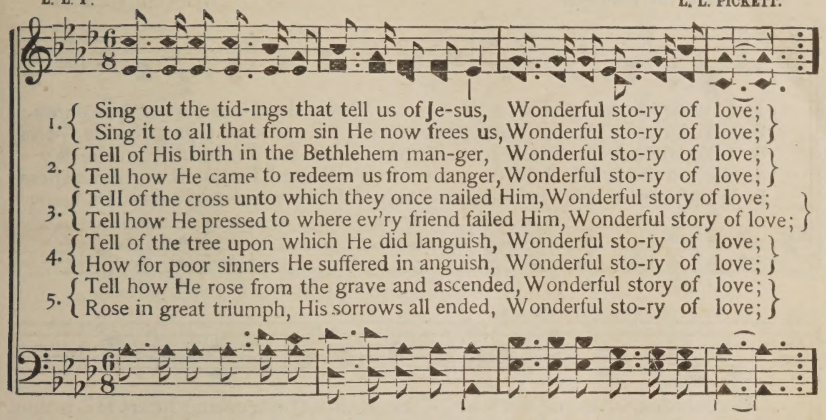
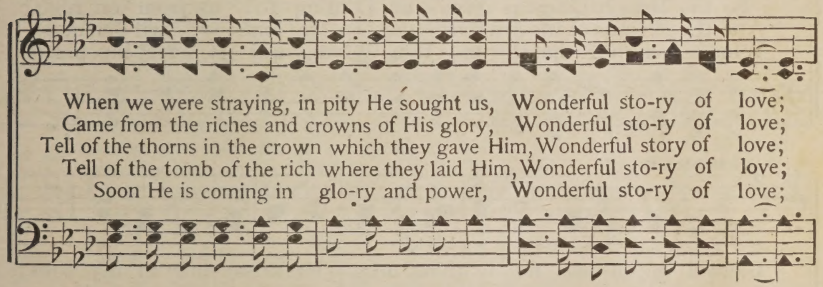
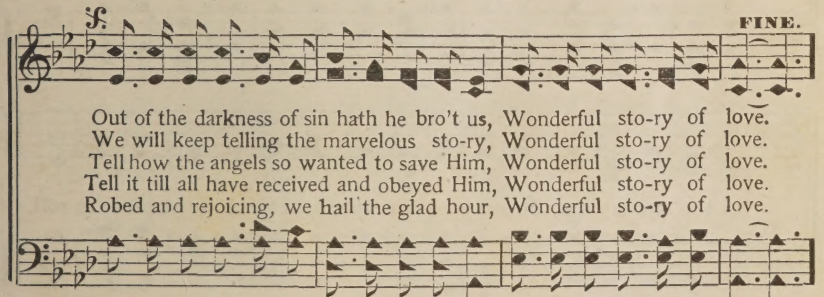
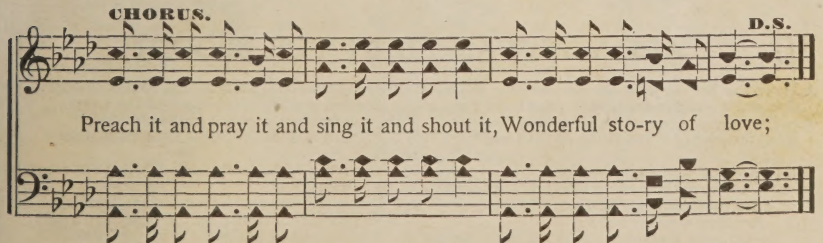
L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.


1. Sing out the tid-ings that tell us of Je-sus, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Sing it to all that from sin He now frees us, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
2. Tell of His birth in the Bethlehem man-ger, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Tell how He came to redeem us from danger, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
3. Tell of the cross unto which they once nailed Him, Wonderful story of love;
Tell how He pressed to where ev'ry friend failed Him, Wonderful story of love;
4. Tell of the tree upon which He did languish, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
How for poor sinners He suffered in anguish, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
5. Tell how He rose from the grave and ascended, Wonderful story of love;
Rose in great triumph, His sorrows all ended, Wonderful sto-ry of love;


When we were straying, in pity He sought us, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Came from the riches and crowns of His glory, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Tell of the thorns in the crown which they gave Him, Wonderful story of love;
Tell of the tomb of the rich where they laid Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Soon He is coming in glo-ry and power, Wonderful sto-ry of love;


f.
FINE.
Out of the darkness of sin hath he bro't us, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
We will keep telling the marvelous sto-ry, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Tell how the angels so wanted to save Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Tell it till all have received and obeyed Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Robed and rejoicing, we hail the glad hour, Wonderful sto-ry of love.

D.S.—*Men are now dying, they perish without it, Wonderful sto-ry of love.*



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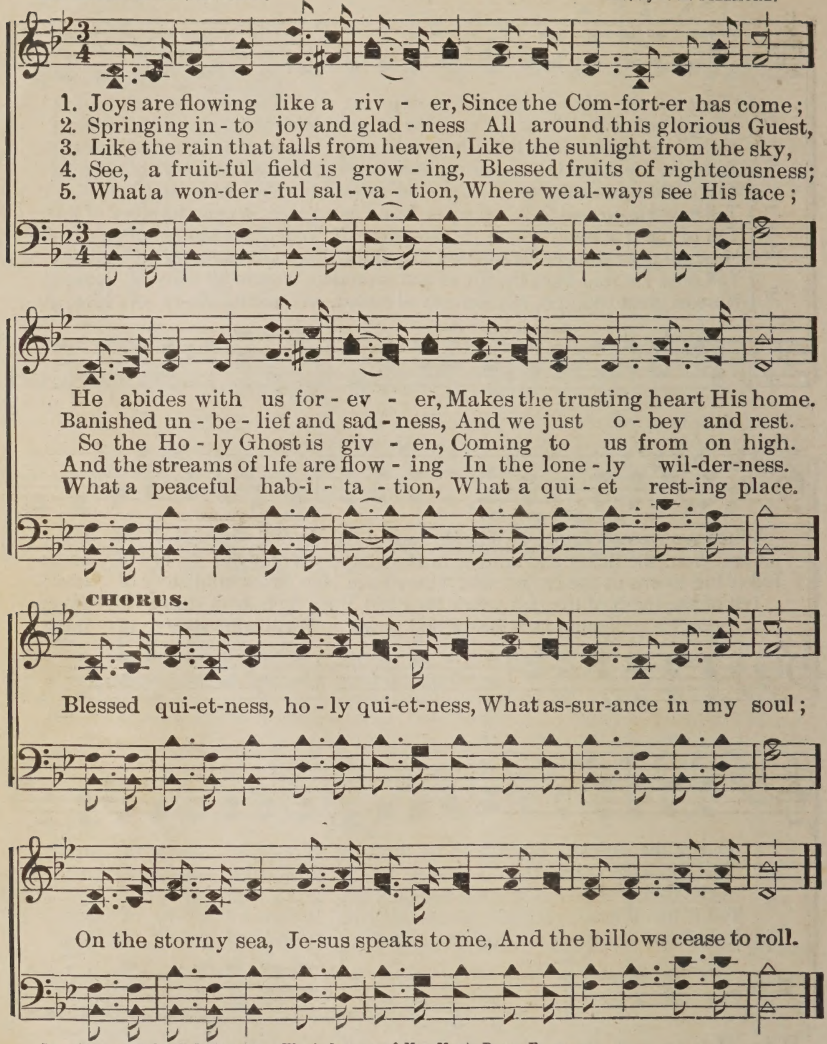
Mrs. MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON. Arr. by J. H. FILLMORE.


1. Joys are flowing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. Springing in - to joy and glad - ness All around this glorious Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sunlight from the sky,
4. See, a fruit-ful field is grow - ing, Blessed fruits of righteousness;
5. What a won-der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al-ways see His face;
He abides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trusting heart His home.
Banished un - be - lief and sad - ness, And we just o - bey and rest.
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Coming to us from on high.
And the streams of life are flow - ing In the lone - ly wil-der-ness.
What a peaceful hab-i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest-ing place.
CHORUS.
Blessed qui-et-ness, ho - ly qui-et-ness, What as-sur-ance in my soul;
On the stormy sea, Je-sus speaks to me, And the billows cease to roll.

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111 ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHO. Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

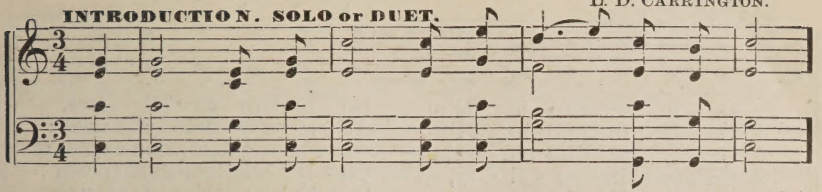
2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

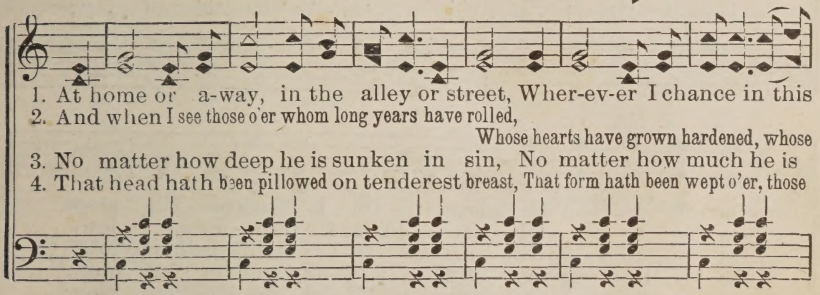
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. By Per.

L. D. CARRINGTON.

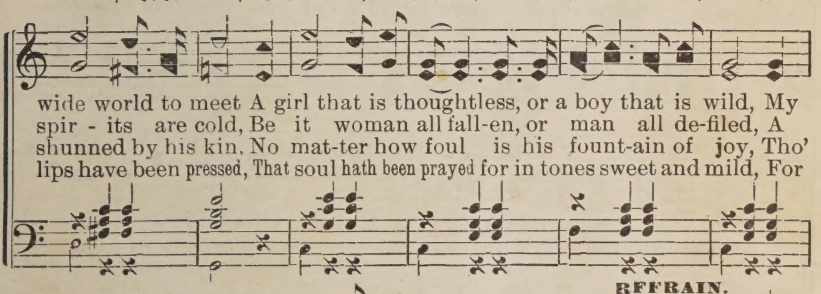
INTRODUCTION. SOLO or DUET.



1. At home or a-way, in the alley or street, Wher-ev-er I chance in this
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose
3. No matter how deep he is sunken in sin, No matter how much he is
4. That head hath been pillowed on tenderest breast, That form hath been wept o'er, those

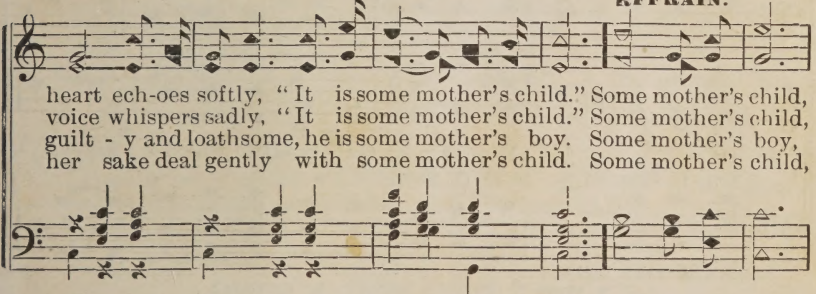


wide world to meet A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild, My
spir - its are cold, Be it woman all fall-en, or man all de-filed, A
shunned by his kin, No mat-ter how foul is his fount-ain of joy, Tho'
lips have been pressed, That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and mild, For

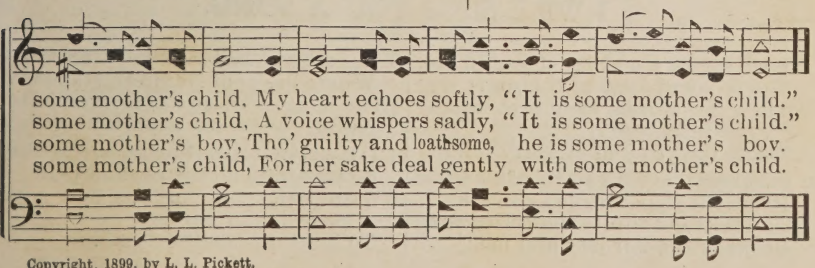


REFFRAIN.

heart ech-oes softly, "It is some mother's child." Some mother's child,
voice whispers sadly, "It is some mother's child." Some mother's child,
guilt - y and loathsome, he is some mother's boy. Some mother's boy,
her sake deal gently with some mother's child. Some mother's child,



some mother's child, My heart echoes softly, "It is some mother's child."
some mother's child, A voice whispers sadly, "It is some mother's child."
some mother's boy, Tho' guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.
some mother's child, For her sake deal gently with some mother's child.



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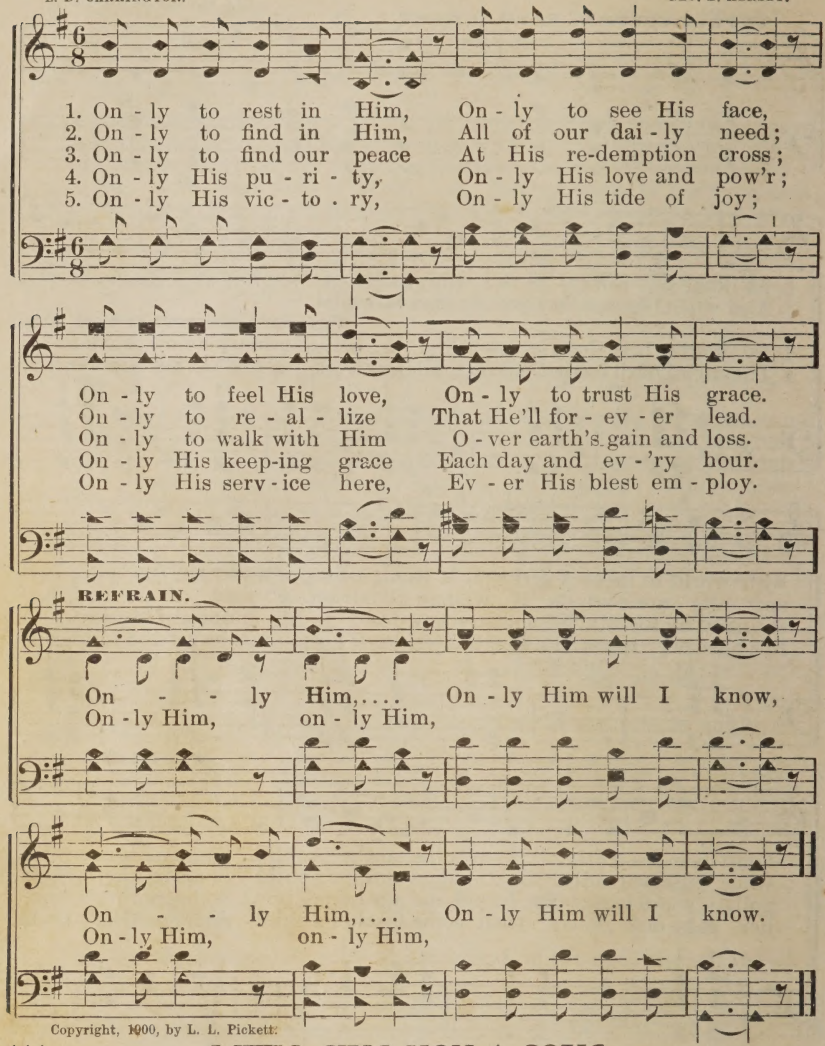
HIM ONLY.

L. D. CARRINGTON. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. On - ly to rest in Him, On - ly to see His face,
2. On - ly to find in Him, All of our dai - ly need;
3. On - ly to find our peace At His re-demption cross;
4. On - ly His pu - ri - ty, On - ly His love and pow'r;
5. On - ly His vic - to . ry, On - ly His tide of joy;
On - ly to feel His love, On - ly to trust His grace.
On - ly to re - al - lize That He'll for - ev - er lead.
On - ly to walk with Him O - ver earth's gain and loss.
On - ly His keep-ing grace Each day and ev - 'ry hour.
On - ly His serv - ice here, Ev - er His blest em - ploy.
REFRAIN.
On - - ly Him,.... On - ly Him will I know,
On - ly Him, on - ly Him,
On - - ly Him,.... On - ly Him will I know.
On - ly Him, on - ly Him,

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114 I WILL SING YOU A SONG.

KEY OF E-FLAT.

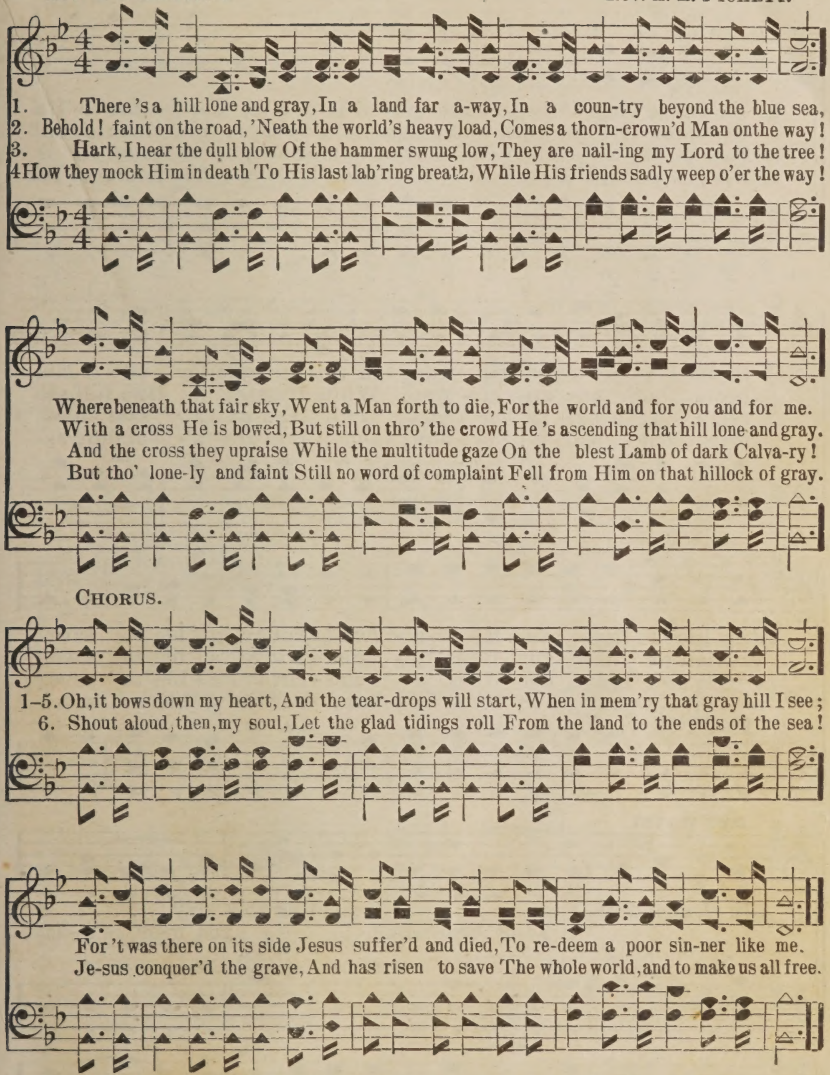
1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away land of the soul;
‖:Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.:‖

2 O that home of the soul in my visions and dreams
Its bright jasper walls I can see;
‖:Til I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes,
Between the fair city and me.:‖

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
‖:The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.:‖

4 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
‖:With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again.:‖

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

Rev. B. CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. There 's a hill lone and gray, In a land far a-way, In a coun-try beyond the blue sea,
2. Behold! faint on the road, 'Neath the world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crown'd Man on the way!
3. Hark, I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low, They are nail-ing my Lord to the tree!
4 How they mock Him in death To His last lab'ring breath, While His friends sadly weep o'er the way!
Where beneath that fair sky, Went a Man forth to die, For the world and for you and for me.
With a cross He is bowed, But still on thro' the crowd He 's ascending that hill lone and gray.
And the cross they upraise While the multitude gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Calva-ry!
But tho' lone-ly and faint Still no word of complaint Fell from Him on that hillock of gray.
CHORUS.
1–5. Oh, it bows down my heart, And the tear-drops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see;
6. Shout aloud, then, my soul, Let the glad tidings roll From the land to the ends of the sea!
For 't was there on its side Jesus suffer'd and died, To re-deem a poor sin-ner like me.
Je-sus conquer'd the grave, And has risen to save The whole world, and to make us all free.

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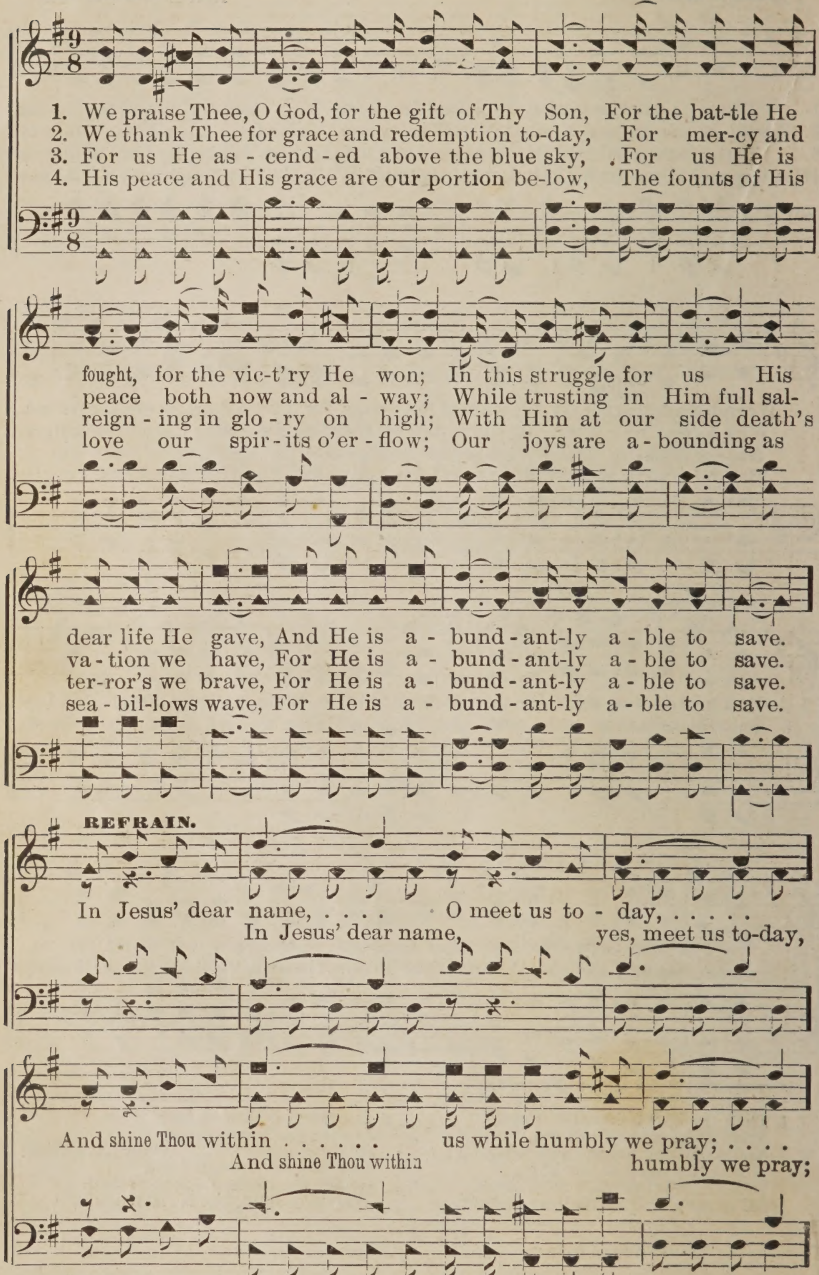
5 Then the darkness came down,
And the rocks rent around,
And a cry pierced the sad-laden air!
'T was the voice of our King,
Who received death's dark sting,
All to save us from endless despair.

6 Let the sun hide its face,
Let the earth reel apace.
Over men who their Saviour have slain!
But, behold! from the sod
Comes the blessed Lamb of God,
Who was slain, but is risen again.

ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE.

L. L. PICKETT. G. E. KERSEY.

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the gift of Thy Son, For the bat-tle He
2. We thank Thee for grace and redemption to-day, For mer-cy and
3. For us He as - cend - ed above the blue sky, For us He is
4. His peace and His grace are our portion be-low, The founts of His
fought, for the vic-t'ry He won; In this struggle for us His
peace both now and al - way; While trusting in Him full sal-
reign - ing in glo - ry on high; With Him at our side death's
love our spir - its o'er - flow; Our joys are a - bounding as
dear life He gave, And He is a - bund - ant-ly a - ble to save.
va - tion we have, For He is a - bund - ant-ly a - ble to save.
ter-ror's we brave, For He is a - bund - ant-ly a - ble to save.
sea - bil-lows wave, For He is a - bund - ant-ly a - ble to save.
REFRAIN.
In Jesus' dear name, ... O meet us to - day, ...
In Jesus' dear name, yes, meet us to-day,
And shine Thou within . . . . . us while humbly we pray; . . . .
And shine Thou within humbly we pray;

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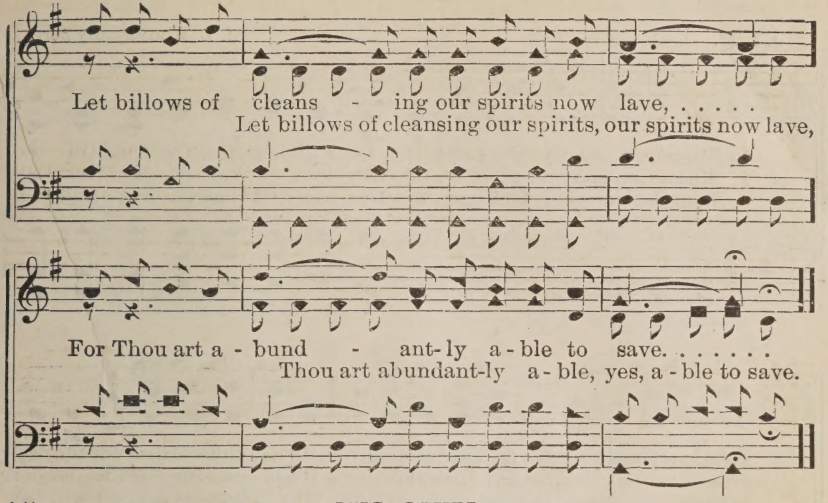
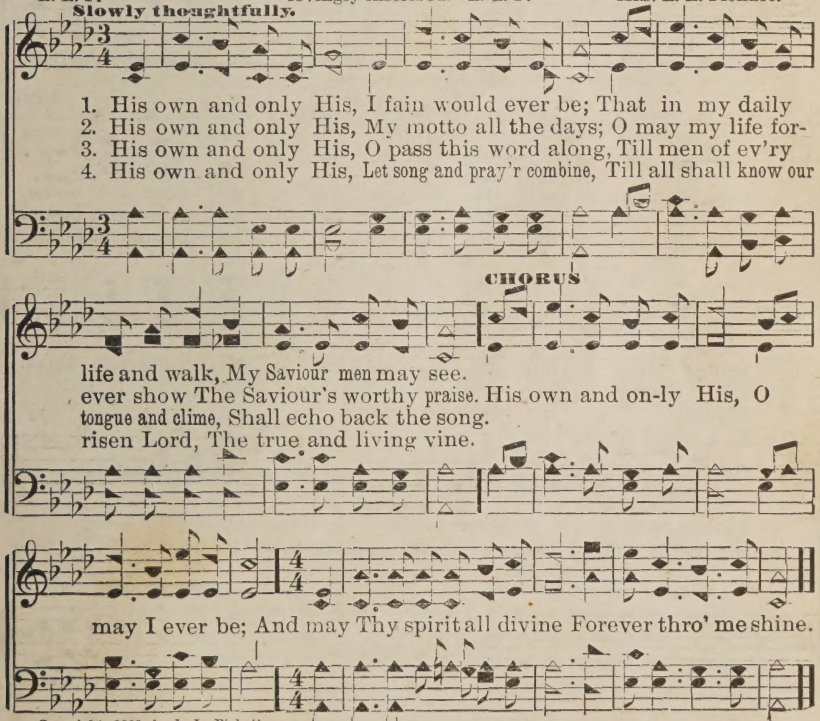
ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE. Concluded.


Let billows of cleans - ing our spirits now lave, ...
Let billows of cleansing our spirits, our spirits now lave,
For Thou art a - bund - ant-ly a - ble to save. . . . . .
Thou art abundant-ly a - ble, yes, a - ble to save.

117

HIS OWN.

Suggested by a word in one of Rev. A. B. Simpson's books, to whom it is respectfully and lovingly inscribed.—L. L. P.

L. L. P. MRS. L. L. PICKETT.

Slowly thoughtfully.
1. His own and only His, I fain would ever be; That in my daily
2. His own and only His, My motto all the days; O may my life for-
3. His own and only His, O pass this word along, Till men of ev'ry
4. His own and only His, Let song and pray'r combine, Till all shall know our
CHORUS
life and walk, My Saviour men may see.
ever show The Saviour's worthy praise. His own and on-ly His, O
tongue and clime, Shall echo back the song.
risen Lord, The true and living vine.
may I ever be; And may Thy spirit all divine Forever thro' me shine.

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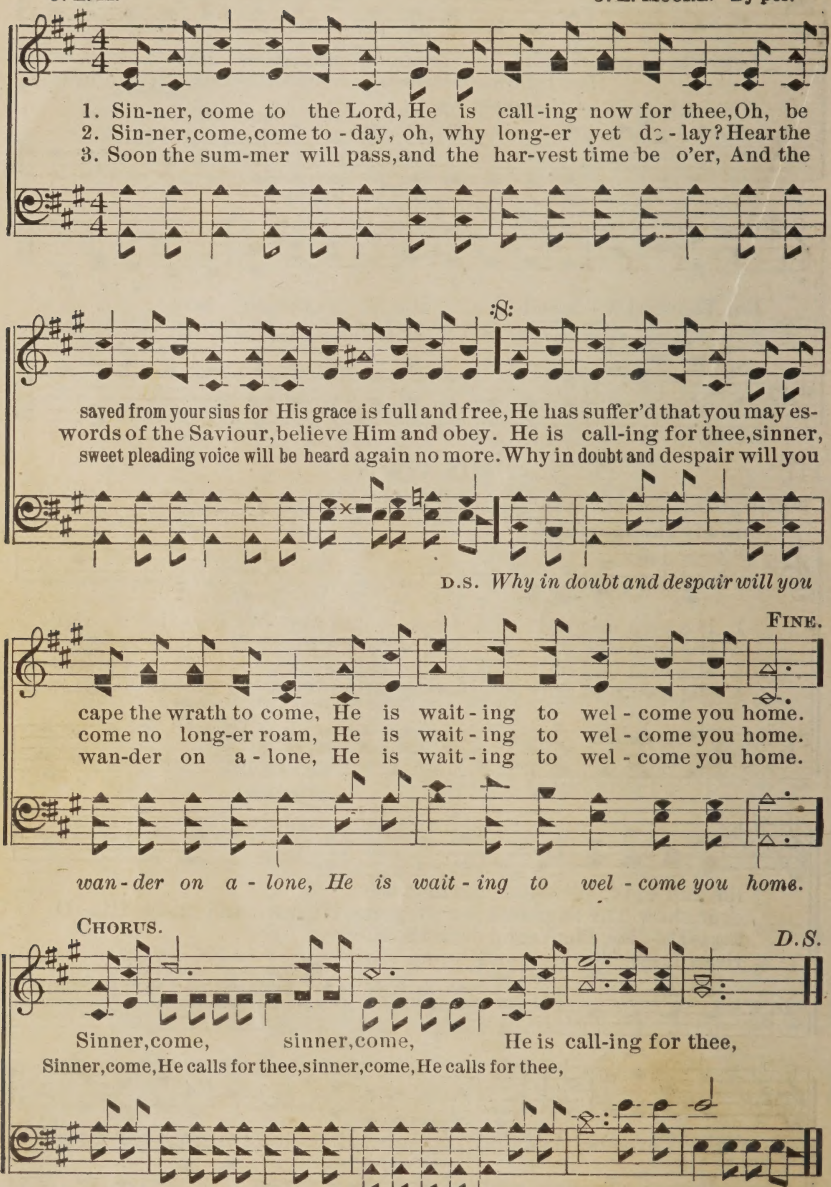
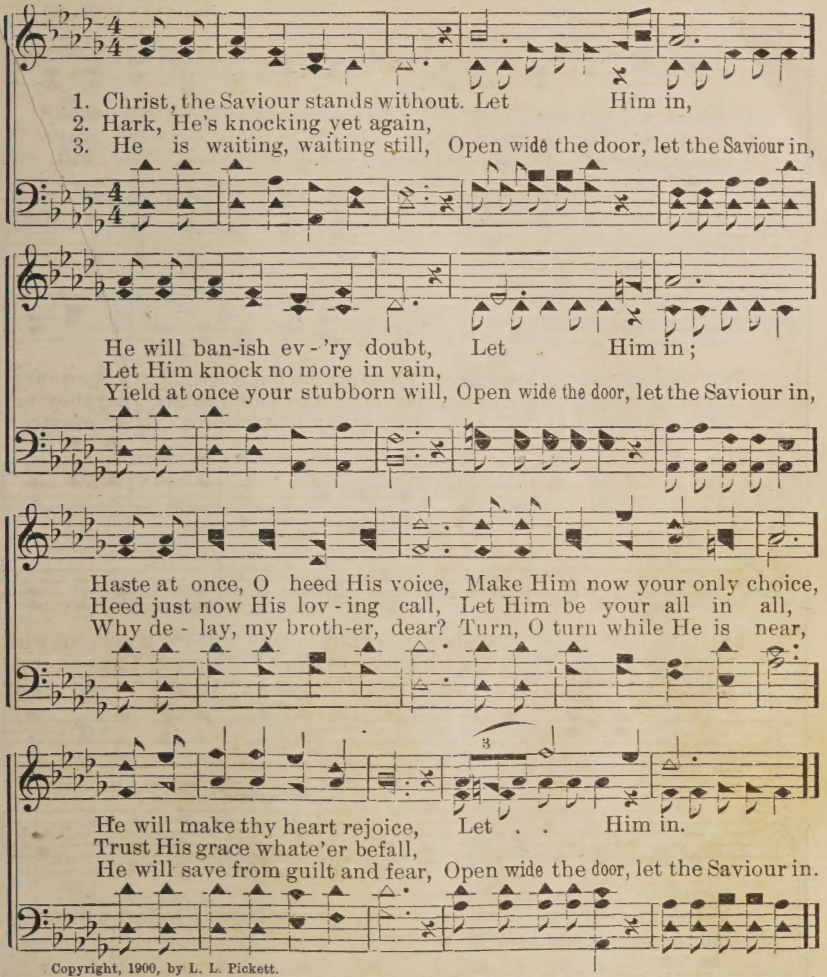
J. L. M. J. L. MOORE. By per.

1. Sin-ner, come to the Lord, He is call-ing now for thee, Oh, be
2. Sin-ner, come, come to-day, oh, why long-er yet de-lay? Hear the
3. Soon the sum-mer will pass, and the har-vest time be o'er, And the
saved from your sins for His grace is full and free, He has suffer'd that you may es-
words of the Saviour, believe Him and obey. He is call-ing for thee, sinner,
sweet pleading voice will be heard again no more. Why in doubt and despair will you
D.S. Why in doubt and despair will you
FINE.
cape the wrath to come, He is wait-ing to wel-come you home.
come no long-er roam, He is wait-ing to wel-come you home.
wan-der on a-lone, He is wait-ing to wel-come you home.
wan-der on a-lone, He is wait-ing to wel-come you home.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Sinner, come, sinner, come, He is call-ing for thee,
Sinner, come, He calls for thee, sinner, come, He calls for thee,
yes, for thee;

LET HIM IN.

L. D. CARRINGTON. GEO. E. KERSEY.


1. Christ, the Saviour stands without. Let Him in,
2. Hark, He's knocking yet again,
3. He is waiting, waiting still, Open wide the door, let the Saviour in,
He will ban-ish ev-'ry doubt, Let Him in;
Let Him knock no more in vain,
Yield at once your stubborn will, Open wide the door, let the Saviour in,
Haste at once, O heed His voice, Make Him now your only choice,
Heed just now His lov-ing call, Let Him be your all in all,
Why de-lay, my broth-er, dear? Turn, O turn while He is near,
3
He will make thy heart rejoice, Let . . Him in.
Trust His grace whate'er befall,
He will save from guilt and fear, Open wide the door, let the Saviour in.

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KEY OF E-FLAT. 120

1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I could forever think and sing,
I'm on my journey home.

Cho.—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
Glory to God,
I'm on my journey home.

2 Ask but His grace and lo! 'tis given,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Ask and He turns your hell to heaven,
I'm on my journey home.

3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Jesus, Thy balm will make me whole,
I'm on my journey home.

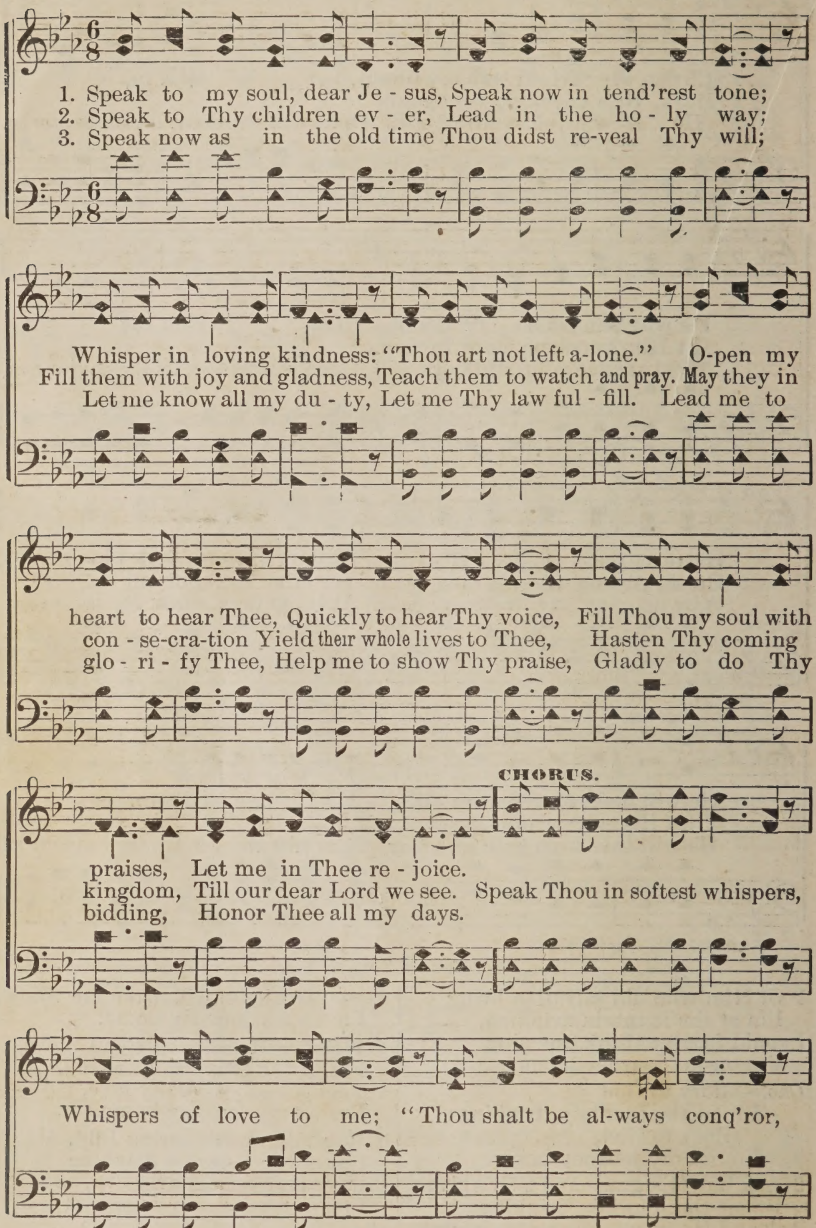
4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I meet the object of my love,
I'm on my journey home.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I drink and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

Cho.—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
My soul is satisfied.

SPEAK TO ME, JESUS.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."—Ex. 33: 11.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone;
2. Speak to Thy children ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way;
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst re-veal Thy will;
Whisper in loving kindness: "Thou art not left a-lone." O-pen my
Fill them with joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in
Let me know all my du - ty, Let me Thy law ful - fill. Lead me to
heart to hear Thee, Quickly to hear Thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with
con - se-cra-tion Yield their whole lives to Thee, Hasten Thy coming
glo - ri - fy Thee, Help me to show Thy praise, Gladly to do Thy
CHORUS.
praises, Let me in Thee re - joice.
kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see. Speak Thou in softest whispers,
bidding, Honor Thee all my days.
Whispers of love to me; "Thou shalt be al-ways conq'ror,

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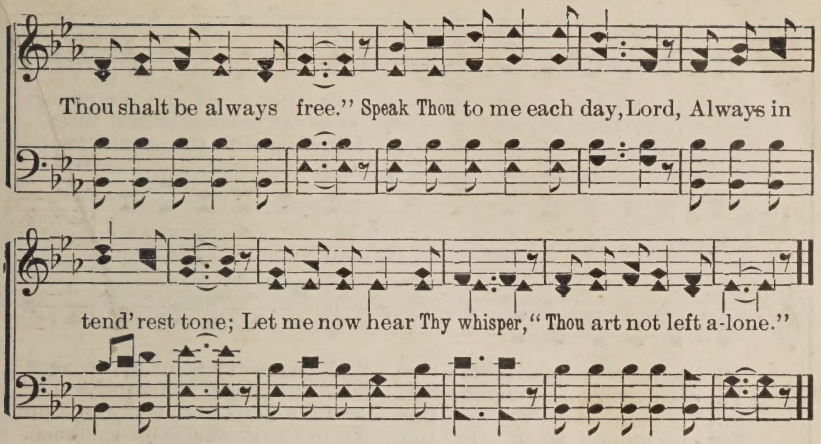
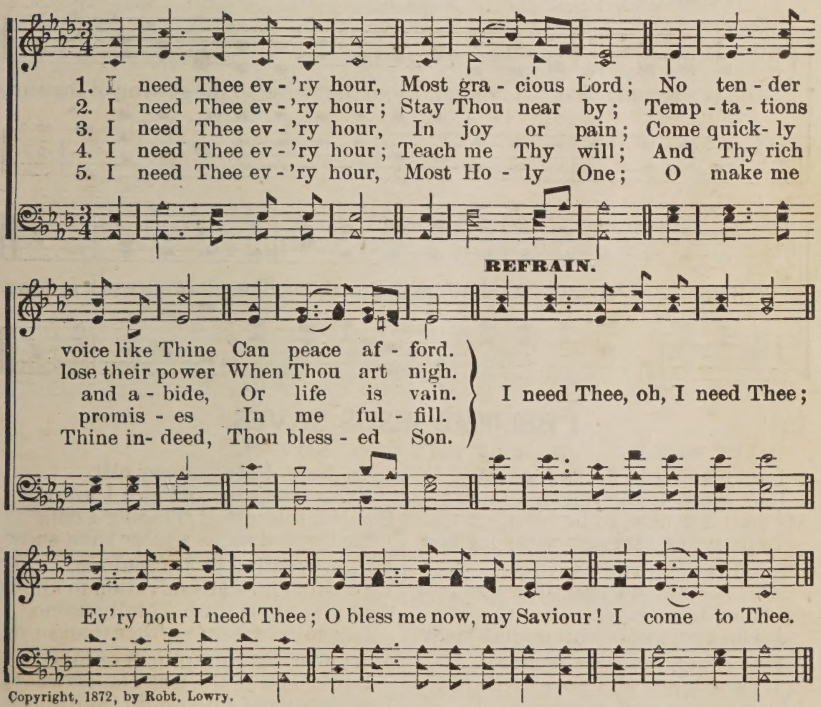

Thou shalt be always free." Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Always in
tend'rest tone; Let me now hear Thy whisper, "Thou art not left a-lone."

I NEED THEE. 122

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS. * M. H. 851. B. H. 364. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick- ly
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me
REFRAIN.
voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
lose their power When Thou art nigh.
and a - bide, Or life is vain.
promis - es In me ful - fill.
Thine in- deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee;
Ev'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.

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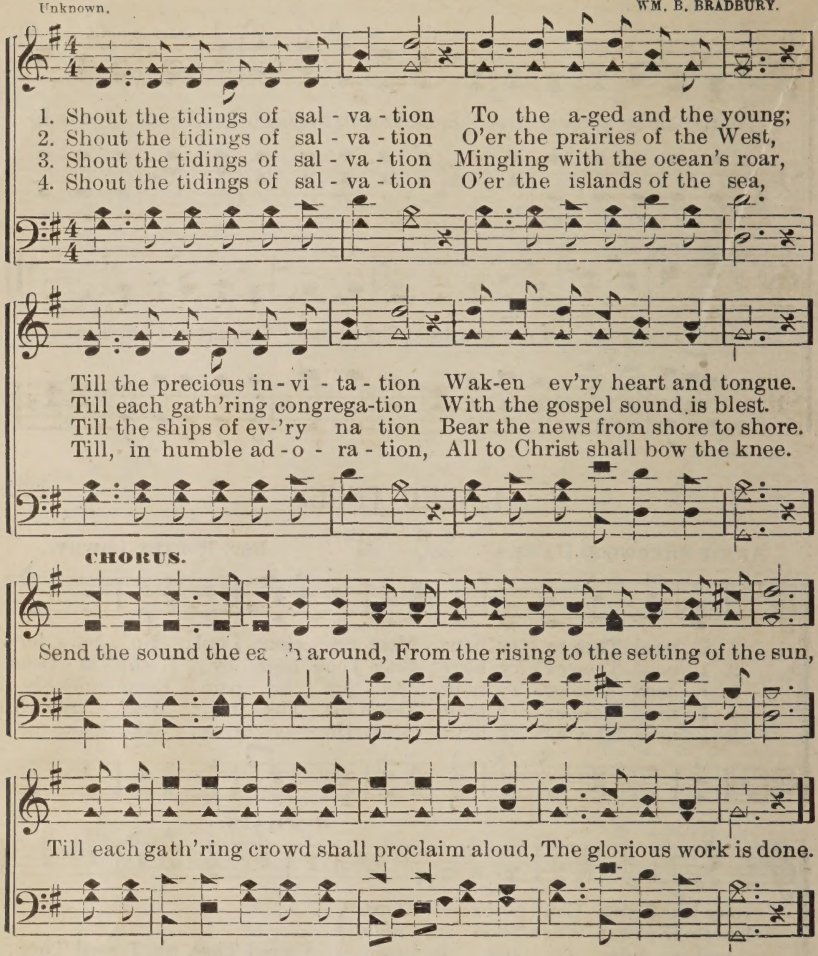
123 SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

Unknown. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion To the a-ged and the young;
2. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion O'er the prairies of the West,
3. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion Mingling with the ocean's roar,
4. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion O'er the islands of the sea,
Till the precious in - vi - ta - tion Wak-en ev'ry heart and tongue.
Till each gath'ring congrega-tion With the gospel sound is blest.
Till the ships of ev-'ry na tion Bear the news from shore to shore.
Till, in humble ad - o - ra - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.
CHORUS.
Send the sound the ea h around, From the rising to the setting of the sun,
Till each gath'ring crowd shall proclaim aloud, The glorious work is done.

124 I BELIEVE JESUS SAVES.

Rev. WM. McDONALD. Music in T. and T. Comb. Key E-flat.

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

Cho.—I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow,
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

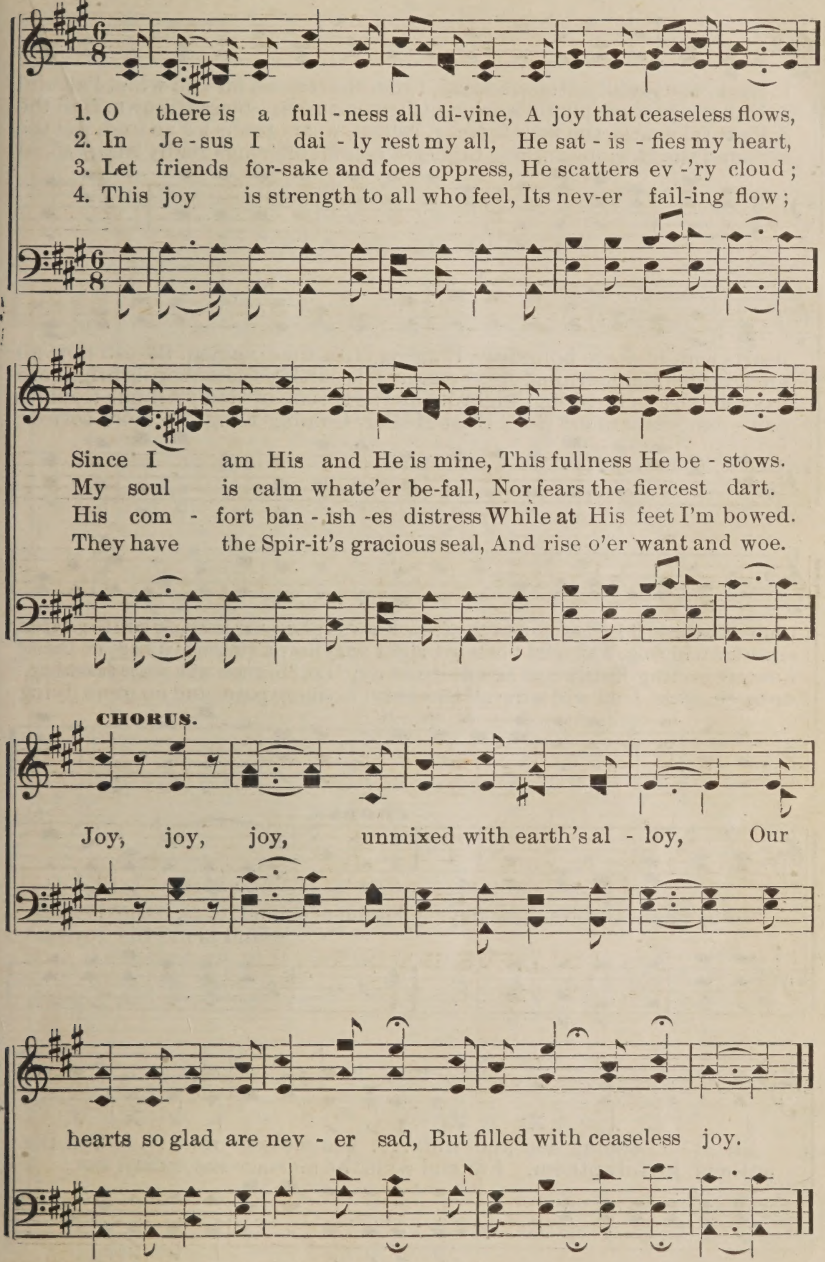
3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Every treasure and idol I know;
For His fullness of blessing I call,
Till His blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know,
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

JOY, JOY, JOY.

L. D. C. L. D. CARRINGTON.


1. O there is a full - ness all di-vine, A joy that ceaseless flows,
2. In Je - sus I dai - ly rest my all, He sat - is - fies my heart,
3. Let friends for-sake and foes oppress, He scatters ev -'ry cloud;
4. This joy is strength to all who feel, Its nev-er fail-ing flow;
Since I am His and He is mine, This fullness He be - stows.
My soul is calm whate'er be-fall, Nor fears the fiercest dart.
His com - fort ban - ish -es distress While at His feet I'm bowed.
They have the Spir-it's gracious seal, And rise o'er want and woe.
CHORUS.
Joy, joy, joy, unmixed with earth's al - loy, Our
hearts so glad are nev - er sad, But filled with ceaseless joy.

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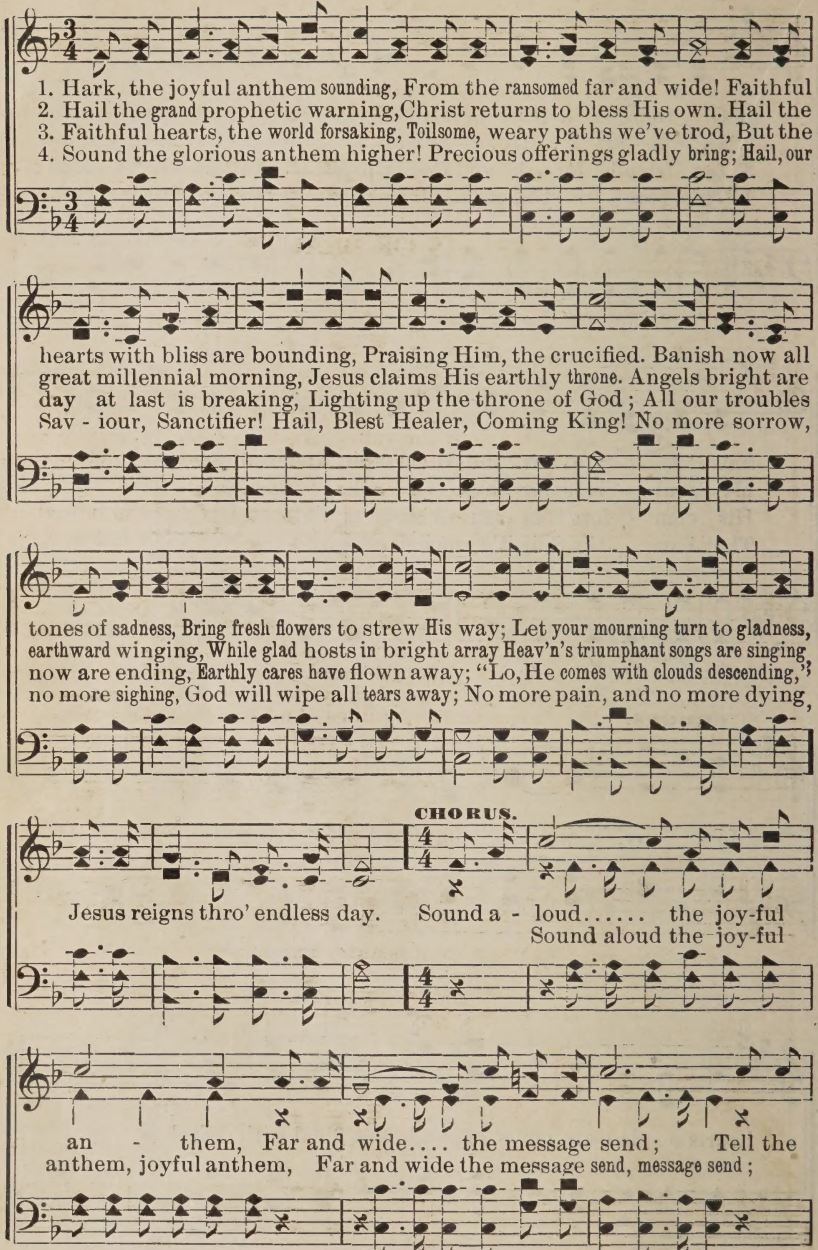
JESUS REIGNS.

T. J. ECKERSON, U. S. A. L. L. PICKETT.


1. Hark, the joyful anthem sounding, From the ransomed far and wide! Faithful
2. Hail the grand prophetic warning, Christ returns to bless His own. Hail the
3. Faithful hearts, the world forsaking, Toilsome, weary paths we've trod, But the
4. Sound the glorious anthem higher! Precious offerings gladly bring; Hail, our
hearts with bliss are bounding, Praising Him, the crucified. Banish now all
great millennial morning, Jesus claims His earthly throne. Angels bright are
day at last is breaking, Lighting up the throne of God; All our troubles
Sav - iour, Sanctifier! Hail, Blest Healer, Coming King! No more sorrow,
tones of sadness, Bring fresh flowers to strew His way; Let your mourning turn to gladness,
earthward winging, While glad hosts in bright array Heav'n's triumphant songs are singing
now are ending, Earthly cares have flown away; "Lo, He comes with clouds descending,"
no more sighing, God will wipe all tears away; No more pain, and no more dying,
CHORUS.
Jesus reigns thro' endless day. Sound a - loud..... the joy-ful
Sound aloud the joy-ful
an - them, Far and wide.... the message send; Tell the
anthem, joyful anthem, Far and wide the message send, message send;

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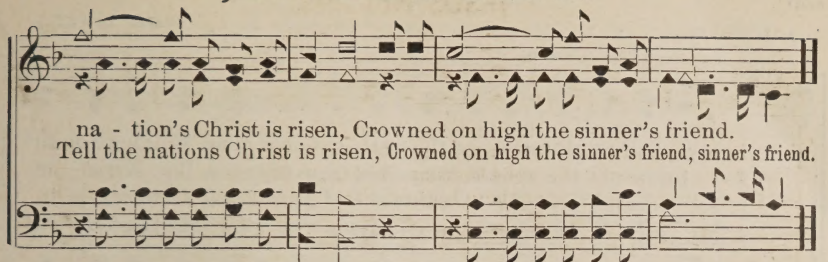
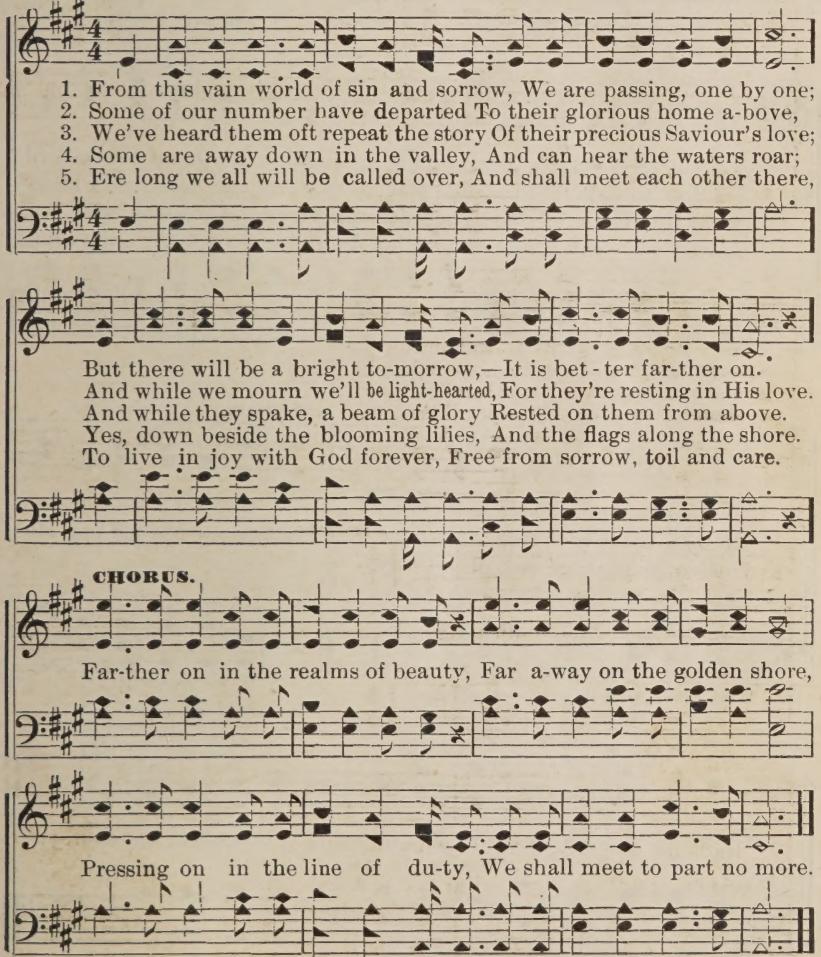
JESUS REIGNS. Concluded.


na - tion's Christ is risen, Crowned on high the sinner's friend.
Tell the nations Christ is risen, Crowned on high the sinner's friend, sinner's friend.

REALMS OF BEAUTY. 127

Rev. W. GOSSETT. E. T. RINEHART.


1. From this vain world of sin and sorrow, We are passing, one by one;
2. Some of our number have departed To their glorious home a-bove,
3. We've heard them oft repeat the story Of their precious Saviour's love;
4. Some are away down in the valley, And can hear the waters roar;
5. Ere long we all will be called over, And shall meet each other there,
But there will be a bright to-morrow,—It is bet - ter far-ther on.
And while we mourn we'll be light-hearted, For they're resting in His love.
And while they spake, a beam of glory Rested on them from above.
Yes, down beside the blooming lilies, And the flags along the shore.
To live in joy with God forever, Free from sorrow, toil and care.
CHORUS.
Far-ther on in the realms of beauty, Far a-way on the golden shore,
Pressing on in the line of du-ty, We shall meet to part no more.

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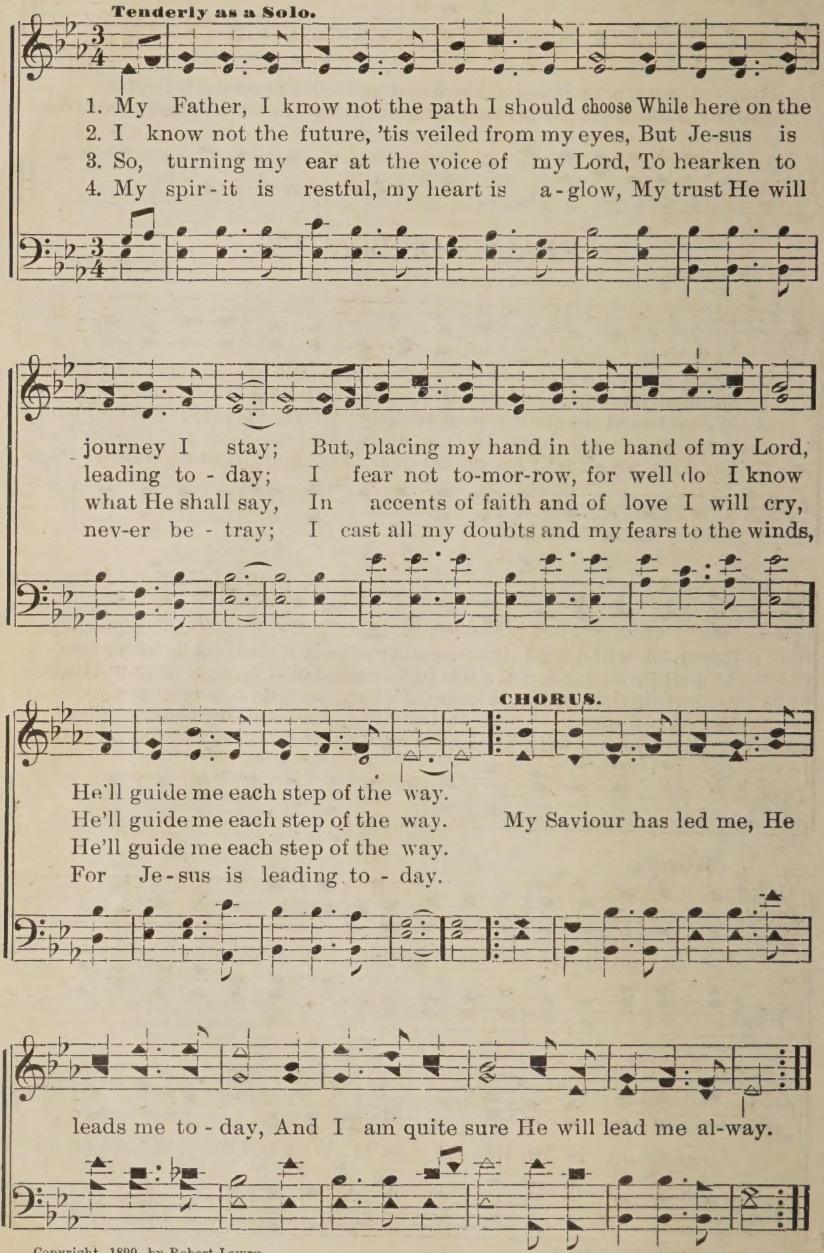
HE GUIDES ME.

L. L. PICKETT. "Lo, I am with you alway."—MATT. 28: 20. ROBERT LOWRY.


Tenderly as a Solo.
1. My Father, I know not the path I should choose While here on the
2. I know not the future, 'tis veiled from my eyes, But Je-sus is
3. So, turning my ear at the voice of my Lord, To hearken to
4. My spir-it is restful, my heart is a-glow, My trust He will
journey I stay; But, placing my hand in the hand of my Lord,
leading to-day; I fear not to-mor-row, for well do I know
what He shall say, In accents of faith and of love I will cry,
nev-er be-tray; I cast all my doubts and my fears to the winds,
CHORUS.
He'll guide me each step of the way.
He'll guide me each step of the way. My Saviour has led me, He
He'll guide me each step of the way.
For Je-sus is leading to-day.
leads me to-day, And I am quite sure He will lead me al-way.

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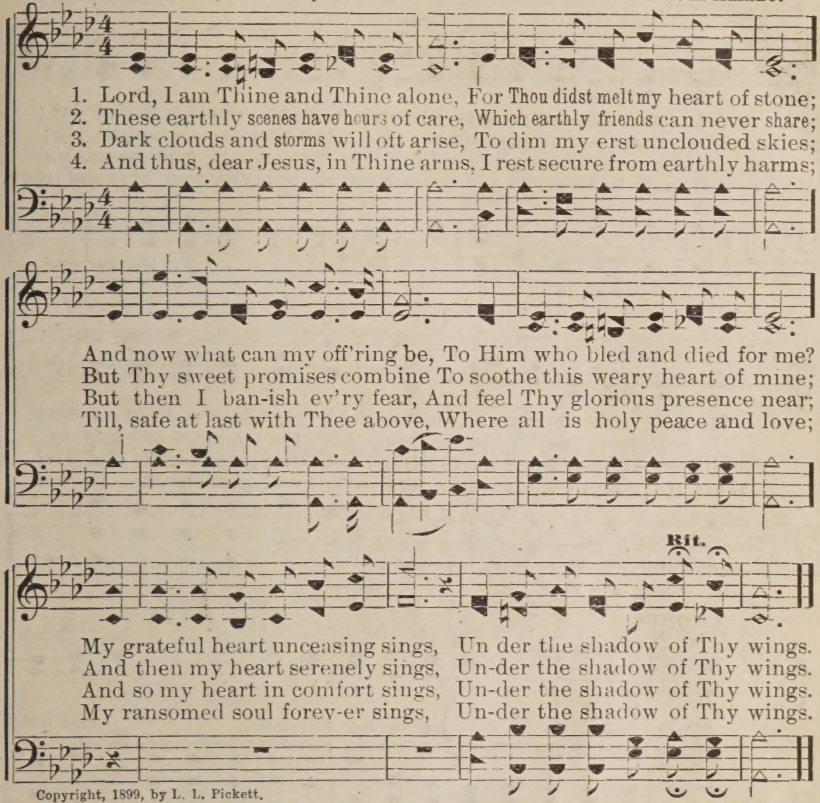
MAJ. T. J. ECKERSON, U. S. Army. MRS. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. Lord, I am Thine and Thine alone, For Thou didst melt my heart of stone;
2. These earthly scenes have hours of care, Which earthly friends can never share;
3. Dark clouds and storms will oft arise, To dim my erst unclouded skies;
4. And thus, dear Jesus, in Thine arms, I rest secure from earthly harms;
And now what can my off'ring be, To Him who bled and died for me?
But Thy sweet promises combine To soothe this weary heart of mine;
But then I ban-ish ev'ry fear, And feel Thy glorious presence near;
Till, safe at last with Thee above, Where all is holy peace and love;
Rit.
My grateful heart unceasing sings, Un der the shadow of Thy wings.
And then my heart serenely sings, Un-der the shadow of Thy wings.
And so my heart in comfort sings, Un-der the shadow of Thy wings.
My ransomed soul forev-er sings, Un-der the shadow of Thy wings.

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130 He Fully Saves Me Now.

Key E. Music in "Tears and Triumphs."

1 I came to Jesus with my sin,
He fully saves me now;
He washed away its every stain,
He fully saves me now.

CHO.—He fully saves me now,
He freely saves me now;
He washed away sin's every stain,
He fully saves me now.

2 Once guilty fears oppressed my soul,
He fully saves me now;
His cleansing blood has made me whole
He fully saves me now.

3 Sin's iron chains once held me fast,
He fully saves me now;
But I'm redeemed, I'm free at last,
He fully saves me now.

4 Once all was dark, but now there's light,
He fully saves me now;
He found me blind, He gave me sight,
He fully saves me now.

5 The Sun of righteousness has risen,
He fully saves me now;
His beams have turned my hell to heaven,
He fully saves me now.

6 Converted first at Calvary's cross,
He fully saves me now;
My barque on many a wave was tossed,
He fully saves me now.

7 I sought again my Saviour's side,
He fully saves me now;
In the upper room was sanctified,
He fully saves me now.

8 His gracious Spirit dwells within,
He fully saves me now;
His fire consumed indwelling sin,
He fully saves me now.

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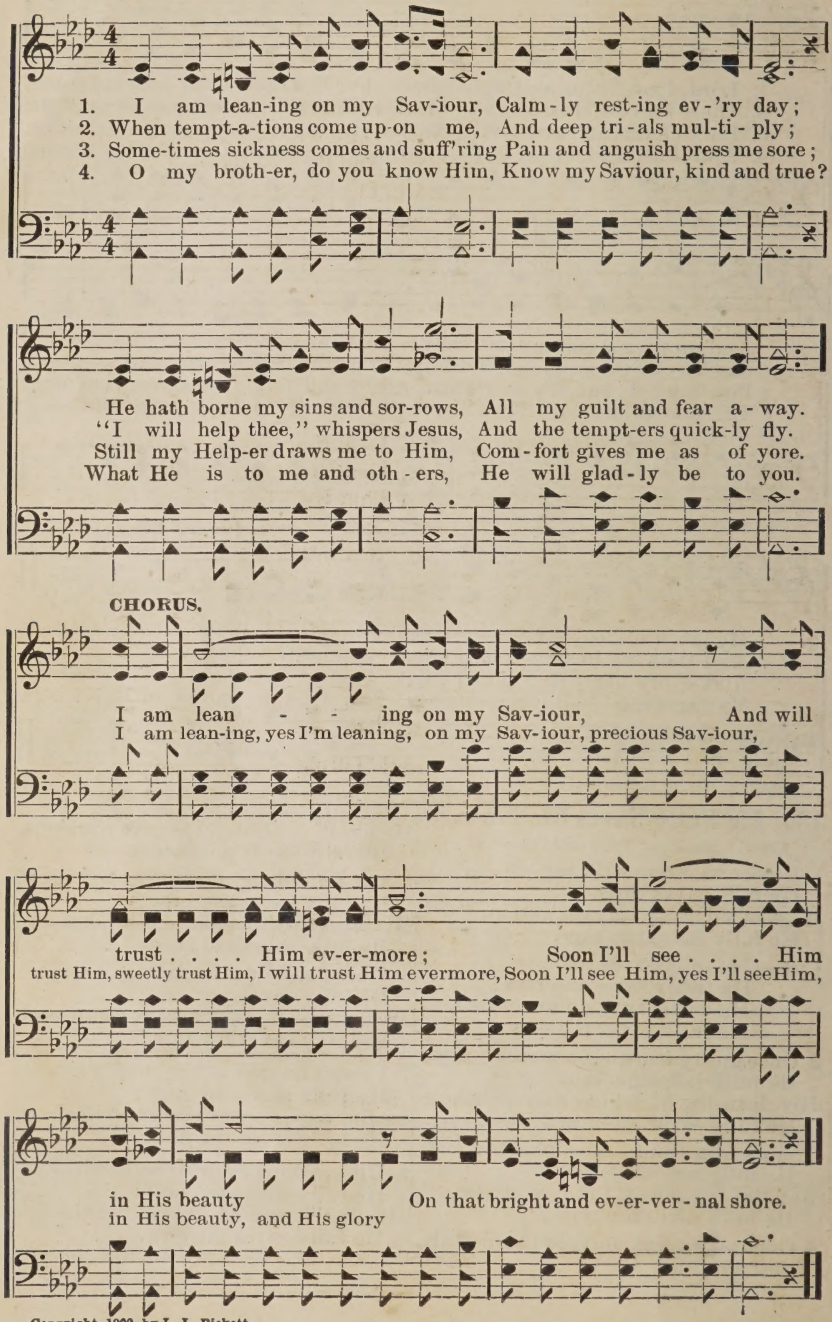
LEANING ON MY SAVIOUR.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. JAS. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. I am lean-ing on my Sav-iour, Calm-ly rest-ing ev-'ry day;
2. When tempt-a-tions come up-on me, And deep tri-als mul-ti-ply;
3. Some-times sickness comes and suff'ring Pain and anguish press me sore;
4. O my broth-er, do you know Him, Know my Saviour, kind and true?
He hath borne my sins and sor-rows, All my guilt and fear a-way.
"I will help thee," whispers Jesus, And the tempt-ers quick-ly fly.
Still my Help-er draws me to Him, Com-fort gives me as of yore.
What He is to me and oth-ers, He will glad-ly be to you.
CHORUS.
I am lean - - ing on my Sav-iour, And will
I am lean-ing, yes I'm leaning, on my Sav-iour, precious Sav-iour,
trust . . . . Him ev-er-more; Soon I'll see . . . . Him
trust Him, sweetly trust Him, I will trust Him evermore, Soon I'll see Him, yes I'll see Him,
in His beauty On that bright and ev-er-ver-nal shore.
in His beauty, and His glory

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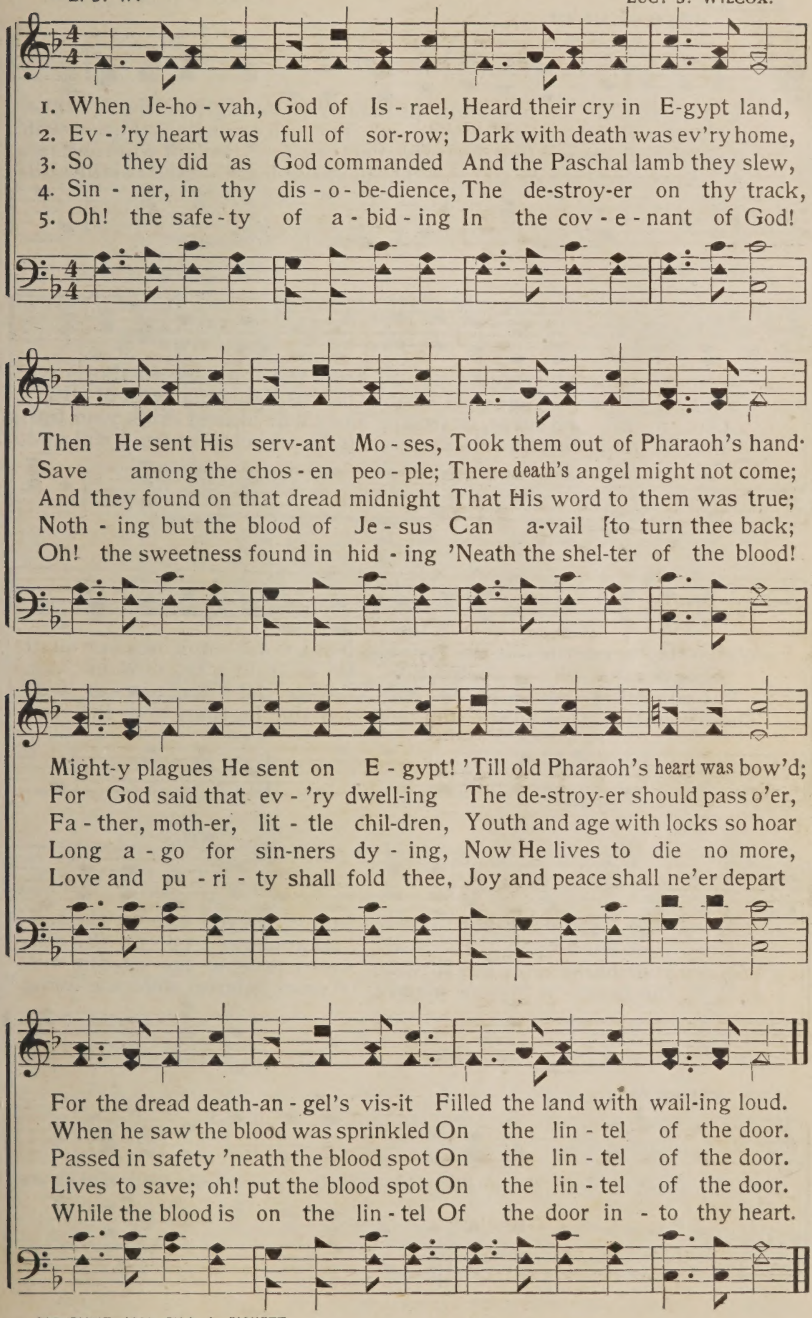
L. J. W. LUCY J. WILCOX.

1. When Je-ho - vah, God of Is - rael, Heard their cry in E-gypt land,
2. Ev - 'ry heart was full of sor-row; Dark with death was ev'ry home,
3. So they did as God commanded And the Paschal lamb they slew,
4. Sin - ner, in thy dis - o - be-dience, The de-stroy-er on thy track,
5. Oh! the safe - ty of a - bid - ing In the cov - e - nant of God!
Then He sent His serv-ant Mo - ses, Took them out of Pharaoh's hand·
Save among the chos - en peo - ple; There death's angel might not come;
And they found on that dread midnight That His word to them was true;
Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus Can a-vail [to turn thee back;
Oh! the sweetness found in hid - ing 'Neath the shel-ter of the blood!
Might-y plagues He sent on E - gypt! 'Till old Pharaoh's heart was bow'd;
For God said that ev - 'ry dwell-ing The de-stroy-er should pass o'er,
Fa - ther, moth-er, lit - tle chil-dren, Youth and age with locks so hoar
Long a - go for sin-ners dy - ing, Now He lives to die no more,
Love and pu - ri - ty shall fold thee, Joy and peace shall ne'er depart
For the dread death-an - gel's vis-it Filled the land with wail-ing loud.
When he saw the blood was sprinkled On the lin - tel of the door.
Passed in safety 'neath the blood spot On the lin - tel of the door.
Lives to save; oh! put the blood spot On the lin - tel of the door.
While the blood is on the lin - tel Of the door in - to thy heart.

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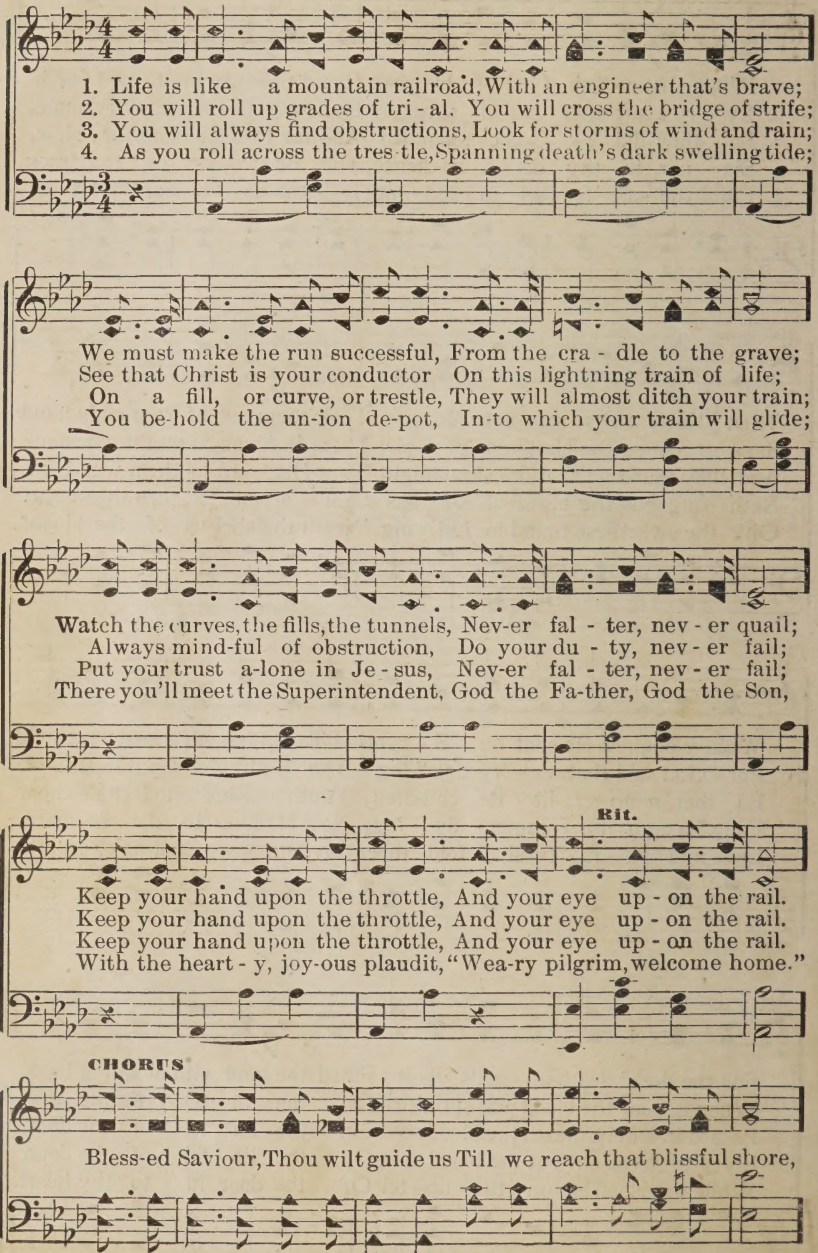
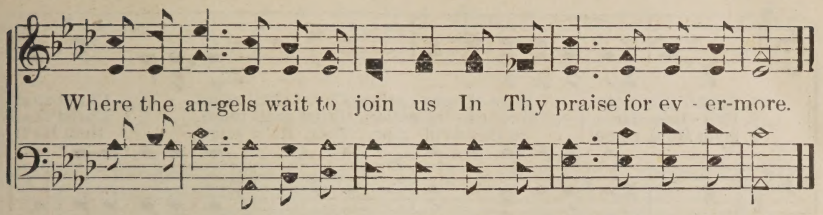
LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

M. E. ABBEY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. By per.

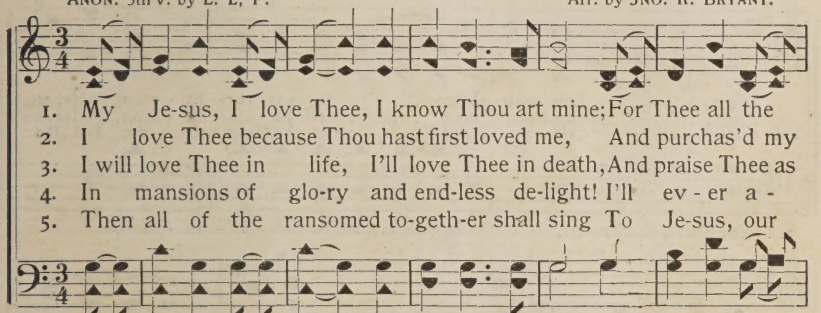
SOLO or DUET.

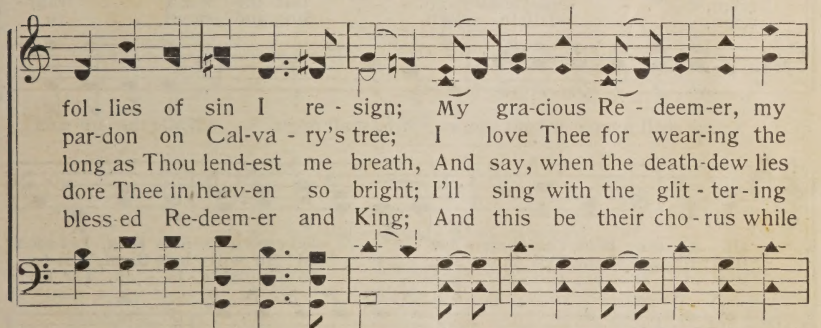

1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an engineer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al. You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will always find obstructions, Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll across the tres - tle, Spanning death's dark swelling tide;
We must make the run successful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
See that Christ is your conductor On this lightning train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or trestle, They will almost ditch your train;
You be-hold the un-ion de-pot, In-to which your train will glide;
Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels, Nev-er fal - ter, nev - er quail;
Always mind-ful of obstruction, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
Put your trust a-lone in Je - sus, Nev-er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
There you'll meet the Superintendent, God the Fa-ther, God the Son,
Rit.
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.
With the heart - y, joy-ous plaudit, "Wea-ry pilgrim, welcome home."
CHORUS
Bless-ed Saviour, Thou wilt guide us Till we reach that blissful shore,

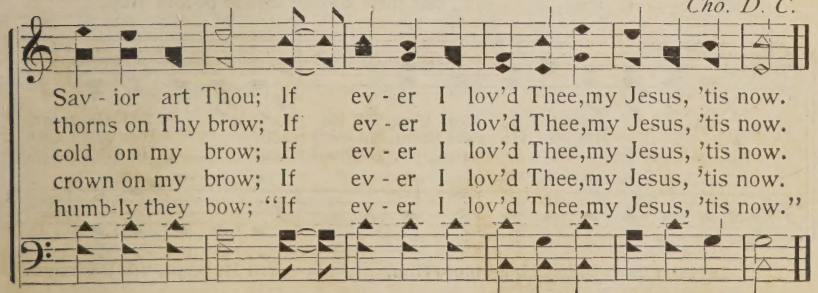


MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE! 134

ANON. 5th v. by L. L. P. Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me, And purchas'd my
3. I will love Thee in life, I'll love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In mansions of glo-ry and end-less de-light! I'll ev - er a -
5. Then all of the ransomed to-geth-er shall sing To Je-sus, our


CHO.–Hallelujah! hal-le-lu-jah! 'Tis great to be free, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem-er, my
par-don on Cal-va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the
long as Thou lend-est me breath, And say, when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
bless-ed Re-deem-er and King; And this be their cho - rus while
lu - jah! I'm liv - ing for Thee; Hal-le-lu - jah! hal-le - lu-jah! my

Cho. D. C.

Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow; If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow; If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
humb-ly they bow; "If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."
Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Savior, 'tis now.

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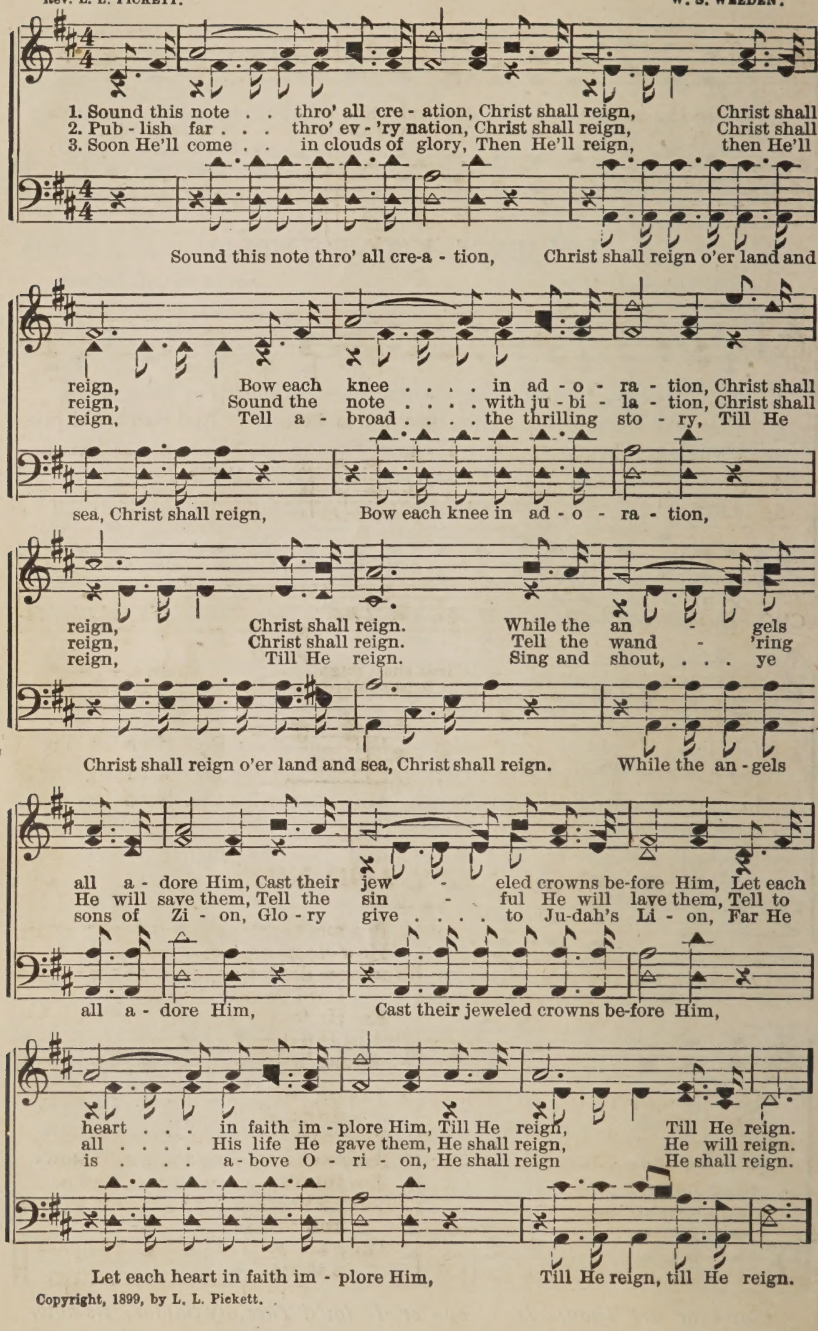
CHRIST SHALL REIGN.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Sound this note . . thro' all cre - ation, Christ shall reign, Christ shall
2. Pub - lish far . . . thro' ev - 'ry nation, Christ shall reign, Christ shall
3. Soon He'll come . . in clouds of glory, Then He'll reign, then He'll
Sound this note thro' all cre-a - tion, Christ shall reign o'er land and
reign, Bow each knee . . . . in ad - o - ra - tion, Christ shall
reign, Sound the note . . . . with ju - bi - la - tion, Christ shall
reign, Tell a - broad . . . . the thrilling sto - ry, Till He
sea, Christ shall reign, Bow each knee in ad - o - ra - tion,
reign, Christ shall reign. While the an - gels
reign, Christ shall reign. Tell the wand - 'ring
reign, Till He reign. Sing and shout, . . . ye
Christ shall reign o'er land and sea, Christ shall reign. While the an - gels
all a - dore Him, Cast their jew - eled crowns be-fore Him, Let each
He will save them, Tell the sin - ful He will lave them, Tell to
sons of Zi - on, Glo - ry give . . . . to Ju-dah's Li - on, Far He
all a - dore Him, Cast their jeweled crowns be-fore Him,
heart . . . in faith im - plore Him, Till He reign, Till He reign.
all . . . . His life He gave them, He shall reign, He will reign.
is . . . a - bove O - ri - on, He shall reign He shall reign.
Let each heart in faith im - plore Him, Till He reign, till He reign.

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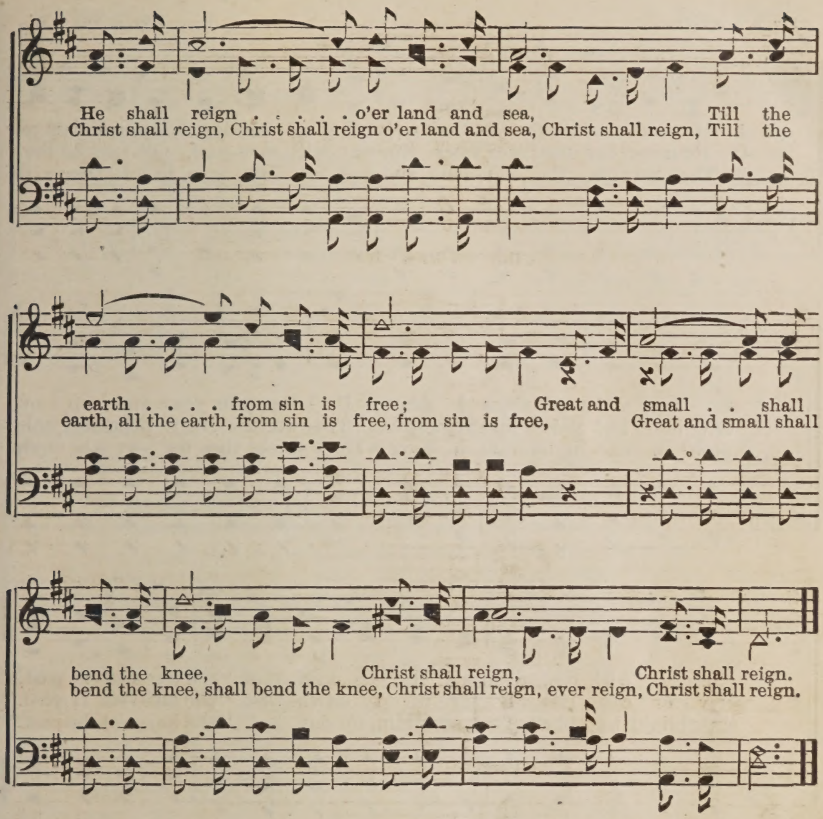

He shall reign . . . . . o'er land and sea, Till the
Christ shall reign, Christ shall reign o'er land and sea, Christ shall reign, Till the
earth . . . . from sin is free; Great and small . . shall
earth, all the earth, from sin is free, from sin is free, Great and small shall
bend the knee, Christ shall reign, Christ shall reign.
bend the knee, shall bend the knee, Christ shall reign, ever reign, Christ shall reign.

THE NINETY AND NINE. 136

Key A♭.

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

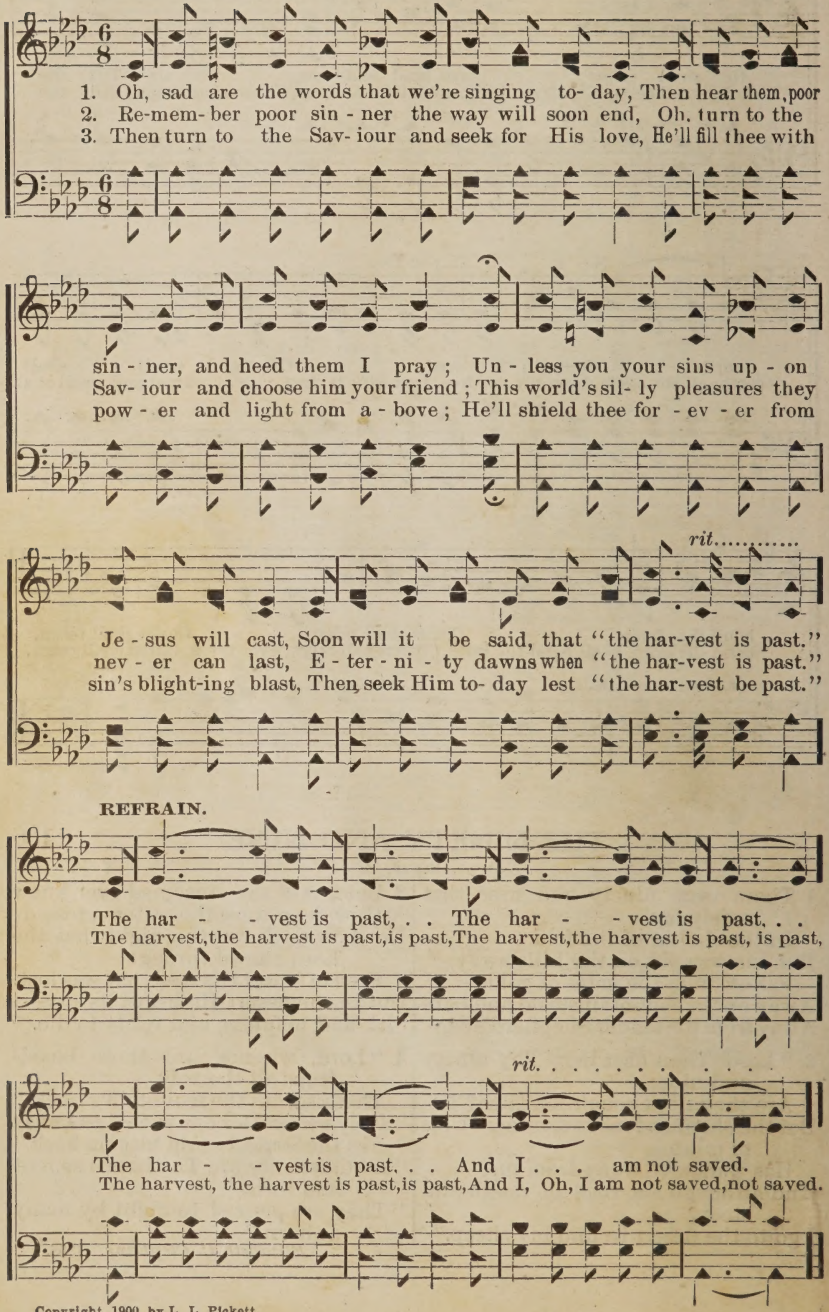
2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me,
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

Elizabeth C. Clephane. 1868.

THE HARVEST IS PAST.

Rev. R. O. SMITH. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Oh, sad are the words that we're singing to- day, Then hear them, poor sin - ner, and heed them I pray; Un - less you your sins up - on
2. Re-mem- ber poor sin - ner the way will soon end, Oh, turn to the Sav- iour and choose him your friend; This world's sil- ly pleasures they
3. Then turn to the Sav- iour and seek for His love, He'll fill thee with pow - er and light from a - bove; He'll shield thee for - ev - er from
rit.
Je - sus will cast, Soon will it be said, that "the har-vest is past."
nev - er can last, E - ter - ni - ty dawns when "the har-vest is past."
sin's blight-ing blast, Then seek Him to- day lest "the har-vest be past."
REFRAIN.
The har - - vest is past, . . The har - - vest is past. . .
The harvest, the harvest is past, is past, The harvest, the harvest is past, is past,
rit. . . . . .
The har - - vest is past. . . And I . . . am not saved.
The harvest, the harvest is past, is past, And I, Oh, I am not saved, not saved.

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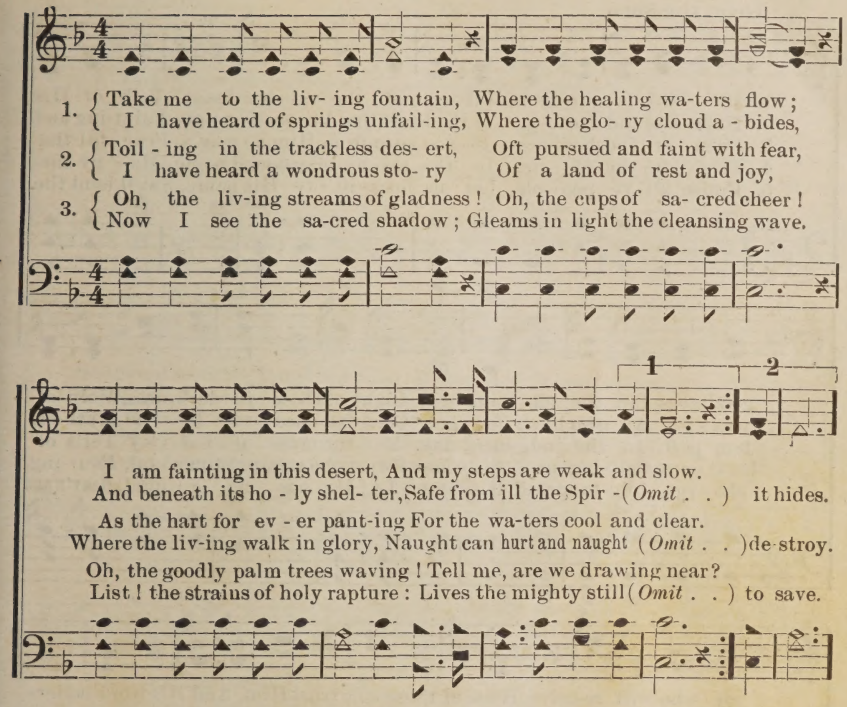
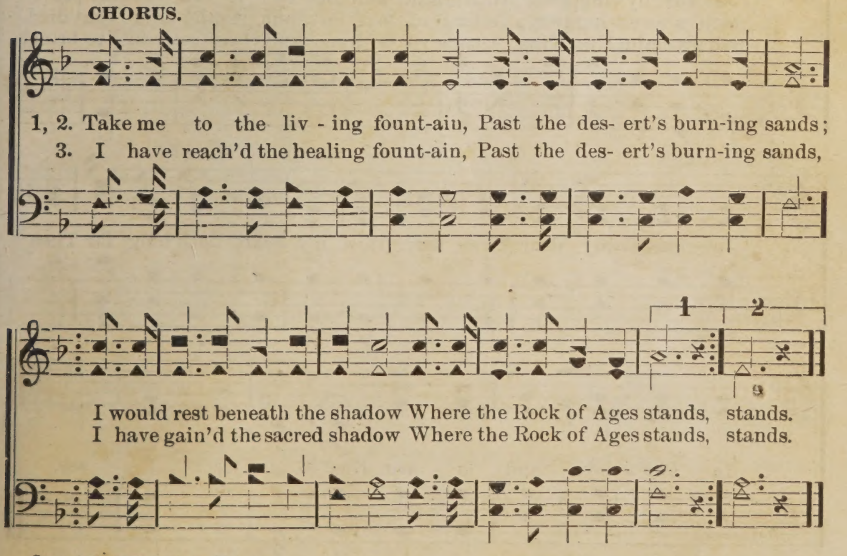
J. L. IVEY. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. Take me to the liv- ing fountain, Where the healing wa-ters flow;
I have heard of springs unfail-ing, Where the glo- ry cloud a - bides,
2. Toil - ing in the trackless des- ert, Oft pursued and faint with fear,
I have heard a wondrous sto- ry Of a land of rest and joy,
3. Oh, the liv-ing streams of gladness! Oh, the cups of sa- cred cheer!
Now I see the sa-cred shadow; Gleams in light the cleansing wave.
1
2
I am fainting in this desert, And my steps are weak and slow.
And beneath its ho - ly shel- ter, Safe from ill the Spir -(Omit . .) it hides.
As the hart for ev - er pant-ing For the wa-ters cool and clear.
Where the liv-ing walk in glory, Naught can hurt and naught (Omit . .)de-stroy.
Oh, the goodly palm trees waving! Tell me, are we drawing near?
List! the strains of holy rapture: Lives the mighty still(Omit . .) to save.


CHORUS.
1, 2. Take me to the liv - ing fount-ain, Past the des- ert's burn-ing sands;
3. I have reach'd the healing fount-ain, Past the des- ert's burn-ing sands,
1
2
I would rest beneath the shadow Where the Rock of Ages stands, stands.
I have gain'd the sacred shadow Where the Rock of Ages stands, stands.

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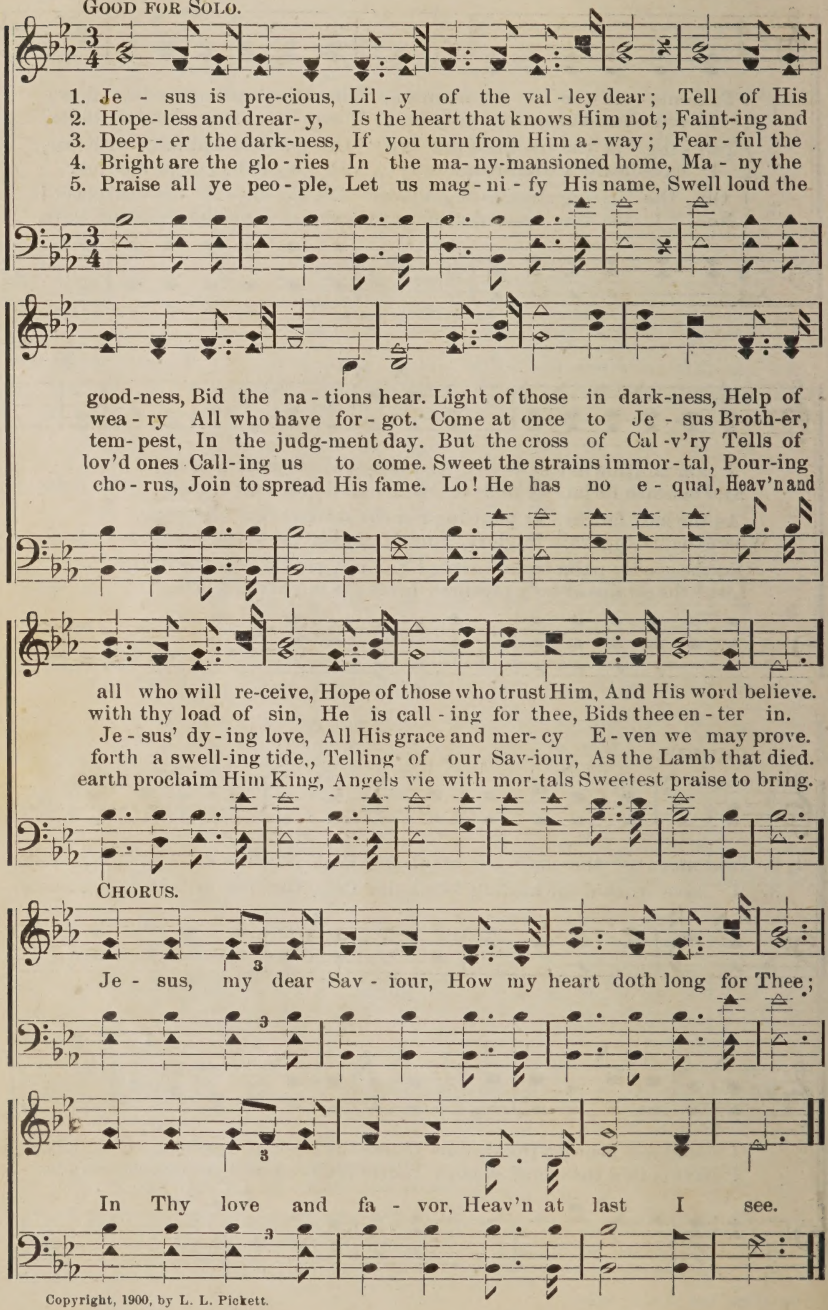
JESUS IS PRECIOUS.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."—1 Pet. 2: 7.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. Spanish.

GOOD FOR SOLO.


1. Je - sus is pre-cious, Lil - y of the val - ley dear; Tell of His
2. Hope- less and drear- y, Is the heart that knows Him not; Faint-ing and
3. Deep - er the dark-ness, If you turn from Him a - way; Fear - ful the
4. Bright are the glo - ries In the ma- ny-mansioned home, Ma - ny the
5. Praise all ye peo - ple, Let us mag - ni - fy His name, Swell loud the
good-ness, Bid the na - tions hear. Light of those in dark-ness, Help of
wea - ry All who have for - got. Come at once to Je - sus Broth-er,
tem- pest, In the judg-ment day. But the cross of Cal -v'ry Tells of
lov'd ones Call-ing us to come. Sweet the strains immor - tal, Pour-ing
cho - rus, Join to spread His fame. Lo! He has no e - qual, Heav'n and
all who will re-ceive, Hope of those who trust Him, And His word believe.
with thy load of sin, He is call - ing for thee, Bids thee en - ter in.
Je - sus' dy - ing love, All His grace and mer- cy E - ven we may prove.
forth a swell-ing tide., Telling of our Sav-iour, As the Lamb that died.
earth proclaim Him King, Angels vie with mor-tals Sweetest praise to bring.

CHORUS.

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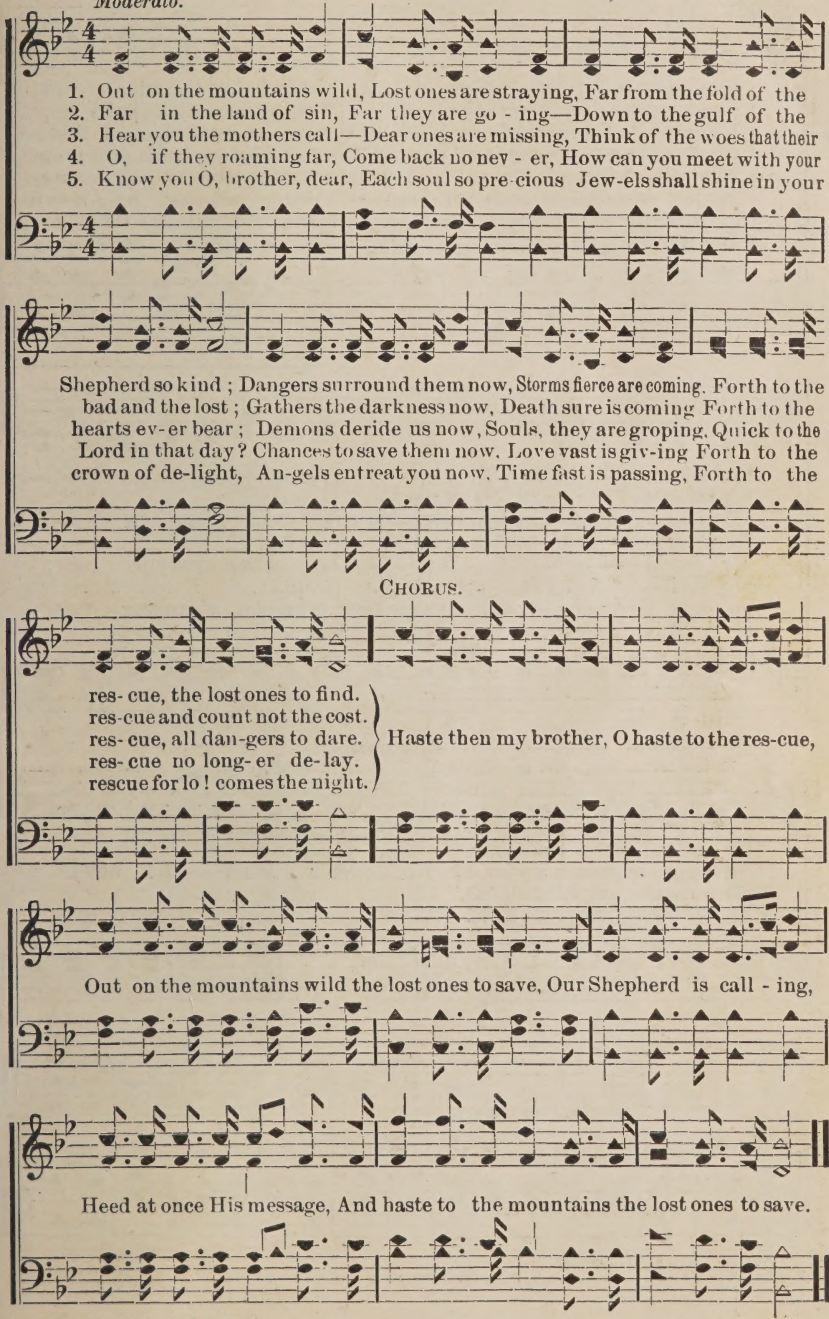
Mrs. MARY McG. HALL, except Cho. and 1st v. by L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Moderato.


1. Out on the mountains wild, Lost ones are straying, Far from the fold of the
2. Far in the land of sin, Far they are go - ing—Down to the gulf of the
3. Hear you the mothers call—Dear ones are missing, Think of the woes that their
4. O, if they roaming far, Come back no nev - er, How can you meet with your
5. Know you O, brother, dear, Each soul so pre-cious Jew-els shall shine in your
Shepherd so kind ; Dangers surround them now, Storms fierce are coming. Forth to the
bad and the lost ; Gathers the darkness now, Death sure is coming Forth to the
hearts ev-er bear ; Demons deride us now, Souls, they are groping, Quick to the
Lord in that day? Chances to save them now, Love vast is giv-ing Forth to the
crown of de-light, An-gels entreat you now, Time fast is passing, Forth to the
CHORUS.
res- cue, the lost ones to find.
res-cue and count not the cost.
res- cue, all dan-gers to dare.
res- cue no long-er de-lay.
rescue for lo ! comes the night.
Haste then my brother, O haste to the res-cue,
Out on the mountains wild the lost ones to save, Our Shepherd is call - ing,
Heed at once His message, And haste to the mountains the lost ones to save.

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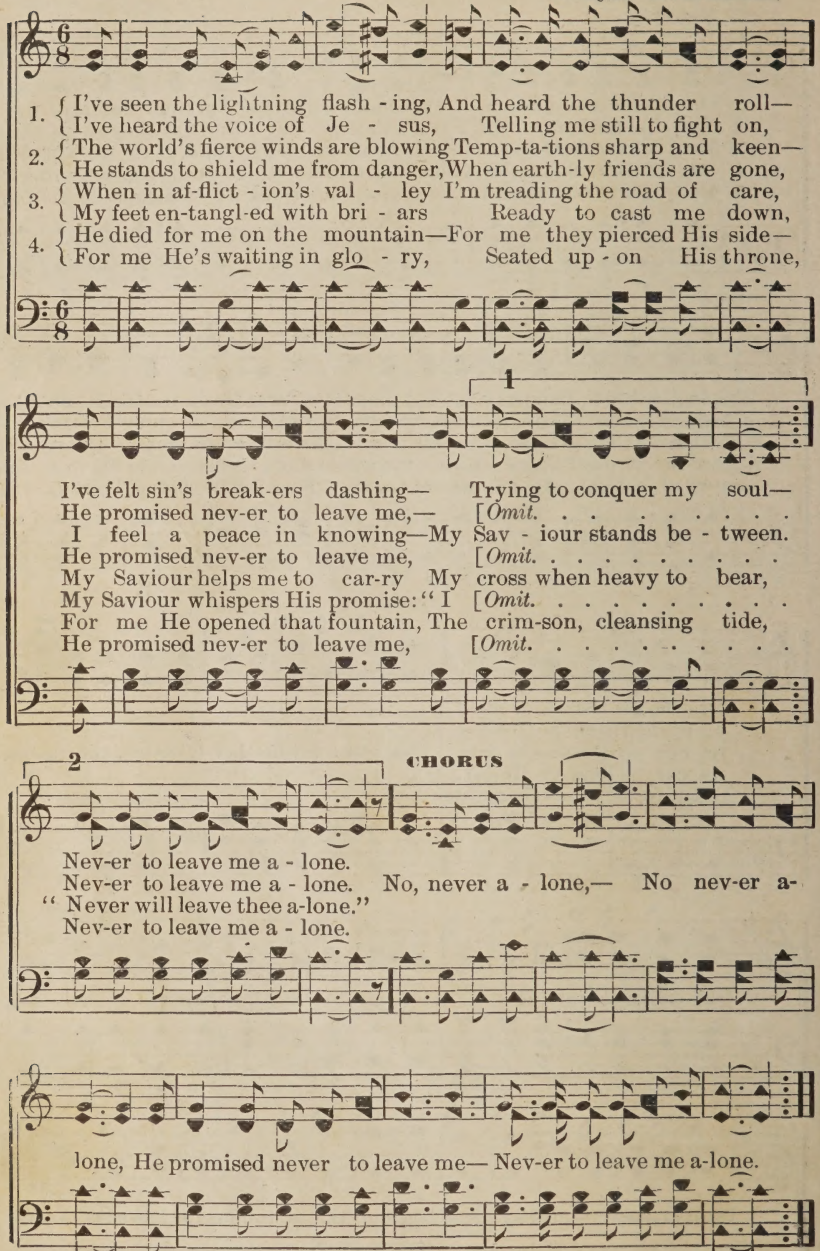
NEVER ALONE.

English. Arr. for this work.

1. I've seen the lightning flash - ing, And heard the thunder roll—
I've heard the voice of Je - sus, Telling me still to fight on,
2. The world's fierce winds are blowing Temp-ta-tions sharp and keen—
He stands to shield me from danger, When earth-ly friends are gone,
3. When in af-flict - ion's val - ley I'm treading the road of care,
My feet en-tangl-ed with bri - ars Ready to cast me down,
4. He died for me on the mountain—For me they pierced His side—
For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seated up - on His throne,
1
I've felt sin's break-ers dashing— Trying to conquer my soul—
He promised nev-er to leave me,— [Omit.
I feel a peace in knowing—My Sav - iour stands be - tween.
He promised nev-er to leave me, [Omit.
My Saviour helps me to car-ry My cross when heavy to bear,
My Saviour whispers His promise: "I [Omit.
For me He opened that fountain, The crim-son, cleansing tide,
He promised nev-er to leave me, [Omit.
2
CHORUS
Nev-er to leave me a - lone.
Nev-er to leave me a - lone. No, never a - lone,— No nev-er a-
" Never will leave thee a-lone."
Nev-er to leave me a - lone.
lone, He promised never to leave me— Nev-er to leave me a-lone.

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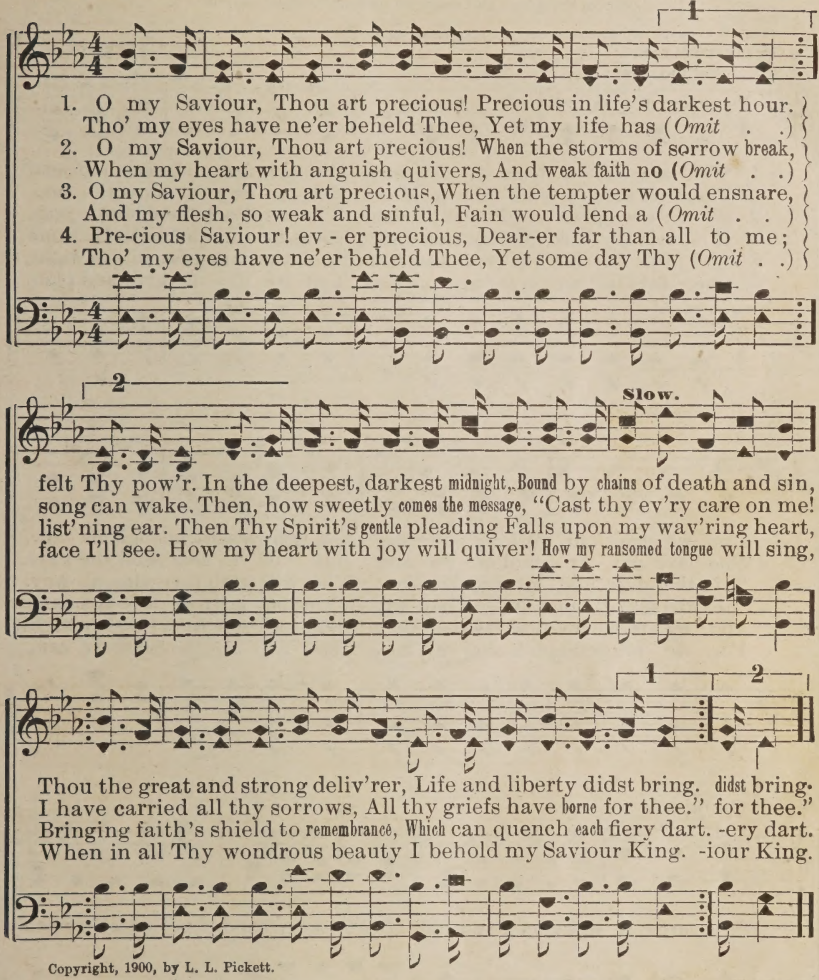
May be had in sheet form, duet, of E. S. Fogg, Covington, Ky. Price, 30 cents.

KATE ULMER. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.


1
1. O my Saviour, Thou art precious! Precious in life's darkest hour.
Tho' my eyes have ne'er beheld Thee, Yet my life has (Omit . .)
2. O my Saviour, Thou art precious! When the storms of sorrow break,
When my heart with anguish quivers, And weak faith no (Omit . .)
3. O my Saviour, Thou art precious, When the tempter would ensnare,
And my flesh, so weak and sinful, Fain would lend a (Omit . .)
4. Pre-cious Saviour! ev - er precious, Dear-er far than all to me;
Tho' my eyes have ne'er beheld Thee, Yet some day Thy (Omit . .)
2
Slow.
felt Thy pow'r. In the deepest, darkest midnight, Bound by chains of death and sin,
song can wake. Then, how sweetly comes the message, "Cast thy ev'ry care on me!
list'ning ear. Then Thy Spirit's gentle pleading Falls upon my wav'ring heart,
face I'll see. How my heart with joy will quiver! How my ransomed tongue will sing,
1
2
Thou the great and strong deliv'rer, Life and liberty didst bring. didst bring.
I have carried all thy sorrows, All thy griefs have borne for thee." for thee."
Bringing faith's shield to remembrance, Which can quench each fiery dart. -ery dart.
When in all Thy wondrous beauty I behold my Saviour King. -iour King.

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THE CITY OF LIGHT. 143

A. S. K. KEY OF F. Music in T. and T. A. S. KIEFFER. By per.

1 There's a city of light 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not a sorrow or care;
And the gates are of pearl, and the streets are of gold,
And the building exceedingly fair.

CHO.—Let us pray for each other, nor faint by the way,
In this sad world of sorrow and care,
For that home is so bright, and is almost in sight,
And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

2 Brother dear, never fear, we shall triumph at last,
If we trust in the word He has given;
When our trials and toils, and our weepings are past,
We shall meet in that home up in heaven.

3 Sister dear, never fear, for the Saviour is near,
With His hand He will lead you along;
And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear,
And your mourning shall turn to a song.

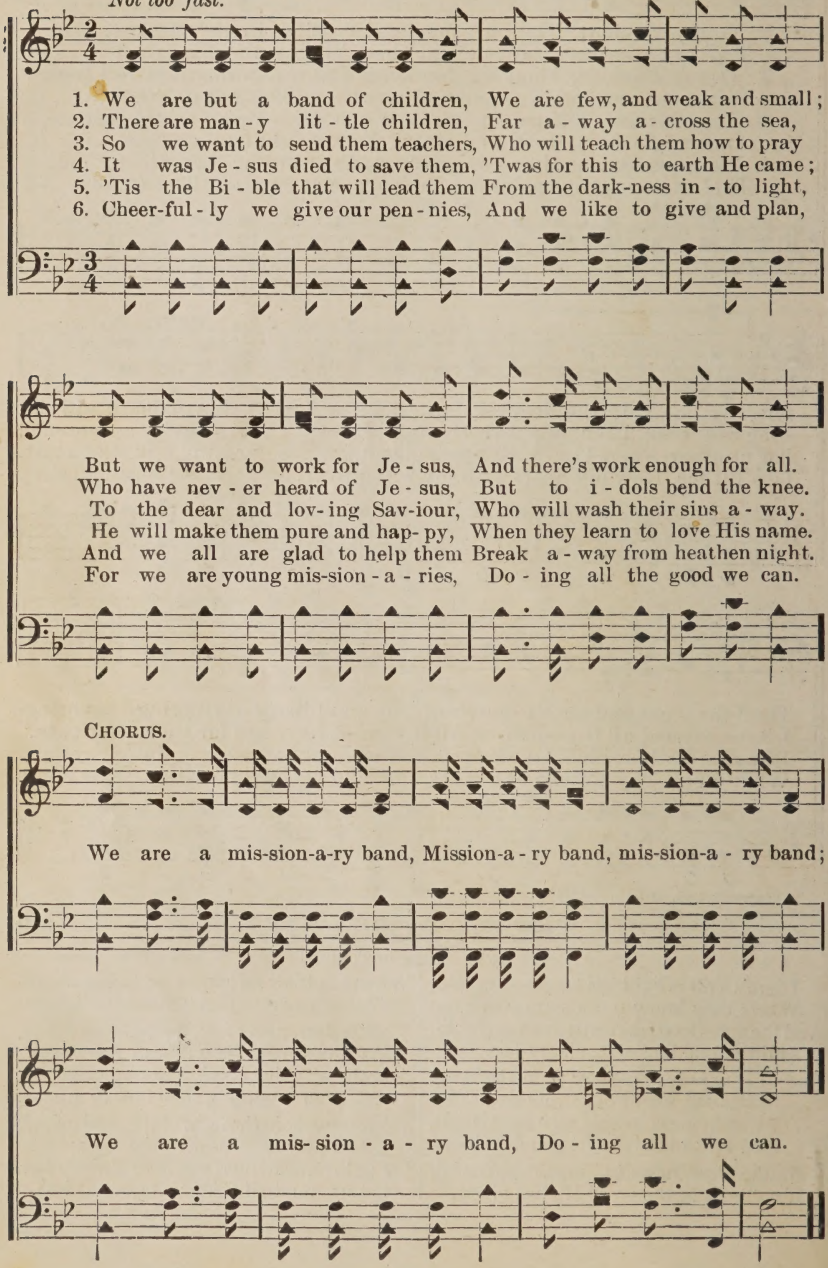
4 Let us walk in the light of the gospel divine,
Let us ever keep near to the cross;
Let us love, watch and pray, in our pilgrimage here,
Let us count all things else but as loss.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations."—Matt. 28 : 19.

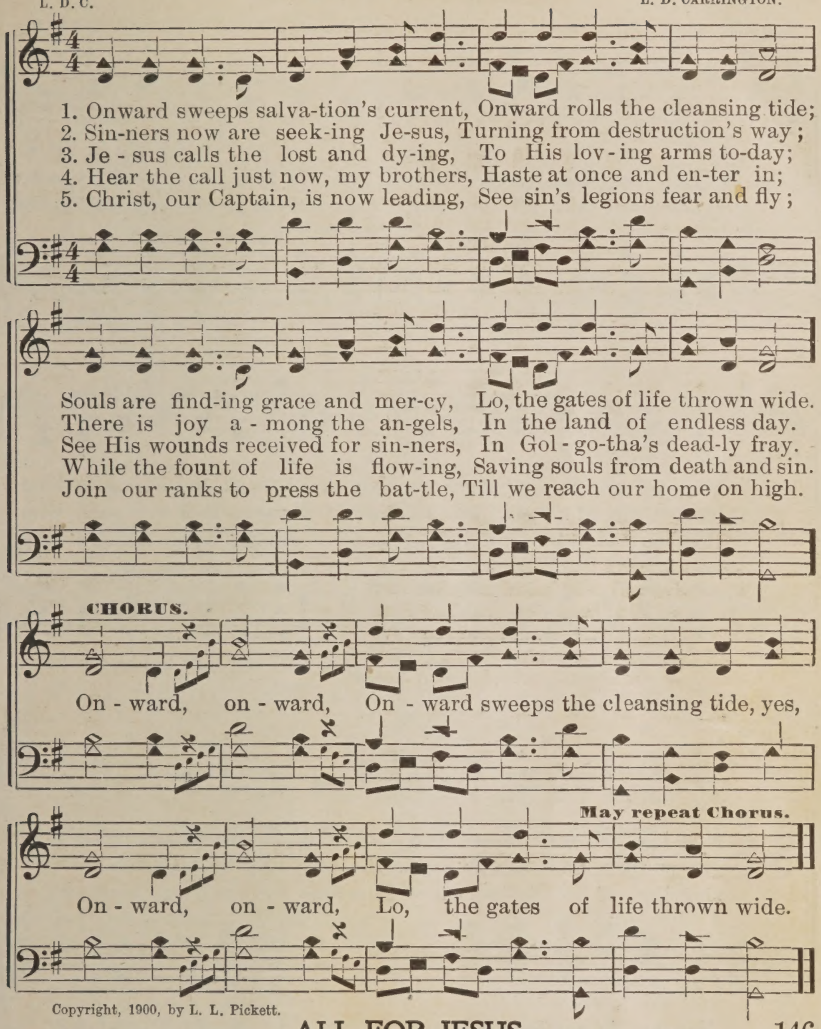
JUNIOR SONG.

MARY IRENE McLEAN. A. F. MYERS, by per.

Not too fast.


1. We are but a band of children, We are few, and weak and small;
2. There are man-y lit-tle children, Far a-way a-cross the sea,
3. So we want to send them teachers, Who will teach them how to pray
4. It was Je-sus died to save them, 'Twas for this to earth He came;
5. 'Tis the Bi-ble that will lead them From the dark-ness in-to light,
6. Cheer-ful-ly we give our pen-nies, And we like to give and plan,
But we want to work for Je-sus, And there's work enough for all.
Who have nev-er heard of Je-sus, But to i-dols bend the knee.
To the dear and lov-ing Sav-iour, Who will wash their sins a-way.
He will make them pure and hap-py, When they learn to love His name.
And we all are glad to help them Break a-way from heathen night.
For we are young mis-sion-a-ries, Do-ing all the good we can.
CHORUS.
We are a mis-sion-a-ry band, Mission-a-ry band, mis-sion-a-ry band;
We are a mis-sion-a-ry band, Do-ing all we can.

L. D. C. L. D. CARRINGTON.


1. Onward sweeps salva-tion's current, Onward rolls the cleansing tide;
2. Sin-ners now are seek-ing Je-sus, Turning from destruction's way;
3. Je - sus calls the lost and dy-ing, To His lov-ing arms to-day;
4. Hear the call just now, my brothers, Haste at once and en-ter in;
5. Christ, our Captain, is now leading, See sin's legions fear and fly;
Souls are find-ing grace and mer-cy, Lo, the gates of life thrown wide.
There is joy a - mong the an-gels, In the land of endless day.
See His wounds received for sin-ners, In Gol - go-tha's dead-ly fray.
While the fount of life is flow-ing, Saving souls from death and sin.
Join our ranks to press the bat-tle, Till we reach our home on high.
CHORUS.
On - ward, on - ward, On - ward sweeps the cleansing tide, yes,
May repeat Chorus.
On - ward, on - ward, Lo, the gates of life thrown wide.

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ALL FOR JESUS. 146

MARY D. JAMES. KEY OF F. ROM. 12: 1. Arranged.

1 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed powers:
All my thoughts and words and doings,
All my days and all my hours.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my days and all my hours.

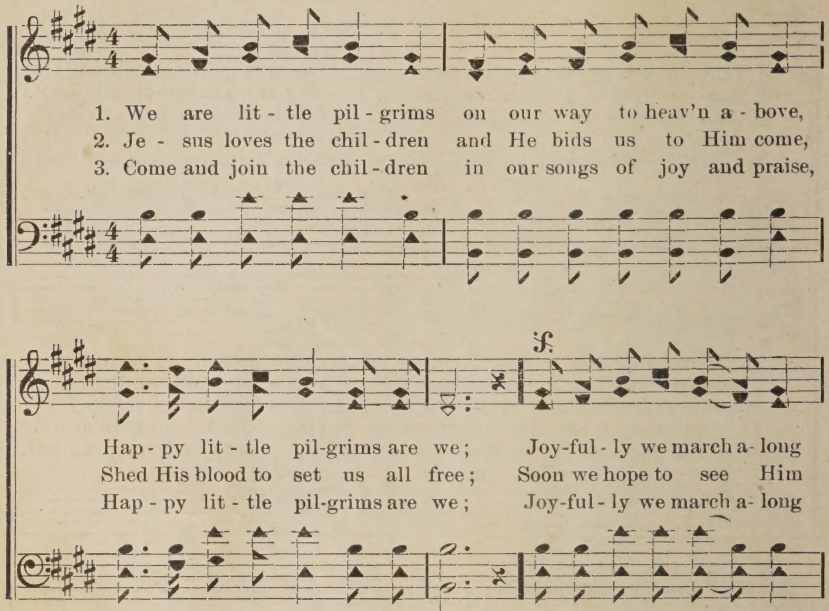
2 Let my hands perform His bidding,
Let my feet run in His ways—
Let my eyes see Jesus only,
Let my lips speak forth His praise;
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

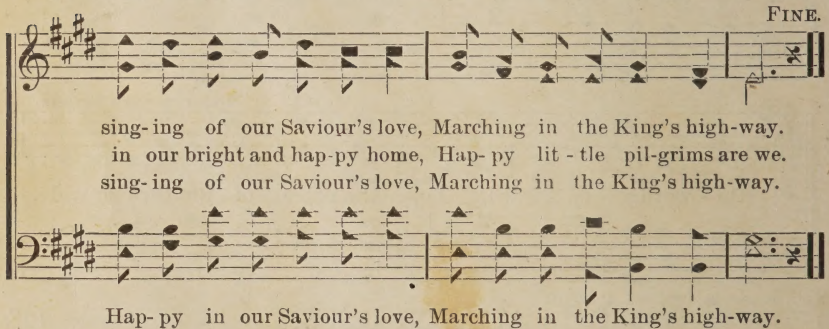
3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified.

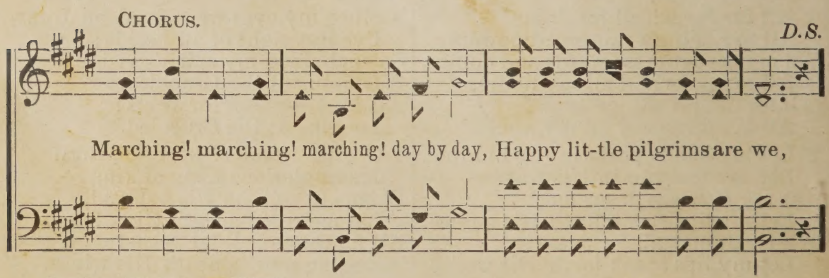
4 O what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Let me rest beneath His wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.

HAPPY LITTLE PILGRIMS.

R. O. S. Rev. R. O. SMITH.


1. We are lit - tle pil - grims on our way to heav'n a - bove,
2. Je - sus loves the chil - dren and He bids us to Him come,
3. Come and join the chil - dren in our songs of joy and praise,
Hap - py lit - tle pil-grims are we; Joy-ful - ly we march a - long
Shed His blood to set us all free; Soon we hope to see Him
Hap - py lit - tle pil-grims are we; Joy-ful - ly we march a - long
D.S.—On our way to heav'n above;


FINE.
sing - ing of our Saviour's love, Marching in the King's high-way.
in our bright and hap-py home, Hap - py lit - tle pil-grims are we.
sing - ing of our Saviour's love, Marching in the King's high-way.
Hap - py in our Saviour's love, Marching in the King's high-way.



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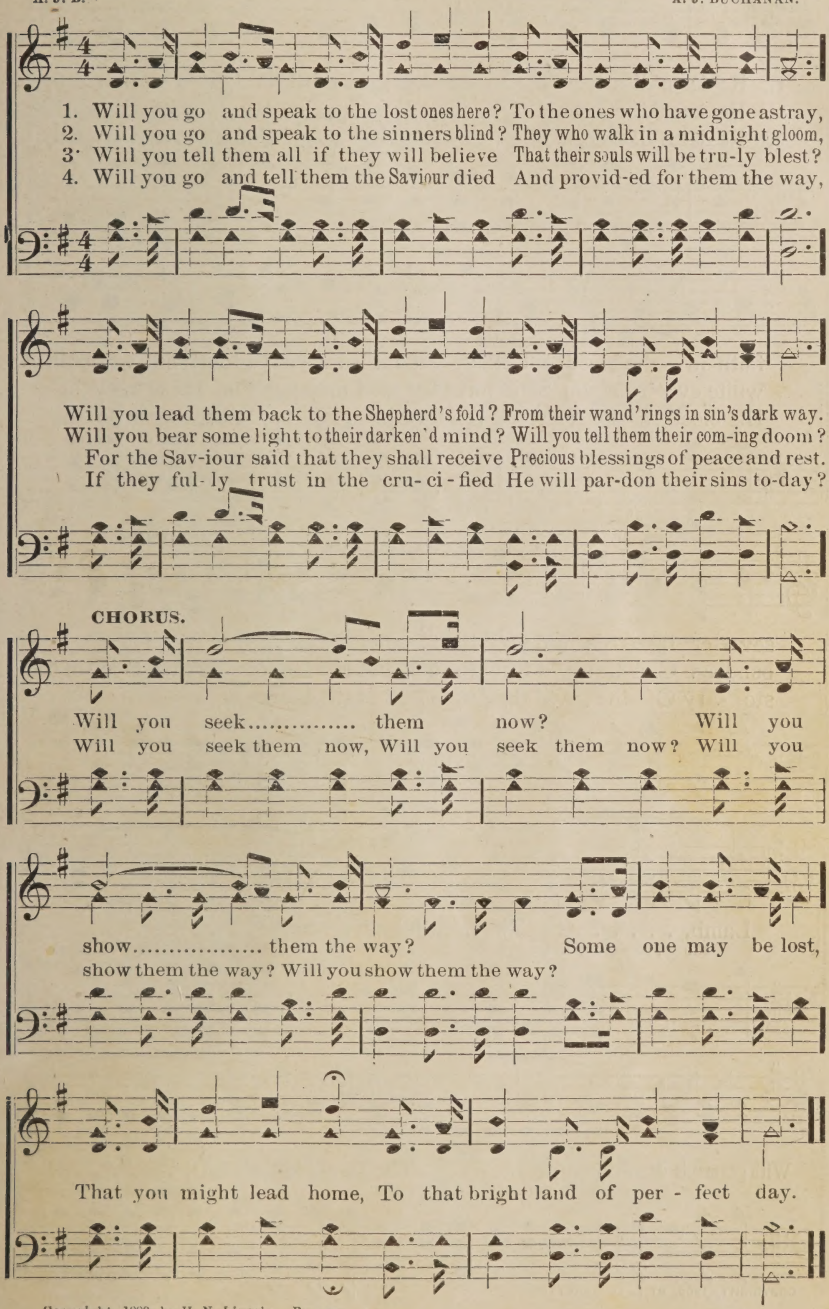
"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—Luke 14 : 23.

A. J. B. A. J. BUCHANAN.


1. Will you go and speak to the lost ones here? To the ones who have gone astray,
2. Will you go and speak to the sinners blind? They who walk in a midnight gloom,
3. Will you tell them all if they will believe That their souls will be tru-ly blest?
4. Will you go and tell them the Saviour died And provid-ed for them the way,
Will you lead them back to the Shepherd's fold? From their wand'rings in sin's dark way.
Will you bear some light to their darken'd mind? Will you tell them their com-ing doom?
For the Sav-iour said that they shall receive Precious blessings of peace and rest.
If they ful-ly trust in the cru-ci-fied He will par-don their sins to-day?
CHORUS.
Will you seek..... them now? Will you
Will you seek them now, Will you seek them now? Will you
show..... them the way? Some one may be lost,
show them the way? Will you show them the way?
That you might lead home, To that bright land of per-fect day.

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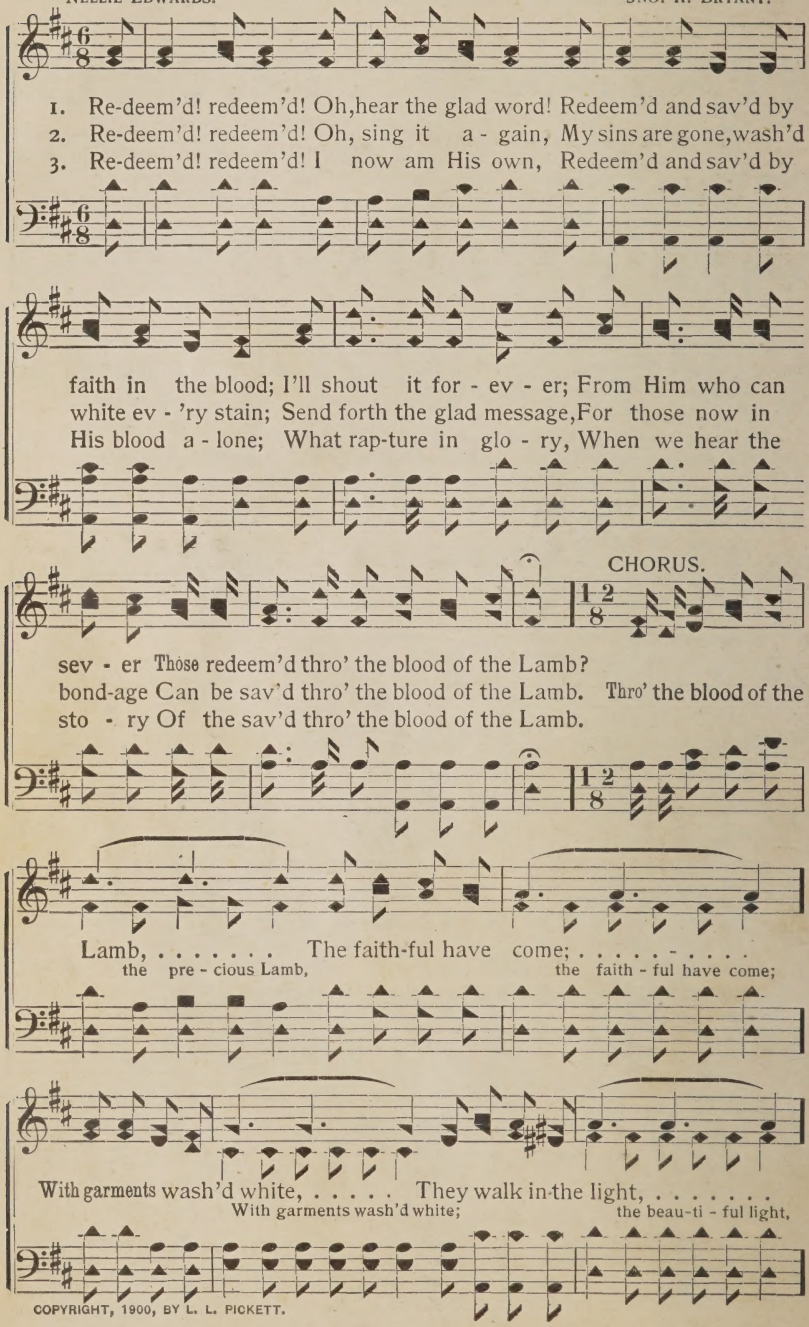
THRO' THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

NELLIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. Re-deem'd! redeem'd! Oh, hear the glad word! Redeem'd and sav'd by
2. Re-deem'd! redeem'd! Oh, sing it a - gain, My sins are gone, wash'd
3. Re-deem'd! redeem'd! I now am His own, Redeem'd and sav'd by
faith in the blood; I'll shout it for - ev - er; From Him who can
white ev - 'ry stain; Send forth the glad message, For those now in
His blood a - lone; What rap-ture in glo - ry, When we hear the
CHORUS.
sev - er Those redeem'd thro' the blood of the Lamb?
bond-age Can be sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb. Thro' the blood of the
sto - ry Of the sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb.
Lamb, ... The faith-ful have come; . . . . . .
the pre - cious Lamb, the faith - ful have come;
With garments wash'd white, ... They walk in the light, ...
With garments wash'd white; the beau-ti - ful light,

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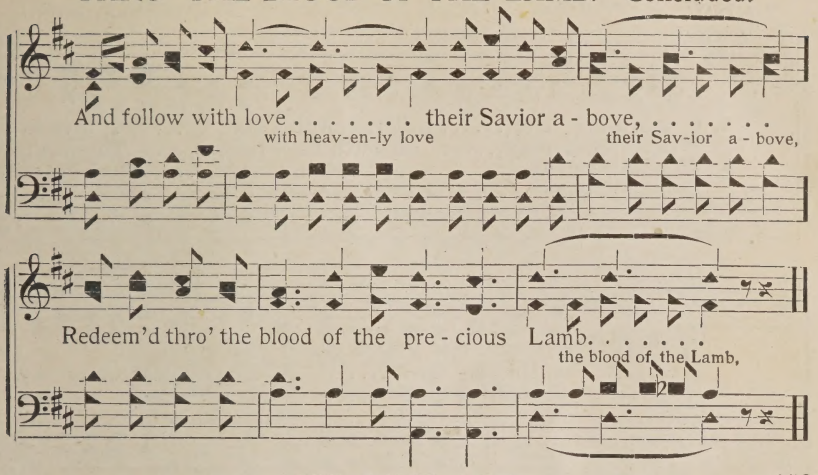
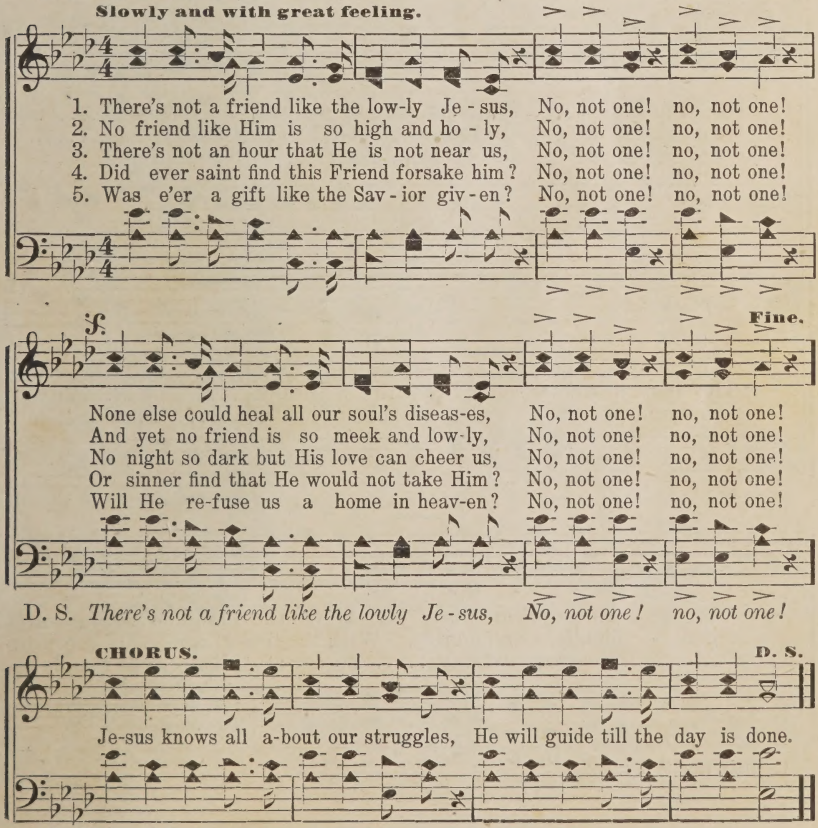

And follow with love . . . . . their Savior a - bove, ...
with heav-en-ly love
their Sav-ior a - bove,
Redeem'd thro' the blood of the pre - cious Lamb. . . . . .
the blood of the Lamb,

NO, NOT ONE! 150

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slowly and with great feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!
f.
Fine.
None else could heal all our soul's diseas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!
D. S. *There's not a friend like the lowly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!*
CHORUS.
D. S.
Je-sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done.

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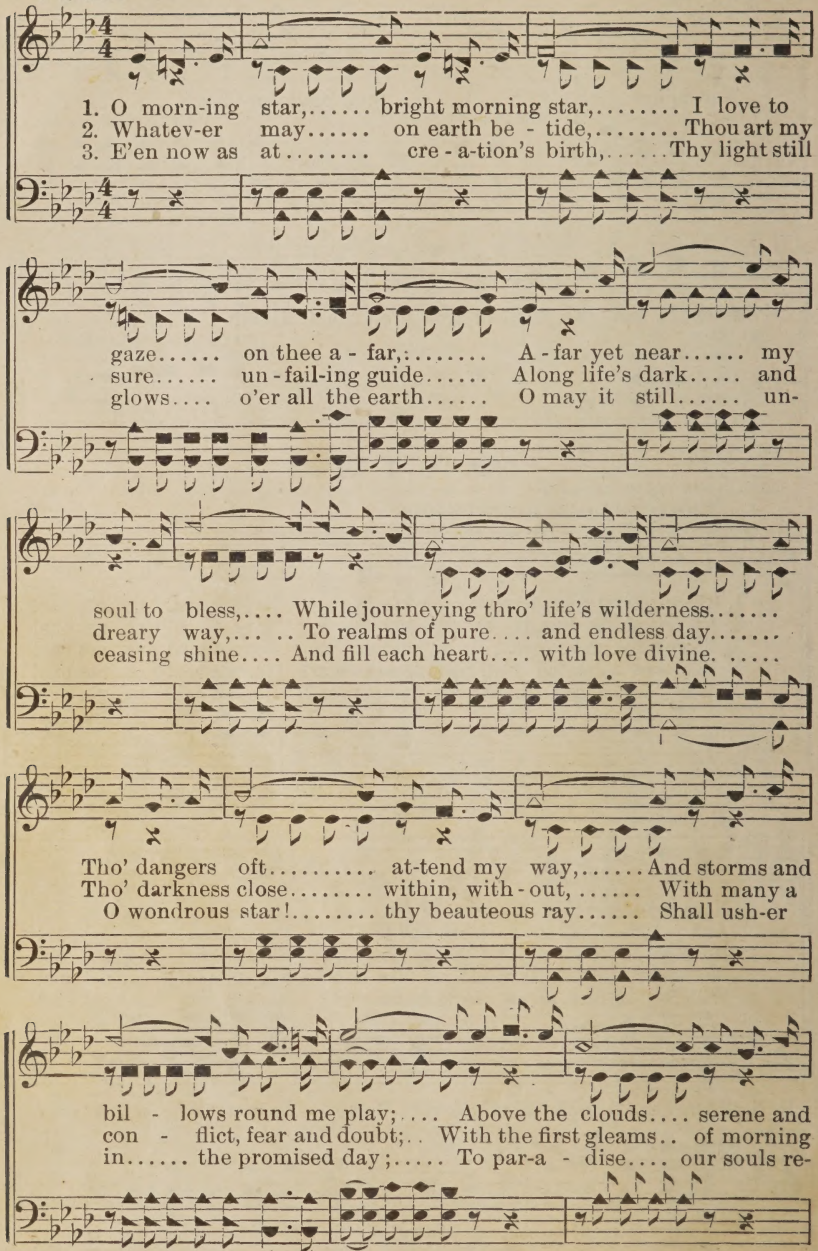
BRIGHT MORNING STAR.

O. A. PRATT. GEO. E. KERSEY.


1. O morn-ing star,..... bright morning star,..... I love to
2. Whatev-er may..... on earth be - tide,..... Thou art my
3. E'en now as at..... cre - a-tion's birth,..... Thy light still
gaze..... on thee a - far,..... A - far yet near..... my
sure..... un - fail-ing guide..... Along life's dark..... and
glows.... o'er all the earth..... O may it still..... un-
soul to bless,.... While journeying thro' life's wilderness.....
dreary way,.... .. To realms of pure.... and endless day.....
ceasing shine.... And fill each heart.... with love divine. .....
Tho' dangers oft..... at-tend my way,..... And storms and
Tho' darkness close..... within, with - out, ... With many a
O wondrous star!..... thy beauteous ray..... Shall ush-er
bil - lows round me play; .... Above the clouds.... serene and
con - flict, fear and doubt;.. With the first gleams.. of morning
in..... the promised day;..... To par-a - dise.... our souls re-

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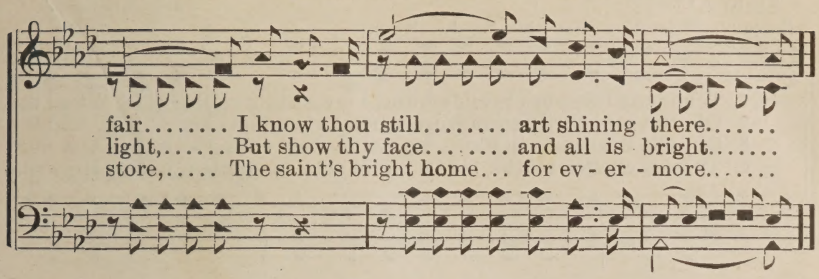
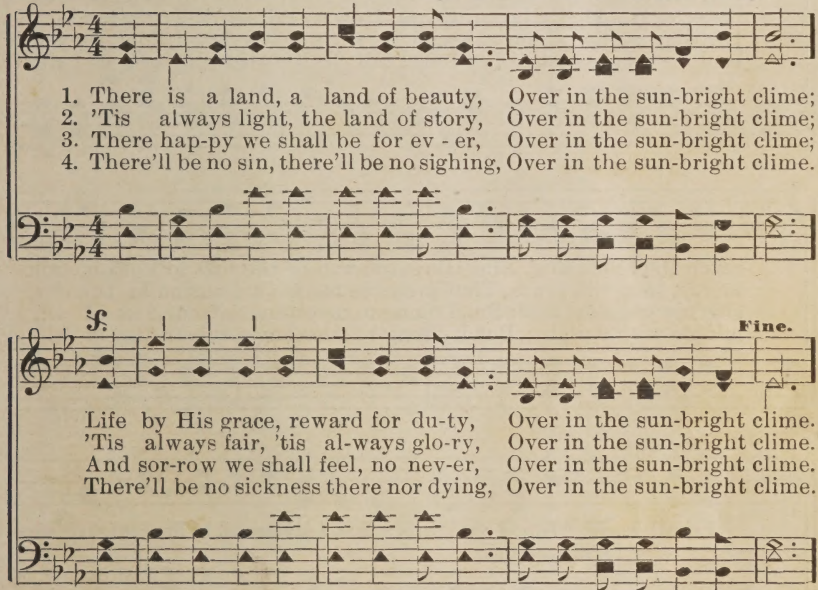
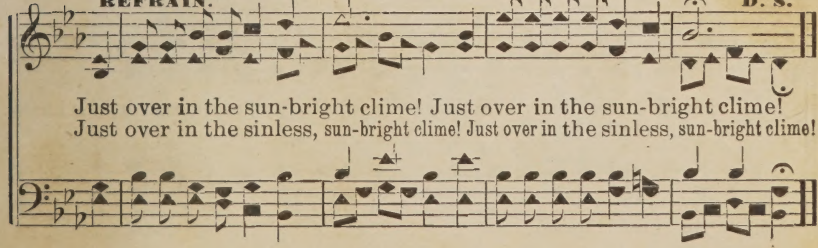
BRIGHT MORNING STAR. Concluded.

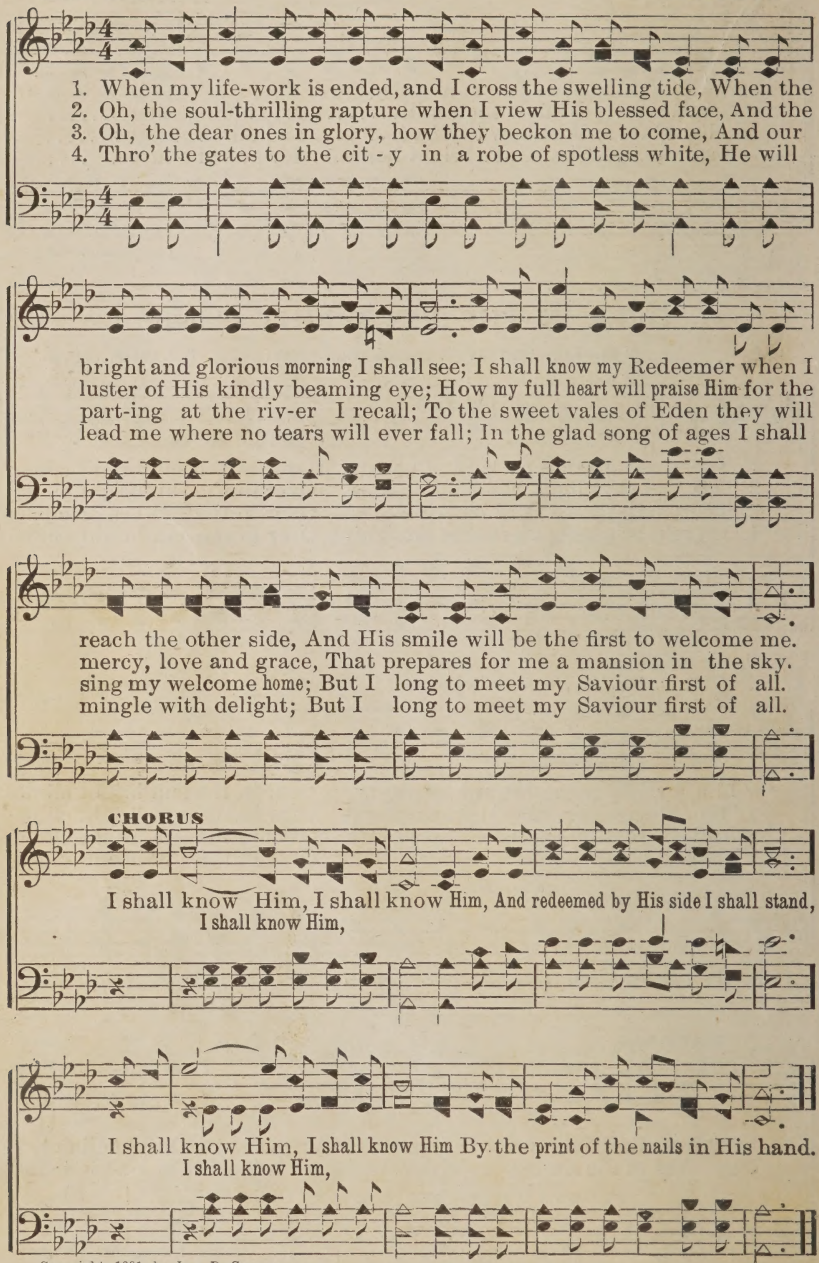

fair..... I know thou still..... art shining there.....
light,..... But show thy face..... and all is bright.....
store,..... The saint's bright home... for ev - er - more.....

OVER IN THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME. 152

S. J. O. "The Lord God giveth them light."—REV. 22: 5. S. J. OSLIN. By per.

1. There is a land, a land of beauty, Over in the sun-bright clime;
2. 'Tis always light, the land of story, Over in the sun-bright clime;
3. There hap-py we shall be for ev - er, Over in the sun-bright clime;
4. There'll be no sin, there'll be no sighing, Over in the sun-bright clime.
f.
Fine.
Life by His grace, reward for du-ty, Over in the sun-bright clime.
'Tis always fair, 'tis al-ways glo-ry, Over in the sun-bright clime.
And sor-row we shall feel, no nev-er, Over in the sun-bright clime.
There'll be no sickness there nor dying, Over in the sun-bright clime.
D. S. We'll sweetly rest from all our la-bors, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.


REFRAIN.
D. S.
Just over in the sun-bright clime! Just over in the sun-bright clime!
Just over in the sinless, sun-bright clime! Just over in the sinless, sun-bright clime!

MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view His blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glory, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white, He will
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
luster of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv-er I recall; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of ages I shall
reach the other side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
mercy, love and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
mingle with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
CHORUS
I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him,
I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

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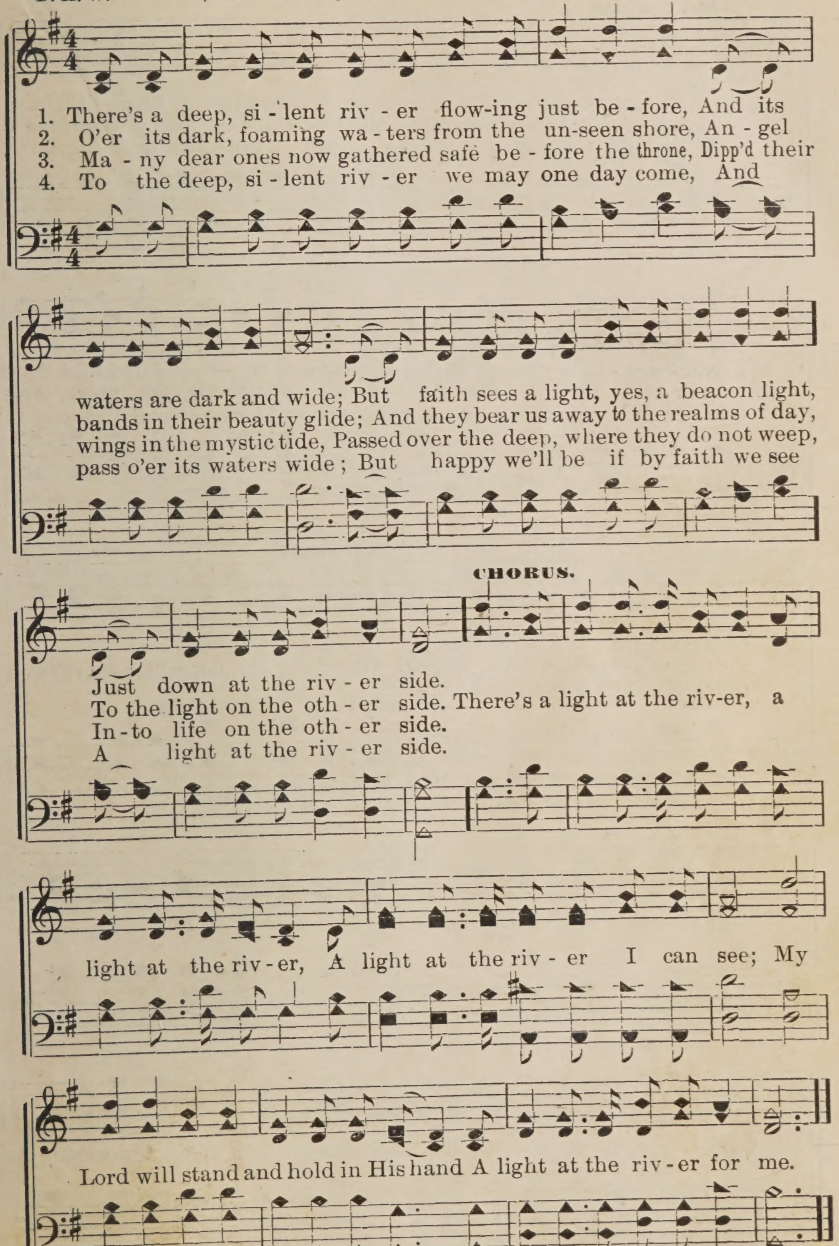
A LIGHT AT THE RIVER.

D. K. W. (TUNE.—I'll sing my Dear Redeemer's praise.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a deep, si - lent riv - er flow-ing just be - fore, And its
2. O'er its dark, foaming wa - ters from the un-seen shore, An - gel
3. Ma - ny dear ones now gathered safe be - fore the throne, Dipp'd their
4. To the deep, si - lent riv - er we may one day come, And
waters are dark and wide; But faith sees a light, yes, a beacon light,
bands in their beauty glide; And they bear us away to the realms of day,
wings in the mystic tide, Passed over the deep, where they do not weep,
pass o'er its waters wide; But happy we'll be if by faith we see
CHORUS.
Just down at the riv - er side.
To the light on the oth - er side. There's a light at the riv-er, a
In - to life on the oth - er side.
A light at the riv - er side.
light at the riv - er, A light at the riv - er I can see; My
Lord will stand and hold in His hand A light at the riv - er for me.

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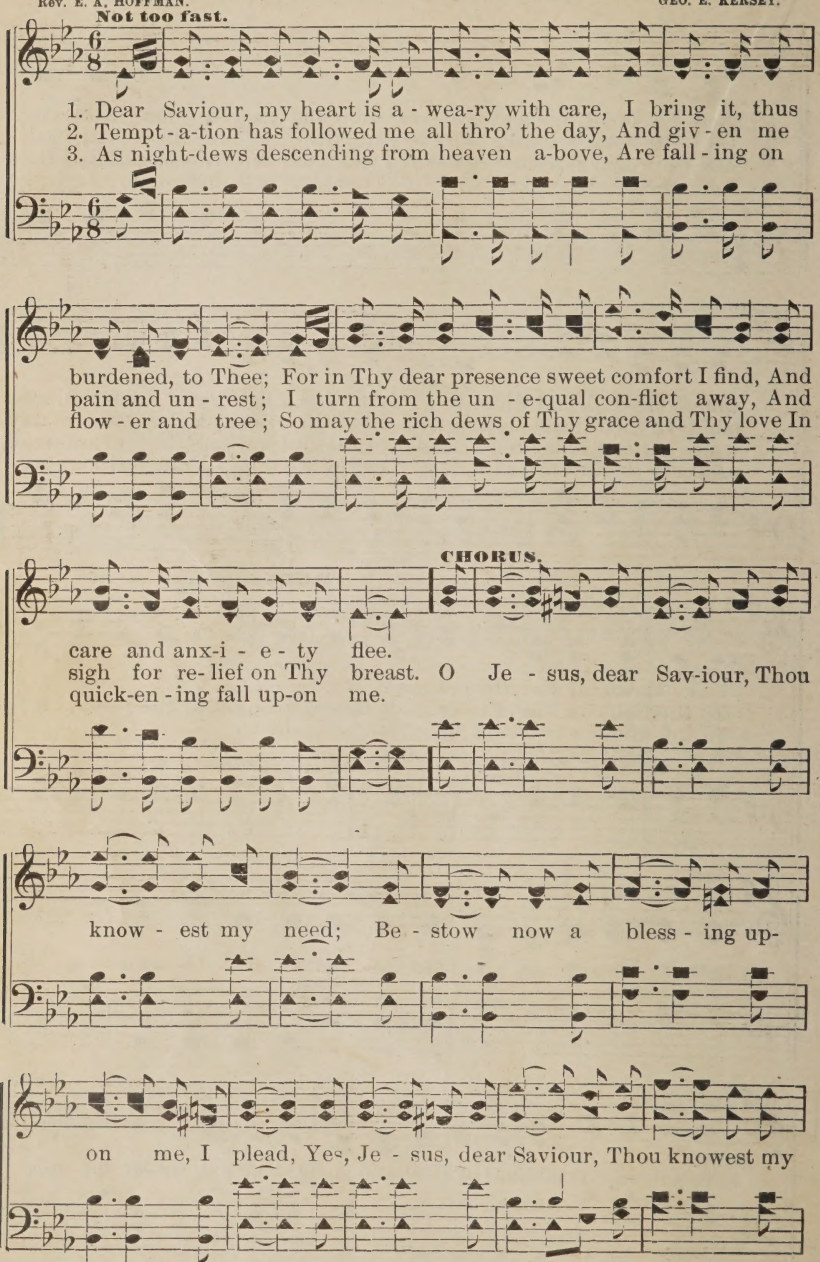
BESTOW NOW A BLESSING.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. E. KERSEY.


Not too fast.
1. Dear Saviour, my heart is a - wea-ry with care, I bring it, thus
2. Tempt - a-tion has followed me all thro' the day, And giv - en me
3. As night-dews descending from heaven a-bove, Are fall - ing on
burdened, to Thee; For in Thy dear presence sweet comfort I find, And
pain and un - rest; I turn from the un - e-qual con-flict away, And
flow - er and tree; So may the rich dews of Thy grace and Thy love In
CHORUS.
care and anx-i - e - ty flee.
sigh for re- lief on Thy breast. O Je - sus, dear Sav-iour, Thou
quick-en - ing fall up-on me.
know - est my need; Be - stow now a bless - ing up-
on me, I plead, Yes, Je - sus, dear Saviour, Thou knowest my

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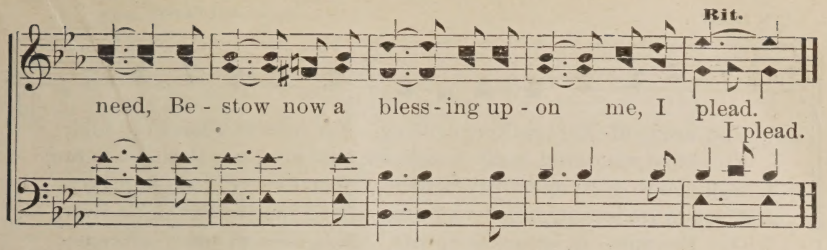
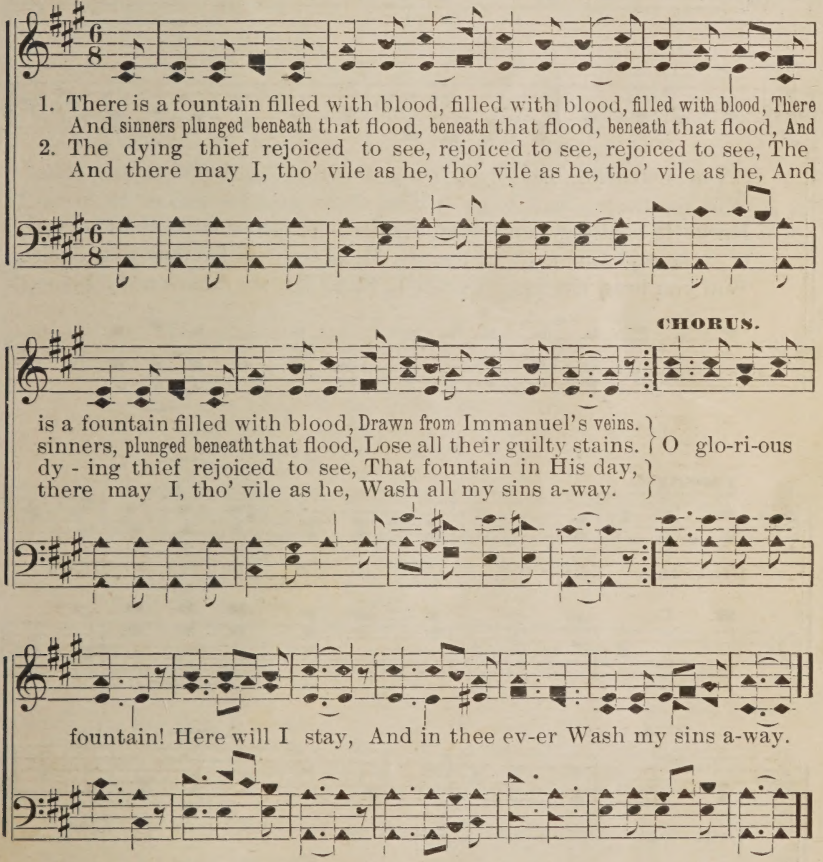
BESTOW NOW A BLESSING. Concluded.



GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN. 156

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE.

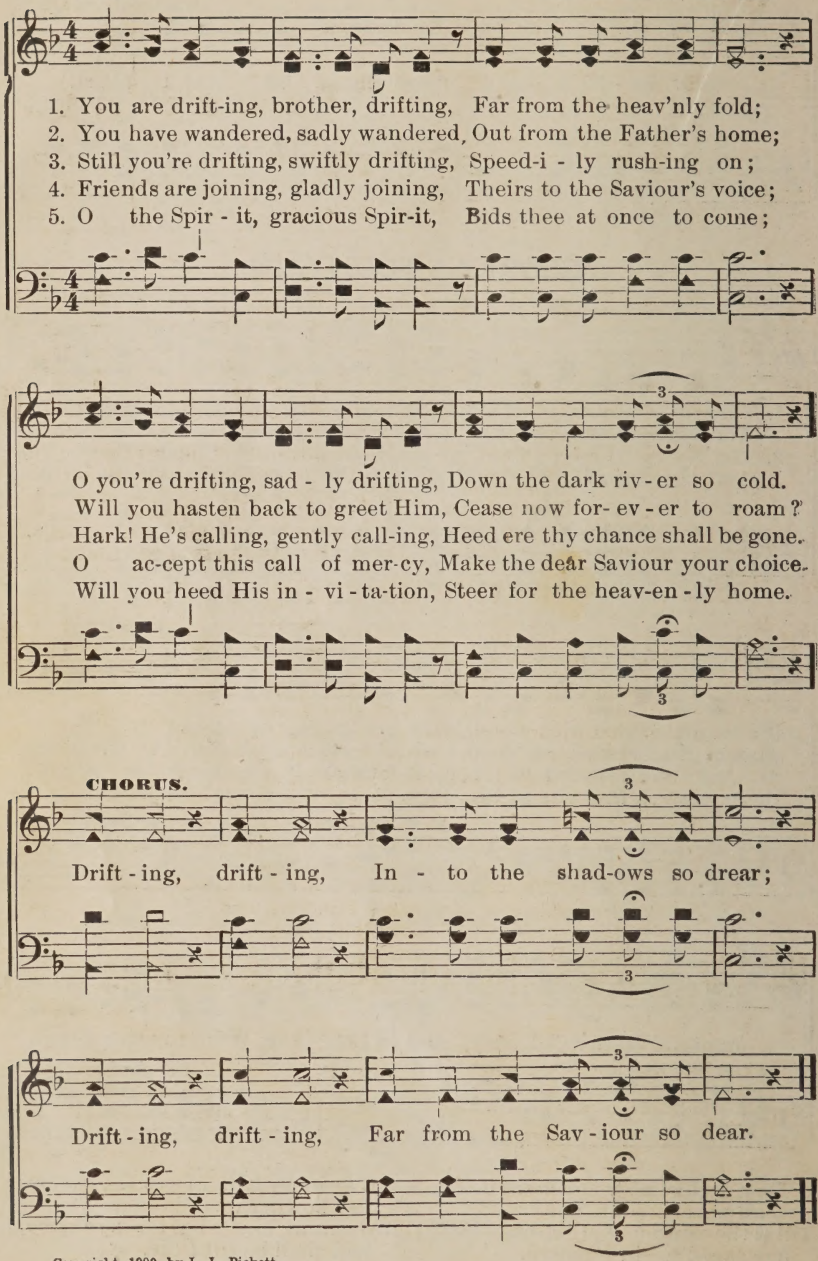

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, The
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And
CHORUS.
is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins.
sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. O glo-ri-ous
dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, That fountain in His day,
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.

3 Thou dying Lamb ‖: Thy precious blood,:‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: Church of God,:‖
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ‖: I saw the stream,:‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖: has been my theme,:‖
And shall be till I die.

DRIFTING.

L. L. PICKETT. Master ROY KERSEY, age 10 years.


1. You are drift-ing, brother, drifting, Far from the heav'nly fold;
2. You have wandered, sadly wandered, Out from the Father's home;
3. Still you're drifting, swiftly drifting, Speed-i - ly rush-ing on;
4. Friends are joining, gladly joining, Theirs to the Saviour's voice;
5. O the Spir - it, gracious Spir-it, Bids thee at once to come;
O you're drifting, sad - ly drifting, Down the dark riv - er so cold.
Will you hasten back to greet Him, Cease now for- ev - er to roam?
Hark! He's calling, gently call-ing, Heed ere thy chance shall be gone.
O ac-cept this call of mer-cy, Make the dear Saviour your choice.
Will you heed His in - vi - ta-tion, Steer for the heav-en - ly home.
CHORUS.
Drift - ing, drift - ing, In - to the shad-ows so drear;
Drift - ing, drift - ing, Far from the Sav - iour so dear.

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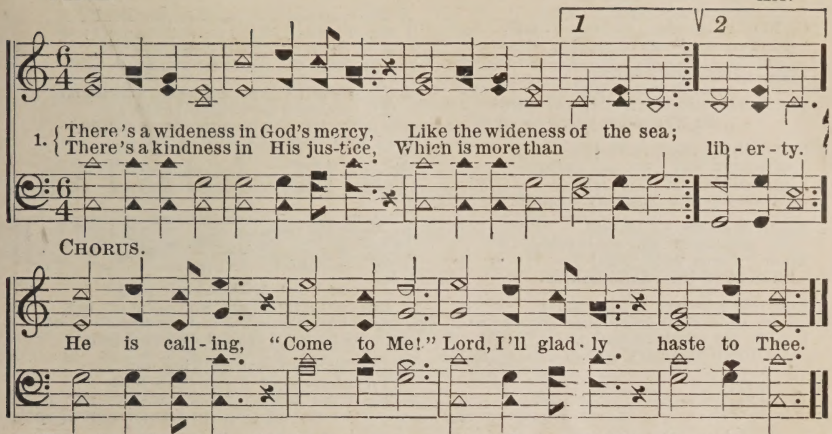
No. 158. He is Calling.

FABER. Arr.

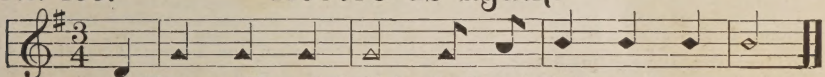

1
2
1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
CHORUS.
He is call-ing, "Come to Me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to Thee.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good.
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 159. Revive us again.



1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory; hallelujah! amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 160. Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

1 Work! for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 161.

1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray:
Find in Me thine all in all.

Cho. — Jesus paid it all!
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim;
I 'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then " Jesus paid it all! "
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I 'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

No. 162.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 163.

ISAAC WATTS.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 164.

ISAAC WATTS.

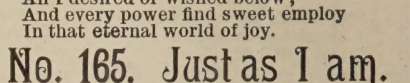
1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truths by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

No. 165. Just as I am.



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am — Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am, — Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down,
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

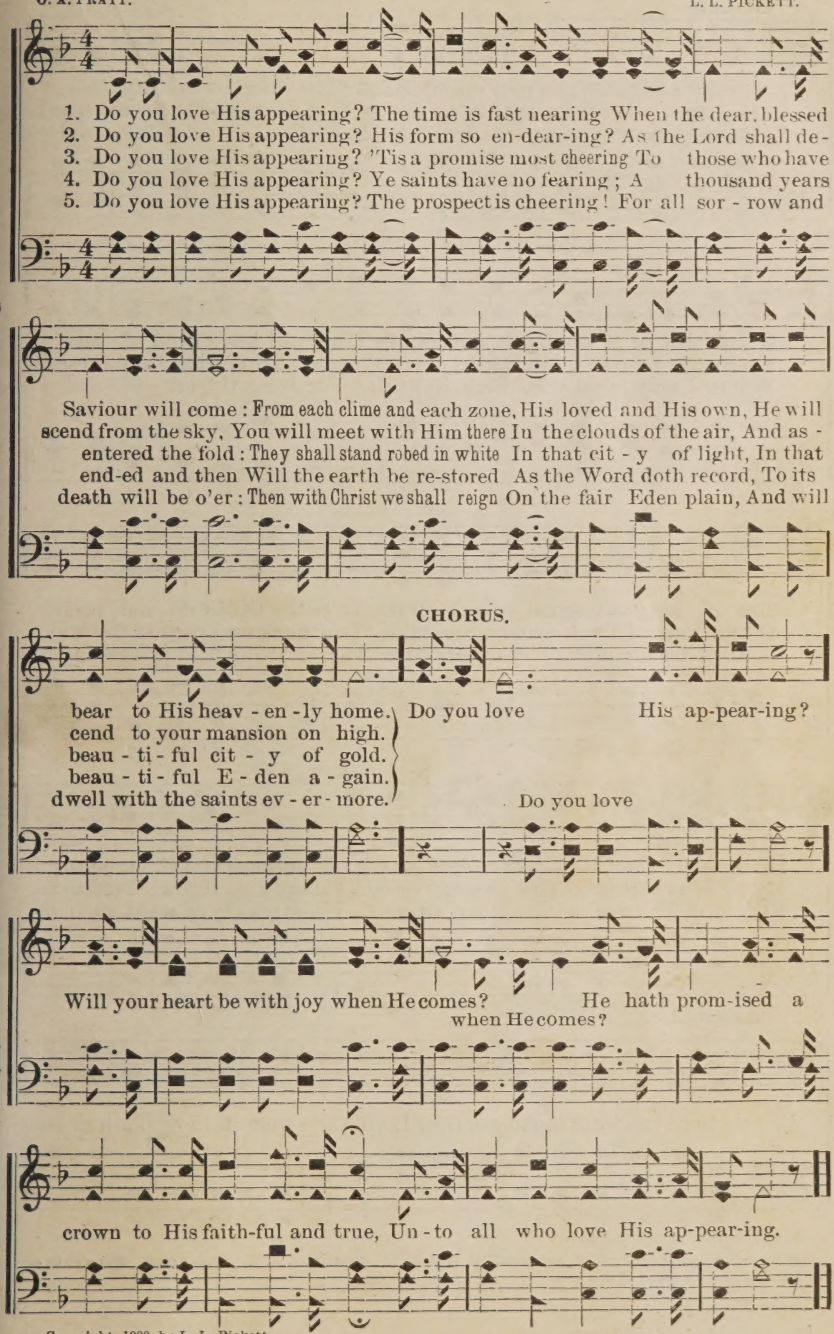
No. 166.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
‖: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe his word and trust His grace,
‖: I 'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I 'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

O. A. PRATT. L. L. PICKETT.


1. Do you love His appearing? The time is fast nearing When the dear, blessed
2. Do you love His appearing? His form so en-dear-ing? As the Lord shall de-
3. Do you love His appearing? 'Tis a promise most cheering To those who have
4. Do you love His appearing? Ye saints have no fearing; A thousand years
5. Do you love His appearing? The prospect is cheering! For all sor - row and
Saviour will come: From each clime and each zone, His loved and His own, He will
scend from the sky, You will meet with Him there In the clouds of the air, And as -
entered the fold: They shall stand robed in white In that cit - y of light, In that
end-ed and then Will the earth be re-stored As the Word doth record, To its
death will be o'er: Then with Christ we shall reign On the fair Eden plain, And will
CHORUS.
bear to His heav - en - ly home.
cend to your mansion on high.
beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
beau - ti - ful E - den a - gain.
dwell with the saints ev - er - more.
Do you love His ap-pear-ing?
Do you love
Will your heart be with joy when He comes? He hath prom-ised a
when He comes?
crown to His faith-ful and true, Un - to all who love His ap-pear-ing.

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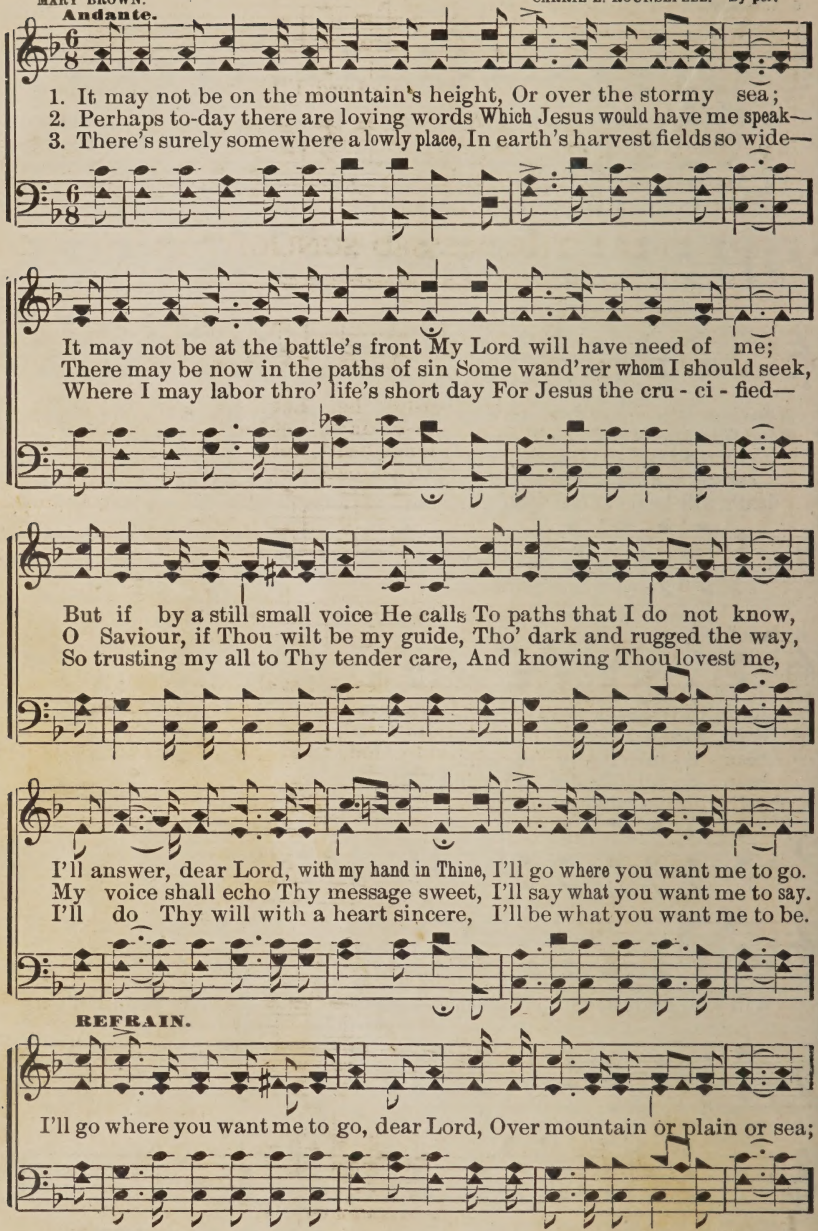
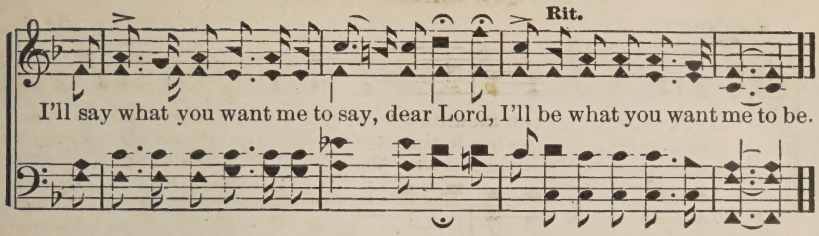
MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL. By per.


Andante.
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or over the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—
It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek,
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Jesus the cru - ci - fied—
But if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.
REFRAIN.
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain or plain or sea;

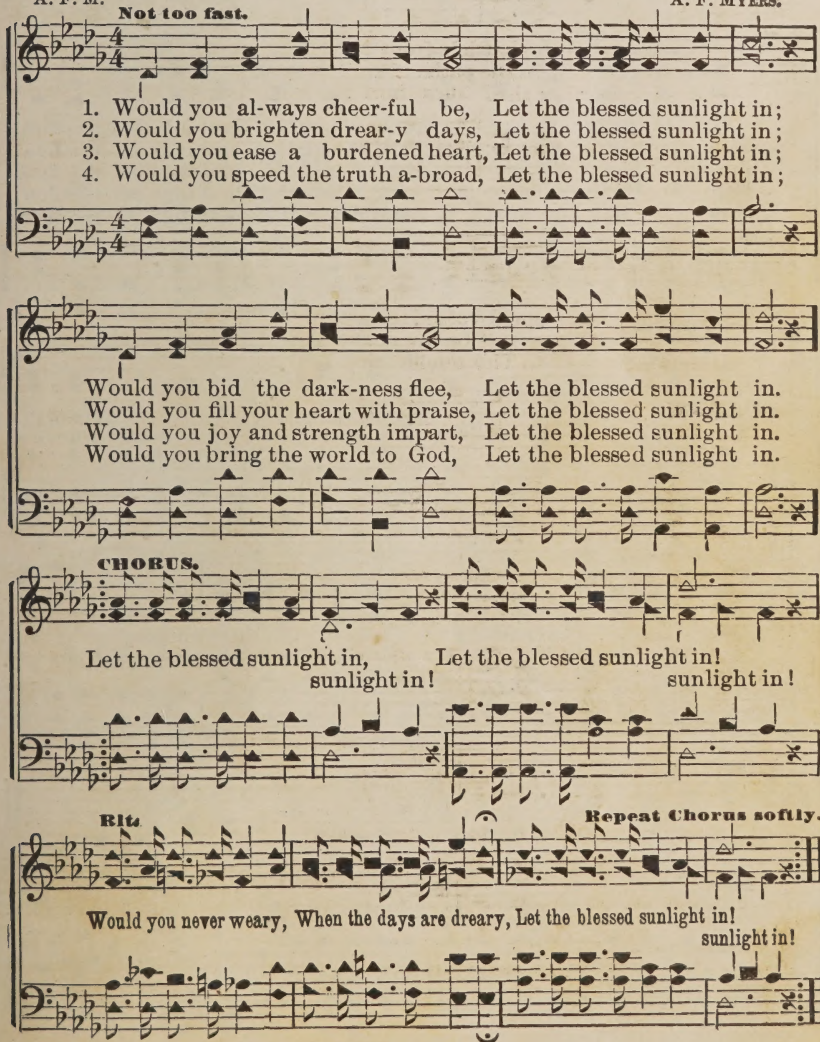
Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell.

Published in sheet form by W. E. Rounsefell, 18 Blodgett St., Manchester, N. H. Price 5 cents May also be ordered through the publisher of this book.



LET THE BLESSED SUNLIGHT IN. 169

"God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all."—I. JOHN 1: 5.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.
1. Would you al-ways cheer-ful be, Let the blessed sunlight in;
2. Would you brighten drear-y days, Let the blessed sunlight in;
3. Would you ease a burdened heart, Let the blessed sunlight in;
4. Would you speed the truth a-broad, Let the blessed sunlight in;
Would you bid the dark-ness flee, Let the blessed sunlight in.
Would you fill your heart with praise, Let the blessed sunlight in.
Would you joy and strength impart, Let the blessed sunlight in.
Would you bring the world to God, Let the blessed sunlight in.
CHORUS.
Let the blessed sunlight in, Let the blessed sunlight in!
sunlight in! sunlight in!
Rit.
Repeat Chorus softly.
Would you never weary, When the days are dreary, Let the blessed sunlight in!
sunlight in!

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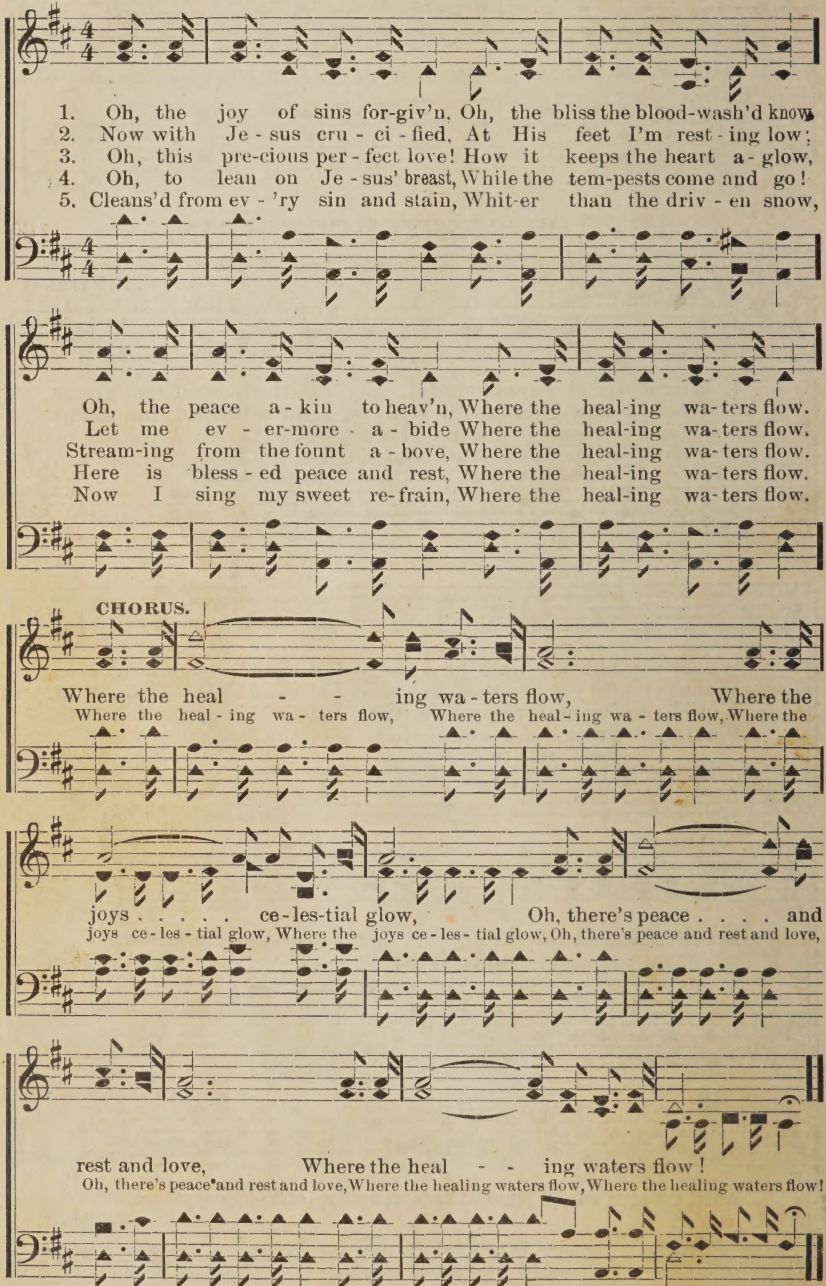
THE HEALING WATERS.

H. H. HEIMAR. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oh, the joy of sins for-giv'n, Oh, the bliss the blood-wash'd know
2. Now with Je - sus cru - ci - fied, At His feet I'm rest - ing low;
3. Oh, this pre-cious per - fect love! How it keeps the heart a - glow,
4. Oh, to lean on Je - sus' breast, While the tem-pests come and go!
5. Cleans'd from ev - 'ry sin and stain, Whit-er than the driv - en snow,
Oh, the peace a - kin to heav'n, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Let me ev - er-more a - bide Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Stream-ing from the fount a - bove, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Here is bless - ed peace and rest, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Now I sing my sweet re-frain, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
CHORUS.
Where the heal - - ing wa-ters flow, Where the
Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the
joys . . . . ce-les-tial glow, Oh, there's peace . . . . and
joys ce-les - tial glow, Where the joys ce-les - tial glow, Oh, there's peace and rest and love,
rest and love, Where the heal - - ing waters flow!
Oh, there's peace and rest and love, Where the healing waters flow, Where the healing waters flow!
wa-ters flow.

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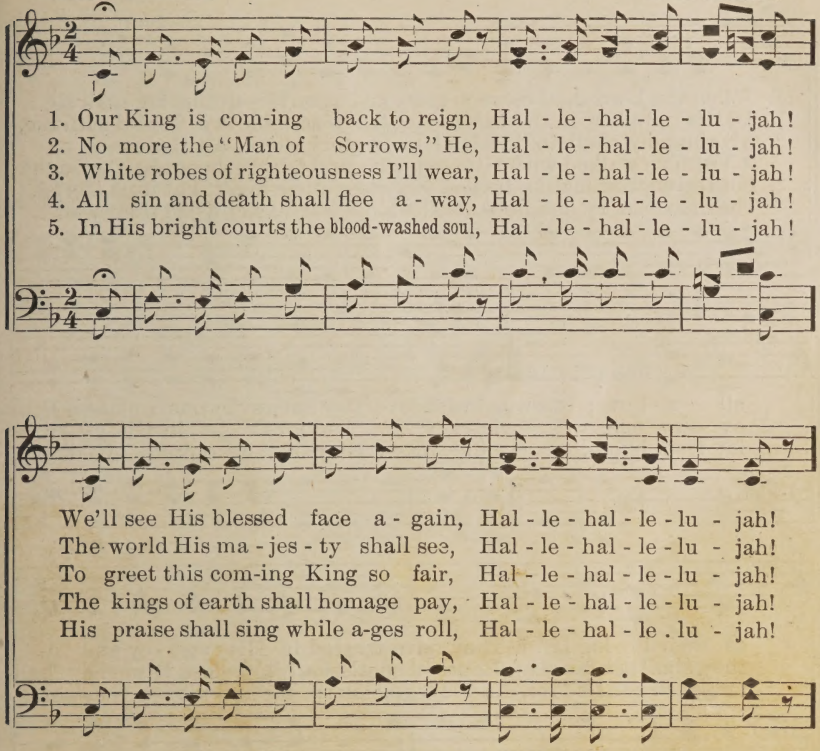
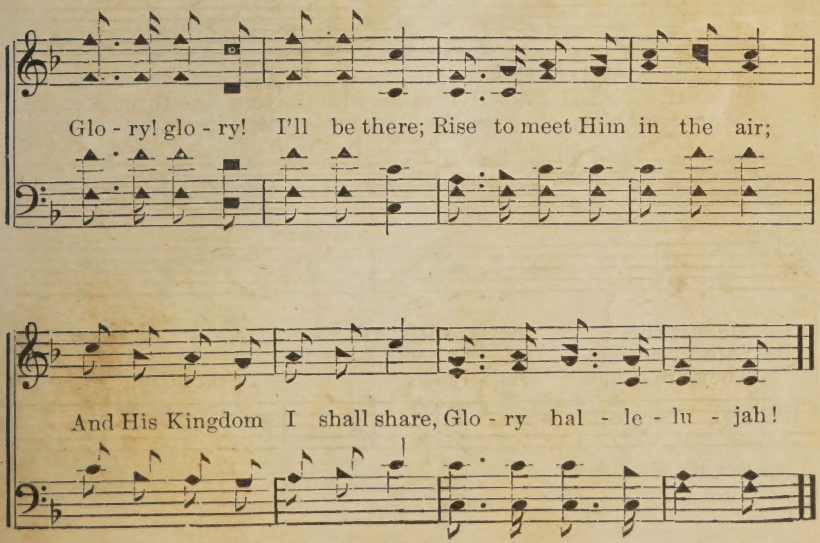
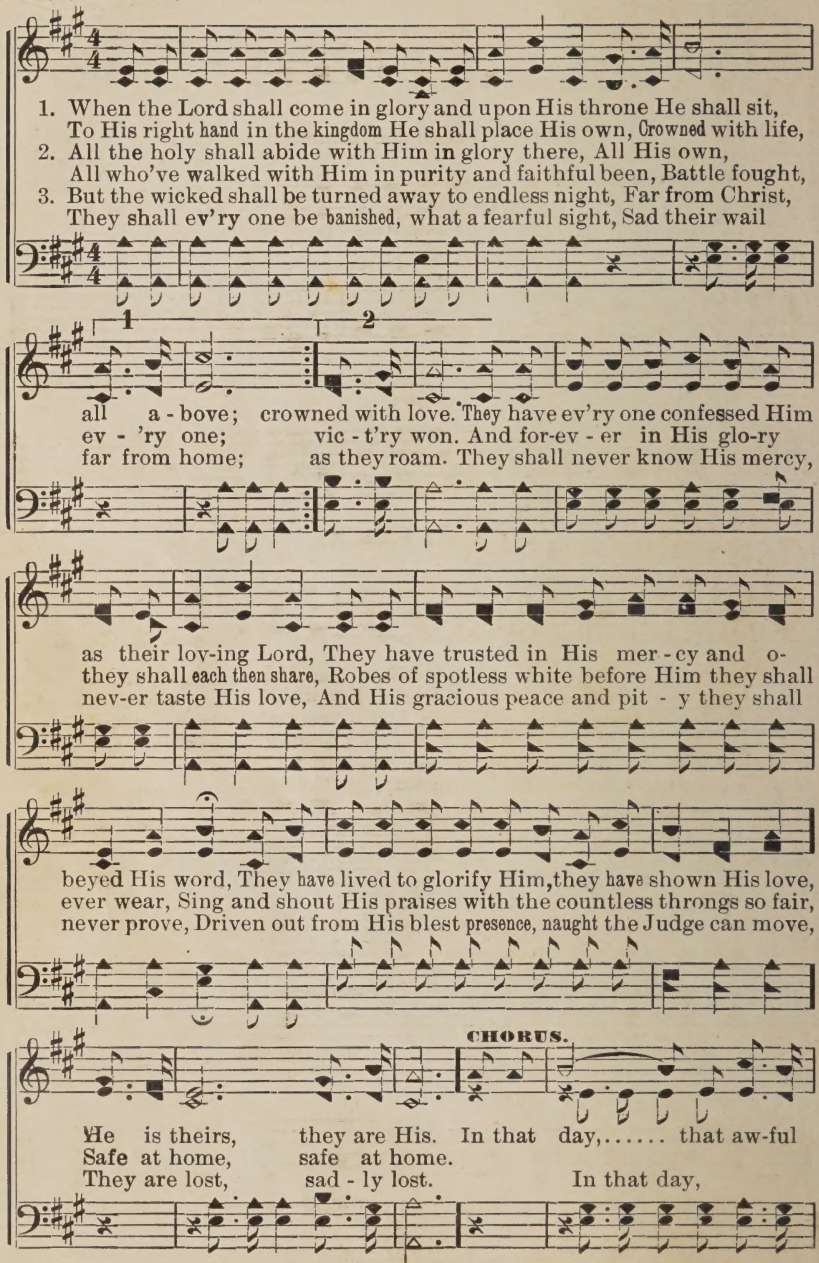
CHAS. A. McCONNELL. EDGAR BURKART.


1. Our King is com-ing back to reign, Hal - le - hal - le - lu - jah!
2. No more the "Man of Sorrows," He, Hal - le - hal - le - lu - jah!
3. White robes of righteousness I'll wear, Hal - le - hal - le - lu - jah!
4. All sin and death shall flee a - way, Hal - le - hal - le - lu - jah!
5. In His bright courts the blood-washed soul, Hal - le - hal - le - lu - jah!
We'll see His blessed face a - gain, Hal - le - hal - le - lu - jah!
The world His ma - jes - ty shall see, Hal - le - hal - le - lu - jah!
To greet this com-ing King so fair, Hal - le - hal - le - lu - jah!
The kings of earth shall homage pay, Hal - le - hal - le - lu - jah!
His praise shall sing while a-ges roll, Hal - le - hal - le . lu - jah!

CHORUS.



THAT DAY.

L. D. CARRINGTON. L. D. CARRINGTON.

1. When the Lord shall come in glory and upon His throne He shall sit,
To His right hand in the kingdom He shall place His own, Crowned with life,
2. All the holy shall abide with Him in glory there, All His own,
All who've walked with Him in purity and faithful been, Battle fought,
3. But the wicked shall be turned away to endless night, Far from Christ,
They shall ev'ry one be banished, what a fearful sight, Sad their wail
1
2
all a - bove; crowned with love. They have ev'ry one confessed Him
ev - 'ry one; vic - t'ry won. And for-ev - er in His glo-ry
far from home; as they roam. They shall never know His mercy,
as their lov-ing Lord, They have trusted in His mer - cy and o-
they shall each then share, Robes of spotless white before Him they shall
nev-er taste His love, And His gracious peace and pit - y they shall
beyed His word, They have lived to glorify Him, they have shown His love,
ever wear, Sing and shout His praises with the countless throngs so fair,
never prove, Driven out from His blest presence, naught the Judge can move,
CHORUS.
He is theirs, they are His. In that day,..... that aw-ful
Safe at home, safe at home.
They are lost, sad - ly lost. In that day,

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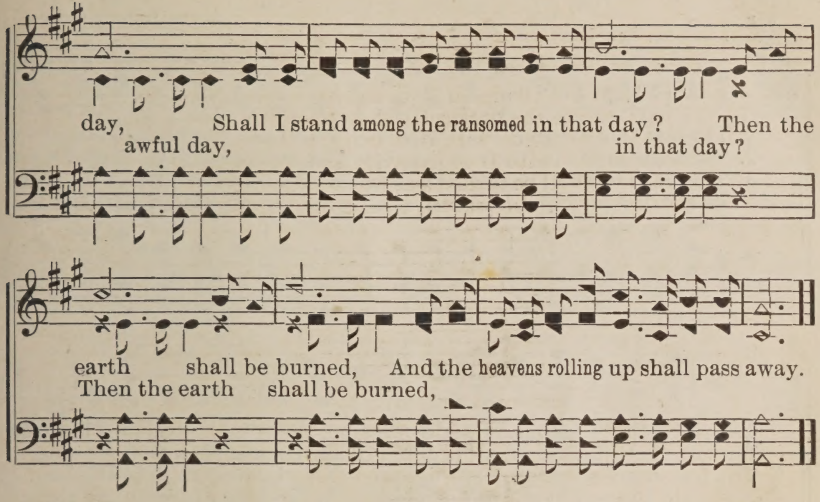
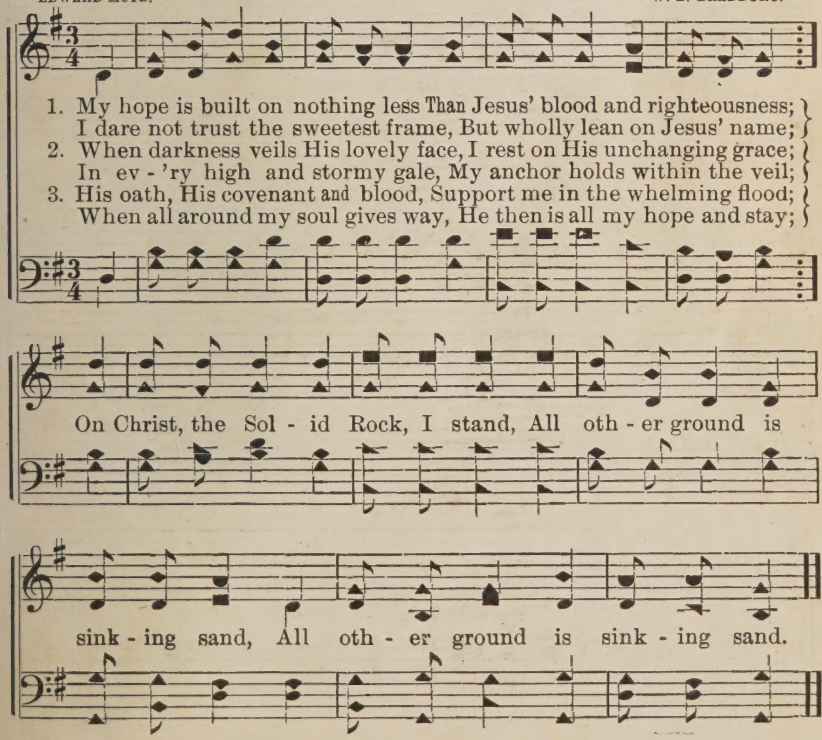

day, Shall I stand among the ransomed in that day? Then the
awful day, in that day?
earth shall be burned, And the heavens rolling up shall pass away.
Then the earth shall be burned,

SOLID ROCK. 173

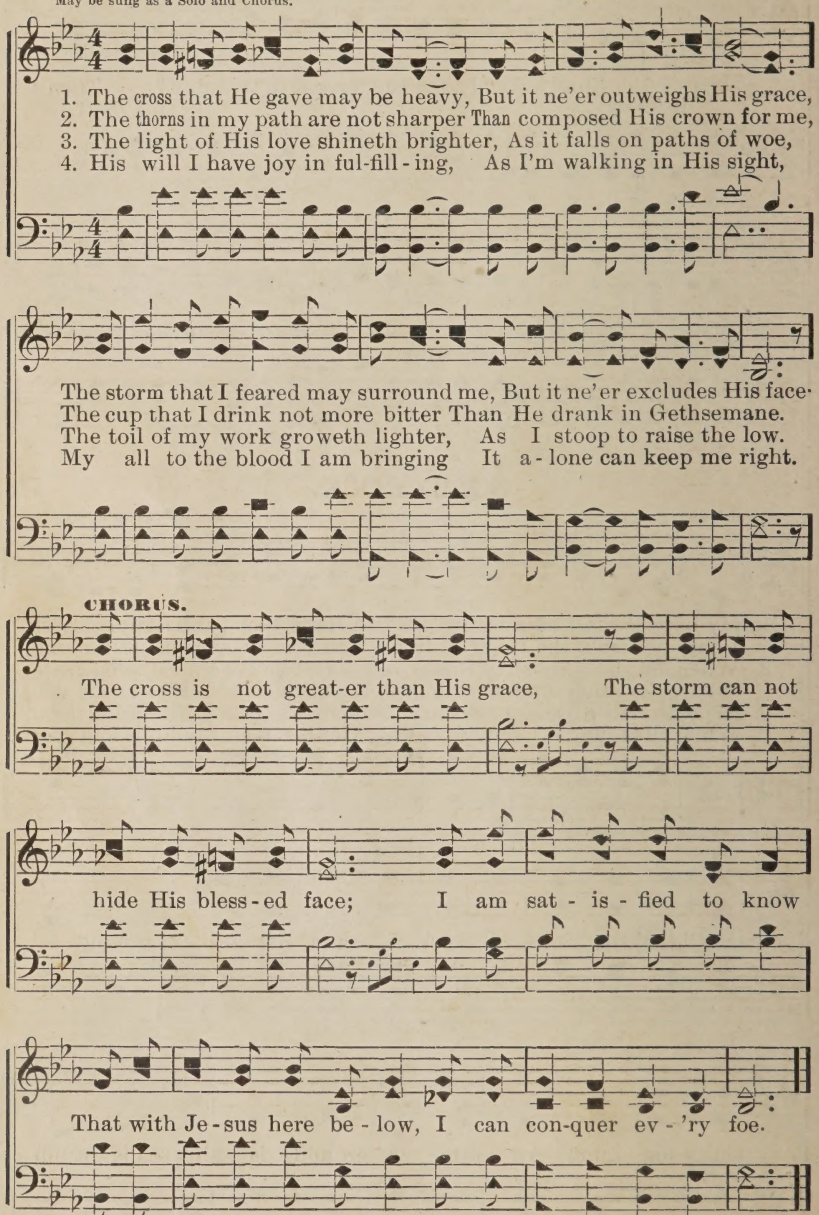
EDWARD MOTE. W. B. BRADBURY.


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name;
2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
In ev - 'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil;
3. His oath, His covenant and blood, Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay;
On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand, All oth - er ground is
sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."—2 Cor. 12: 9.

B. B. Gen. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walking in His sight,
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bitter Than He drank in Gethsemane.
The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bringing It a-lone can keep me right.
CHORUS.
The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can not
hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know
That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

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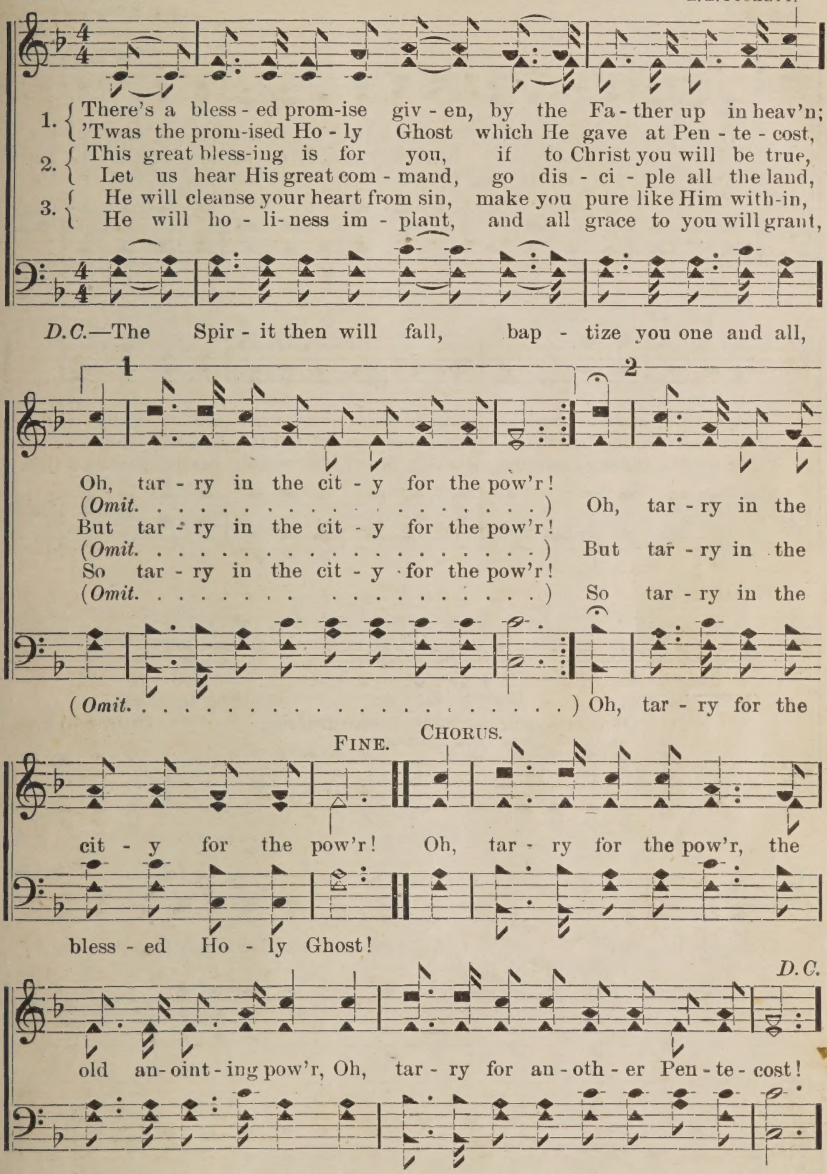
"But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."—Luke 24 : 49.

Rev. A. C. BANE. L. L. PICKETT.

1. There's a bless - ed prom-ise giv - en, by the Fa - ther up in heav'n;
'Twas the prom-ised Ho - ly Ghost which He gave at Pen - te - cost,
2. This great bless-ing is for you, if to Christ you will be true,
Let us hear His great com - mand, go dis - ci - ple all the land,
3. He will cleanse your heart from sin, make you pure like Him with-in,
He will ho - li - ness im - plant, and all grace to you will grant,
D.C.—The Spir - it then will fall, bap - tize you one and all,
1
2
Oh, tar - ry in the cit - y for the pow'r!
(Omit. . . . .) Oh, tar - ry in the
But tar - ry in the cit - y for the pow'r!
(Omit. . . . .) But tar - ry in the
So tar - ry in the cit - y for the pow'r!
(Omit. . . . .) So tar - ry in the
(Omit. . . . .) Oh, tar - ry for the
FINE.
CHORUS.
cit - y for the pow'r! Oh, tar - ry for the pow'r, the
bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost!
D.C.
old an-oint - ing pow'r, Oh, tar - ry for an - oth - er Pen - te - cost!

4 He will comfort, teach and fill, if to Him you give your will,
Yes, tarry in the city for the power!
He'll anoint you from above, fill your heart with perfect love,
Yes, tarry in the city for the power!

5 Our great Comforter has come, and the Church must give Him room,
Now tarry in the city for the power!
He'll baptize with sacred fire, keep you till you're called up higher,
Now tarry in the city for the power!

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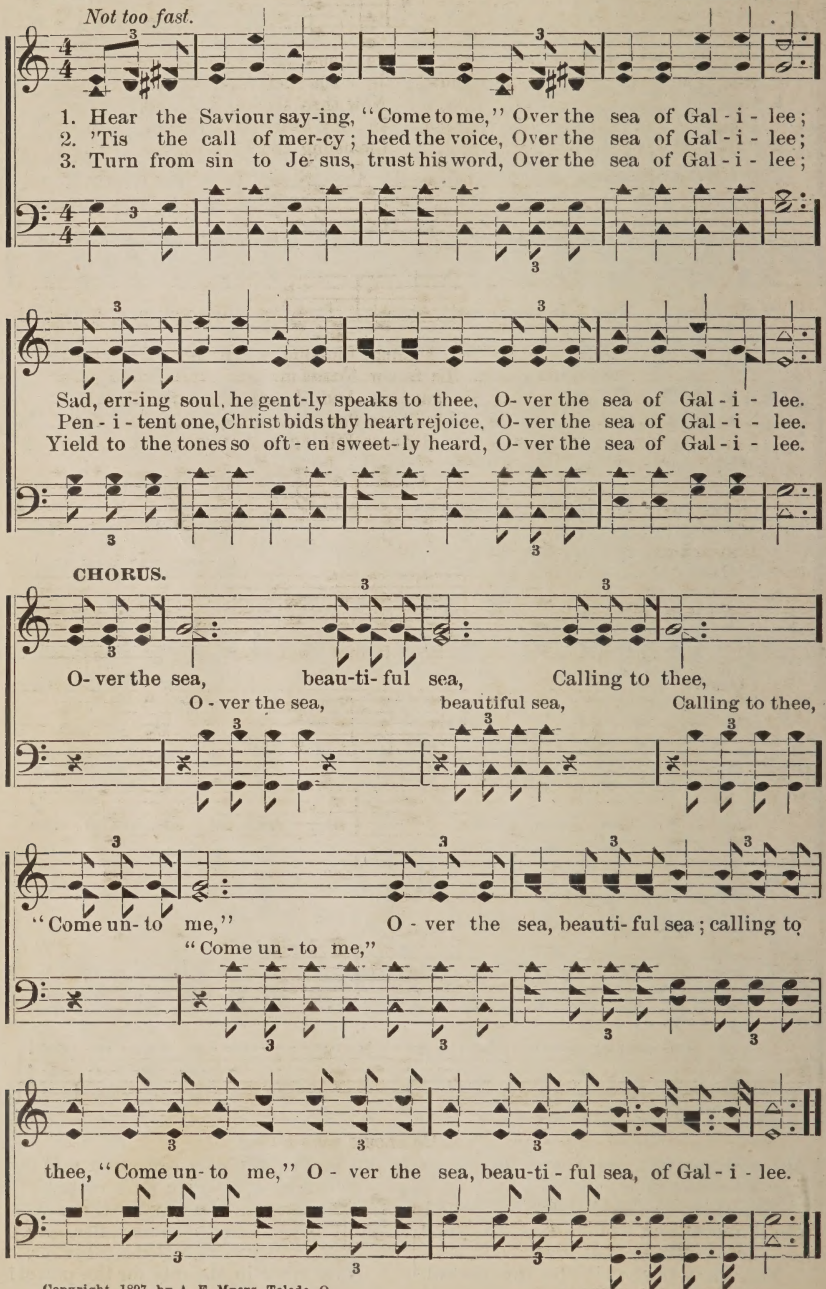
OVER THE SEA.

"And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."—Matt. 5 : 19.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS, by per.

Not too fast.

1. Hear the Saviour say-ing, "Come to me," Over the sea of Gal - i - lee;
2. 'Tis the call of mer-cy; heed the voice, Over the sea of Gal - i - lee;
3. Turn from sin to Je- sus, trust his word, Over the sea of Gal - i - lee;
Sad, err-ing soul, he gent-ly speaks to thee, O- ver the sea of Gal - i - lee.
Pen - i - tent one, Christ bids thy heart rejoice, O- ver the sea of Gal - i - lee.
Yield to the tones so oft - en sweet - ly heard, O- ver the sea of Gal - i - lee.
CHORUS.
O- ver the sea, beau-ti- ful sea, Calling to thee,
O - ver the sea, beautiful sea, Calling to thee,
"Come un- to me," O - ver the sea, beauti- ful sea; calling to
"Come un - to me,"
thee, "Come un- to me," O - ver the sea, beau-ti - ful sea, of Gal - i - lee.

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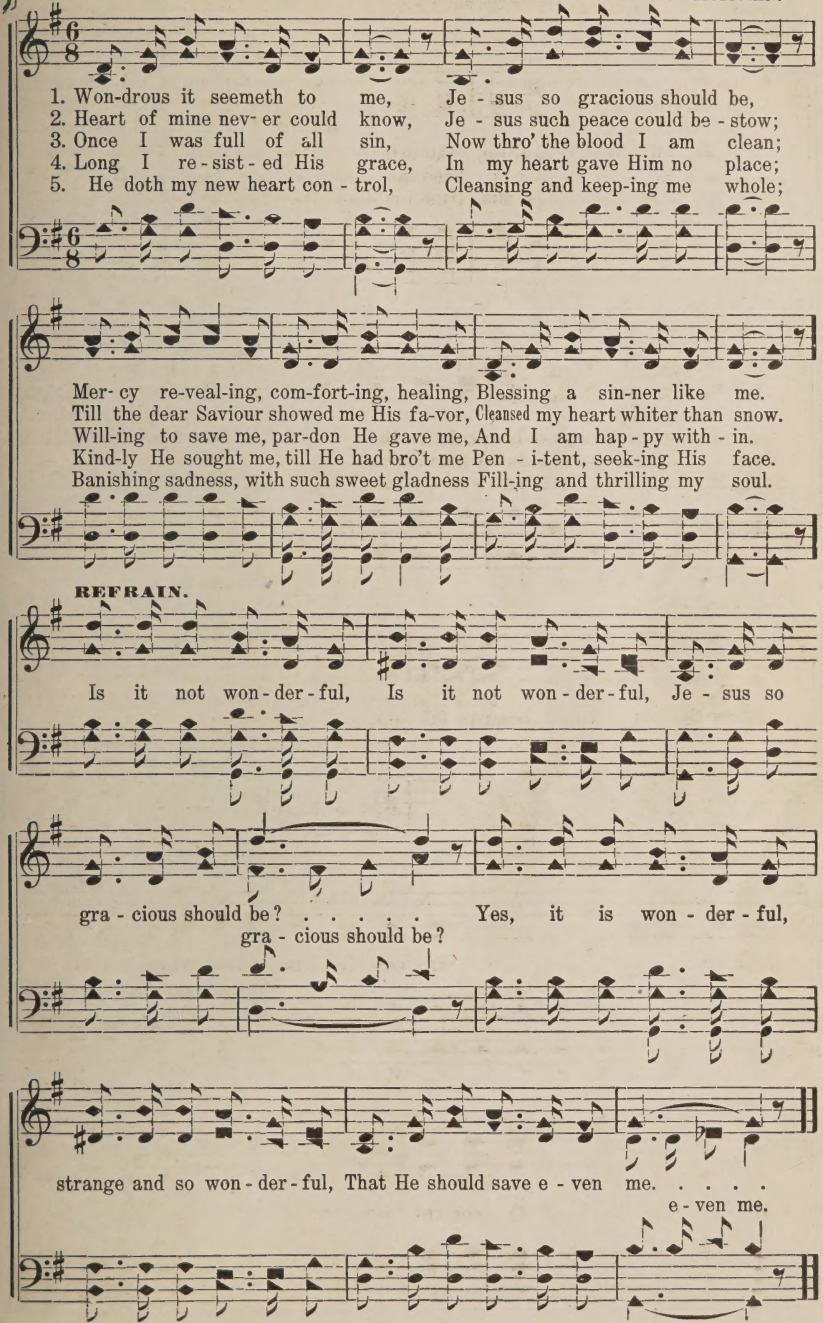
E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Won-drous it seemeth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev- er could know, Je - sus such peace could be - stow;
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now thro' the blood I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place;
5. He doth my new heart con - trol, Cleansing and keep-ing me whole;
Mer- cy re-veal-ing, com-fort-ing, healing, Blessing a sin-ner like me.
Till the dear Saviour showed me His fa-vor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
Will-ing to save me, par-don He gave me, And I am hap - py with - in.
Kind-ly He sought me, till He had bro't me Pen - i-tent, seek-ing His face.
Banishing sadness, with such sweet gladness Fill-ing and thrilling my soul.
REFRAIN.
Is it not won - der - ful, Is it not won - der - ful, Je - sus so
gra - cious should be? . . . . . Yes, it is won - der - ful,
gra - cious should be?
strange and so won - der - ful, That He should save e - ven me. . . . .
e - ven me.

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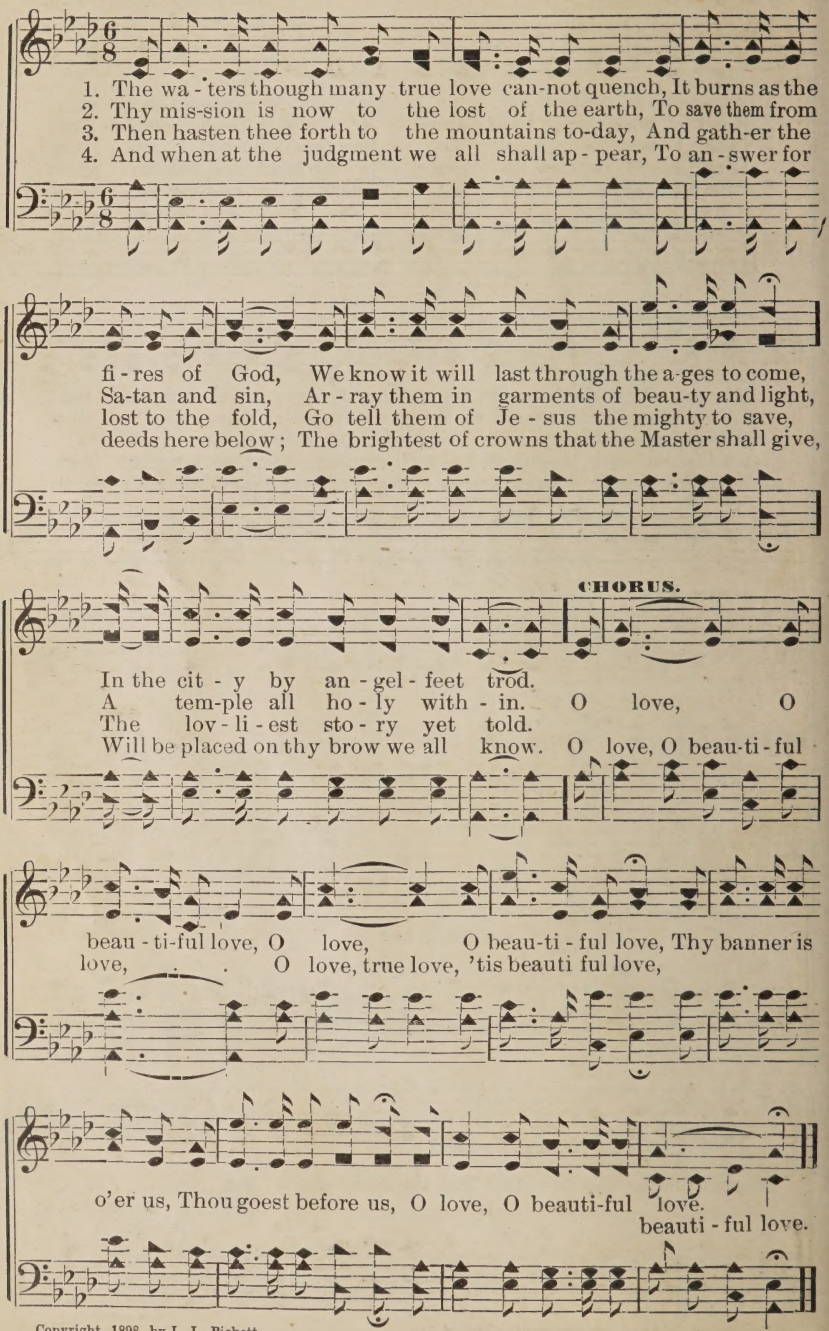
BEAUTIFUL LOVE.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.

1. The wa - ters though many true love can-not quench, It burns as the
2. Thy mis-sion is now to the lost of the earth, To save them from
3. Then hasten thee forth to the mountains to-day, And gath-er the
4. And when at the judgment we all shall ap - pear, To an - swer for
fi - res of God, We know it will last through the a-ges to come,
Sa-tan and sin, Ar - ray them in garments of beau-ty and light,
lost to the fold, Go tell them of Je - sus the mighty to save,
deeds here below; The brightest of crowns that the Master shall give,
CHORUS.
In the cit - y by an - gel - feet trod.
A tem-ple all ho - ly with - in. O love, O
The lov - li - est sto - ry yet told.
Will be placed on thy brow we all know. O love, O beau-ti - ful
beau - ti-ful love, O love, O beau-ti - ful love, Thy banner is
love, . . O love, true love, 'tis beauti ful love,
o'er us, Thou goest before us, O love, O beauti-ful love.
beauti - ful love.

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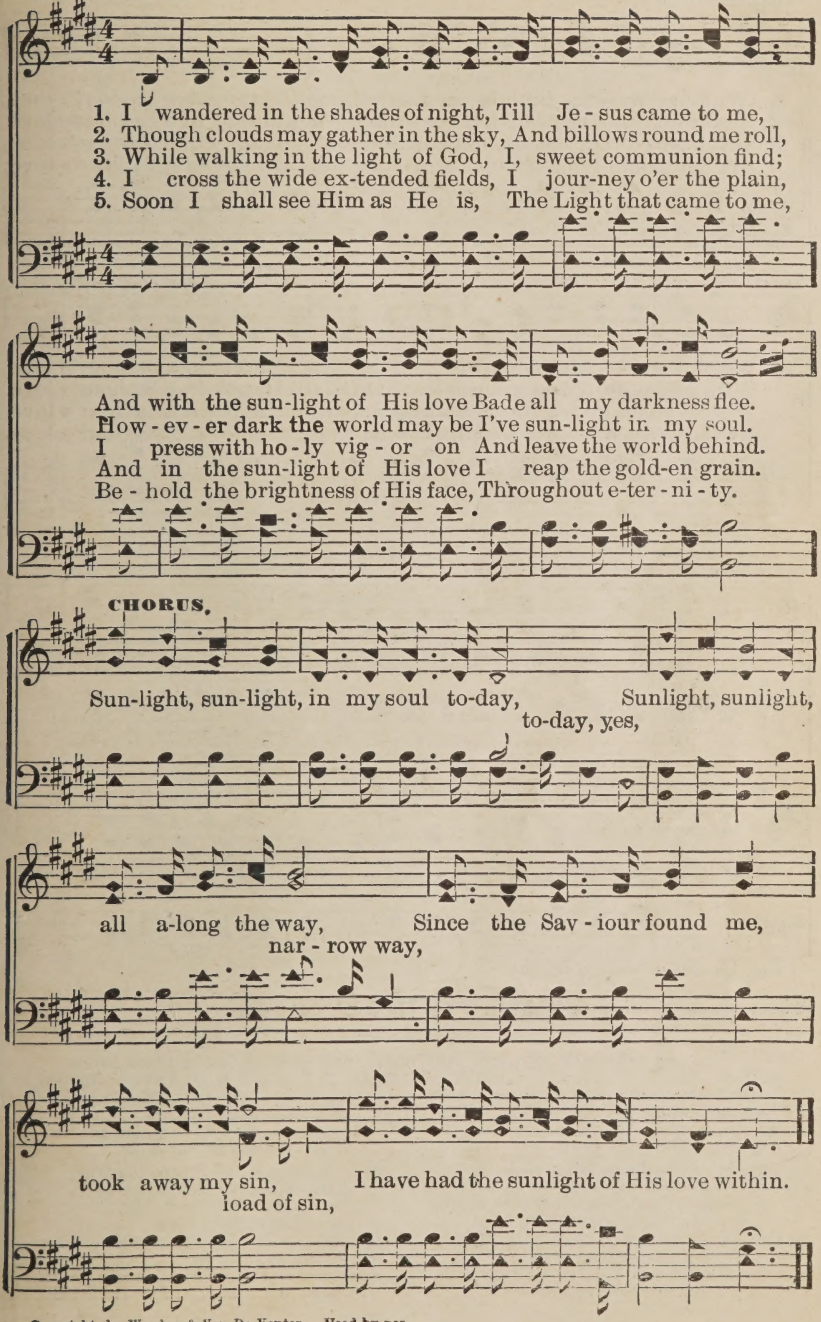
J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.


1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Though clouds may gather in the sky, And billows round me roll,
3. While walking in the light of God, I, sweet communion find;
4. I cross the wide ex-tended fields, I jour-ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me,
And with the sun-light of His love Bade all my darkness flee.
How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world behind.
And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold-en grain.
Be - hold the brightness of His face, Throughout e-ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS.
Sun-light, sun-light, in my soul to-day, Sunlight, sunlight,
to-day, yes,
all a-long the way, Since the Sav - iour found me,
nar - row way,
took away my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love within.
load of sin,

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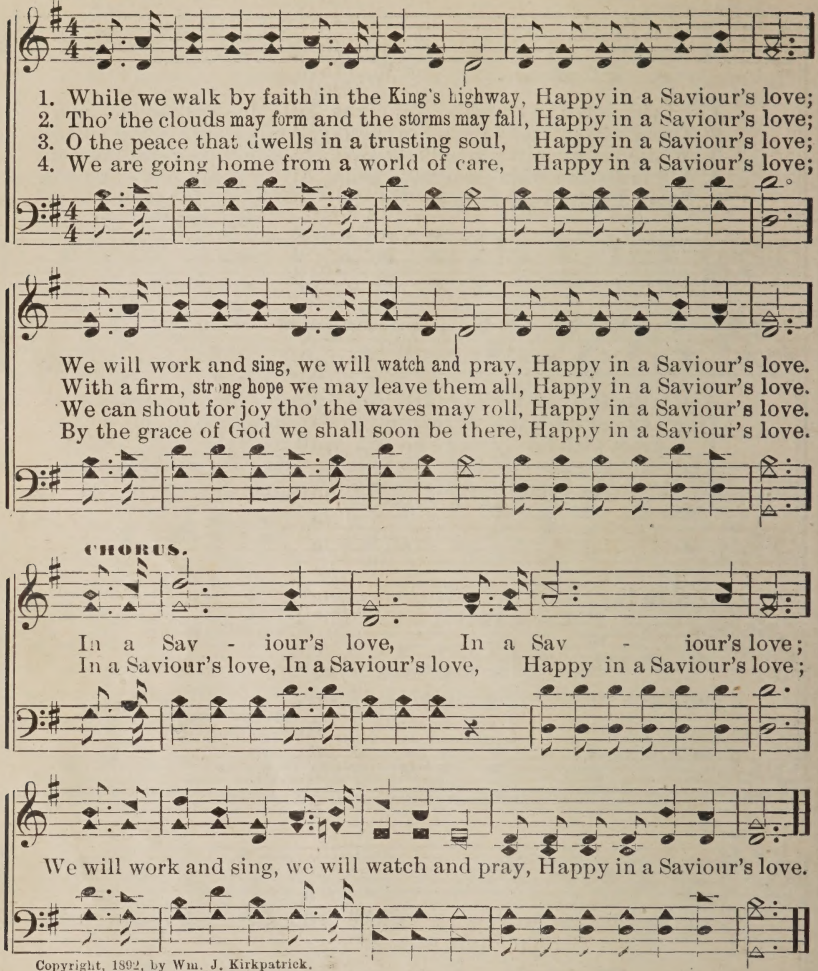
HAPPY IN A SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. While we walk by faith in the King's highway, Happy in a Saviour's love;
2. Tho' the clouds may form and the storms may fall, Happy in a Saviour's love;
3. O the peace that dwells in a trusting soul, Happy in a Saviour's love;
4. We are going home from a world of care, Happy in a Saviour's love;
We will work and sing, we will watch and pray, Happy in a Saviour's love.
With a firm, strong hope we may leave them all, Happy in a Saviour's love.
We can shout for joy tho' the waves may roll, Happy in a Saviour's love.
By the grace of God we shall soon be there, Happy in a Saviour's love.
CHORUS.
In a Sav - iour's love, In a Sav - iour's love;
In a Saviour's love, In a Saviour's love, Happy in a Saviour's love;
We will work and sing, we will watch and pray, Happy in a Saviour's love.

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181

COME TO JESUS NOW.

KEY OF A-FLAT.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—MATT. 11: 29. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON. By per. J. H. S.

1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now,
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

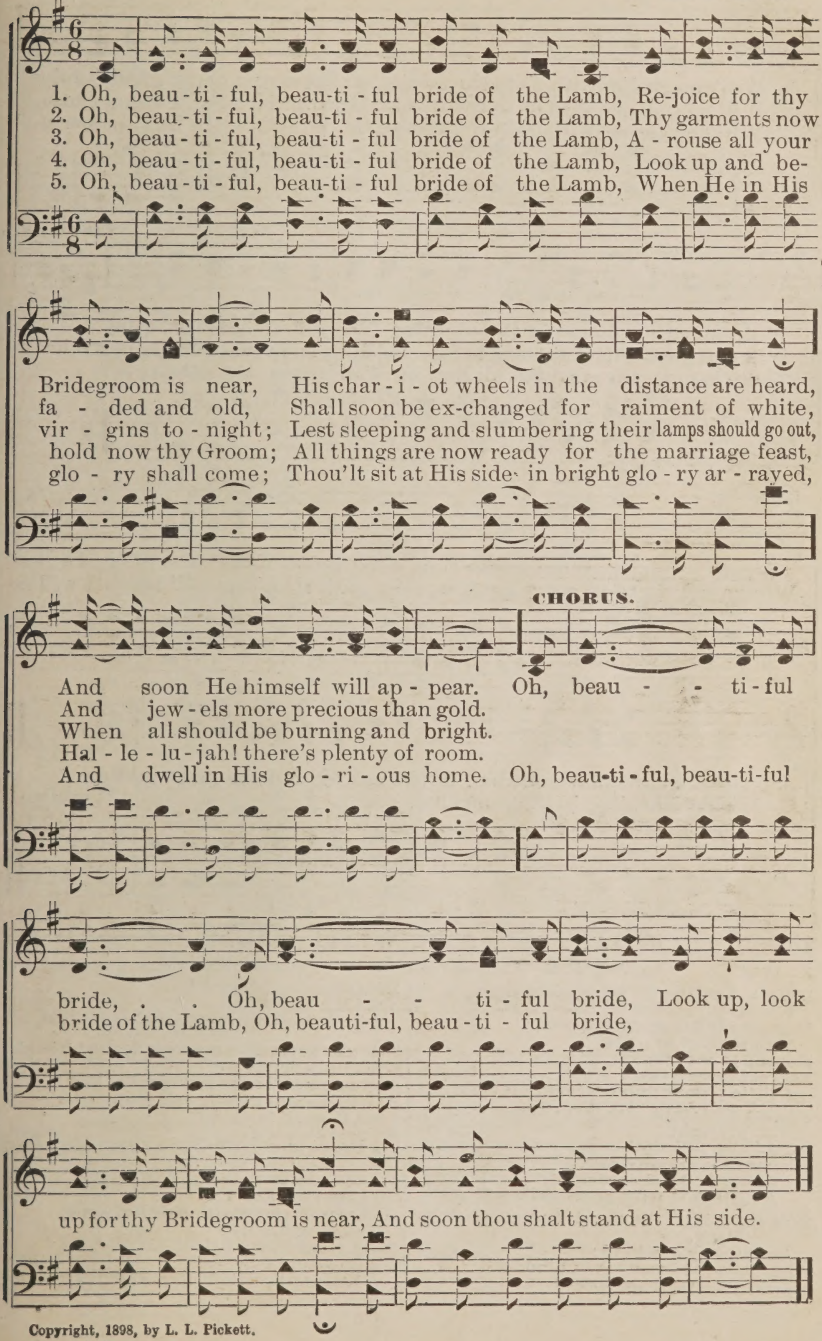
2d CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now.
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

BEAUTIFUL BRIDE OF THE LAMB.

L. L. PICKETT. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. Oh, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful bride of the Lamb, Re-joice for thy
2. Oh, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful bride of the Lamb, Thy garments now
3. Oh, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful bride of the Lamb, A-rouse all your
4. Oh, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful bride of the Lamb, Look up and be-
5. Oh, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful bride of the Lamb, When He in His
Bridegroom is near, His char-i-ot wheels in the distance are heard,
fa-ded and old, Shall soon be ex-changed for raiment of white,
vir-gins to-night; Lest sleeping and slumbering their lamps should go out,
hold now thy Groom; All things are now ready for the marriage feast,
glo-ry shall come; Thou'lt sit at His side in bright glo-ry ar-rayed,
CHORUS.
And soon He himself will ap-pear. Oh, beau - - ti-ful
And jew-els more precious than gold.
When all should be burning and bright.
Hal-le-lu-jah! there's plenty of room.
And dwell in His glo-ri-ous home. Oh, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
bride, . . Oh, beau - - ti-ful bride, Look up, look
bride of the Lamb, Oh, beauti-ful, beau-ti-ful bride,
up for thy Bridegroom is near, And soon thou shalt stand at His side.

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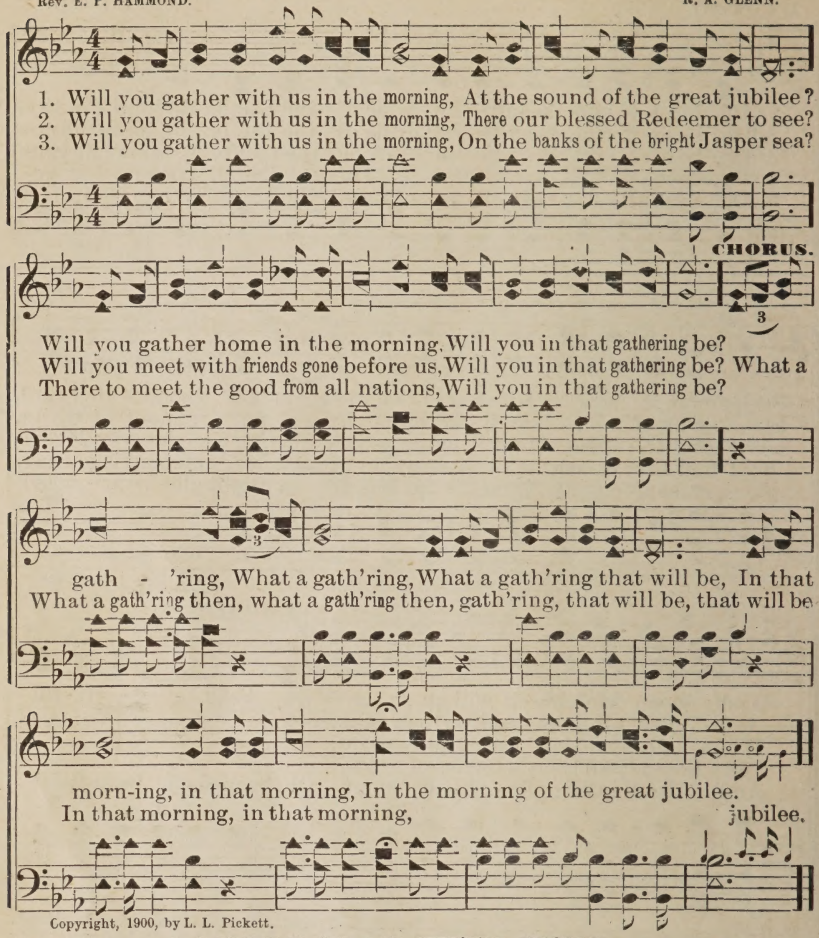
183 MORNING OF THE GREAT JUBILEE.

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND. R. A. GLENN.


1. Will you gather with us in the morning, At the sound of the great jubilee?
2. Will you gather with us in the morning, There our blessed Redeemer to see?
3. Will you gather with us in the morning, On the banks of the bright Jasper sea?
CHORUS.
Will you gather home in the morning, Will you in that gathering be?
Will you meet with friends gone before us, Will you in that gathering be? What a
There to meet the good from all nations, Will you in that gathering be?
gath - 'ring, What a gath'ring, What a gath'ring that will be, In that
What a gath'ring then, what a gath'ring then, gath'ring, that will be, that will be
morn-ing, in that morning, In the morning of the great jubilee.
In that morning, in that morning, jubilee.

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184 A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS. KEY OF E-FLAT.

ANON. "And behold there talked with him two men."—LUKE 9: 30. Arranged.

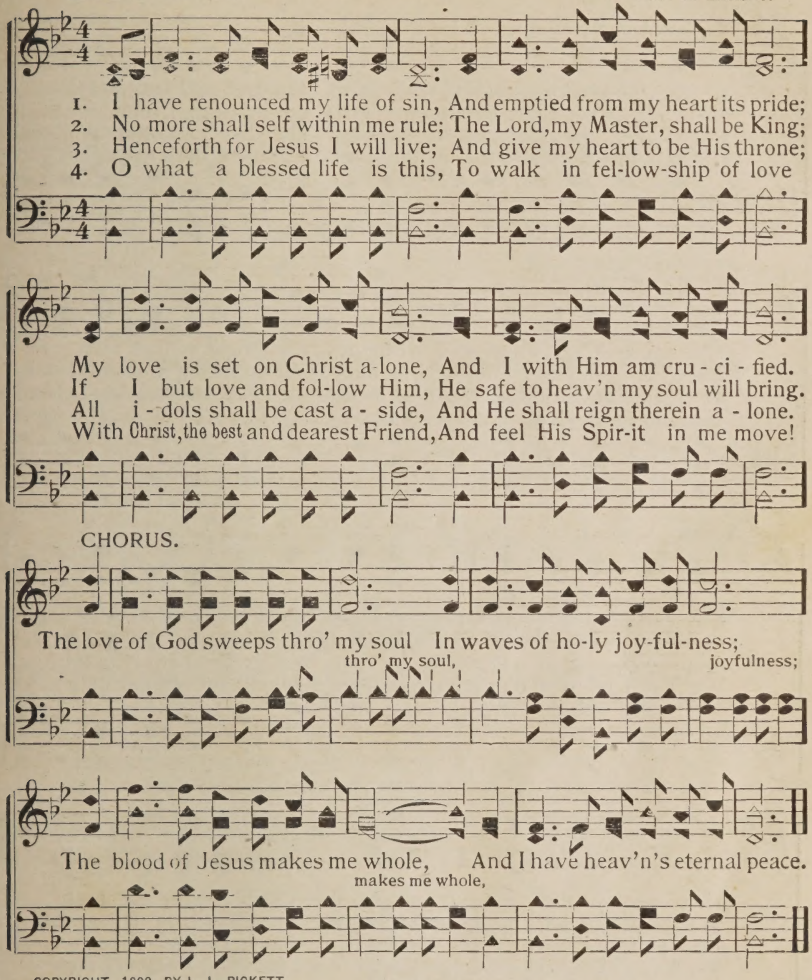
1 While fighting for my Saviour here,
The devil tries me hard;
He uses all His mighty power,
My progress to retard;
He's up to every move,
And yet through all I prove, [right.
A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all

Cho.—A little talk with Jesus makes it right,
all right, [all right;
A little talk with Jesus makes it right,
In trials of every kind,
Praise God I always find, [all right.
A little talk with Jesus makes it right,

2 Though dark the night, and clouds look black,
And stormy overhead;
And trials of almost every kind
Across my path are spread;
How soon I conquer all,
As to the Lord I call, [right.
A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all

3 When those who once were dearest friends,
Begin to persecute,
And more who once professed to love,
Have distant grown, and mute.
I tell Him all my grief,
He quickly sends relief, [right.
A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all

4 And thus, by frequent little talks
I gain the victory:
And march along with cheerful song,
Enjoying liberty;
With Jesus as my Friend,
I'll prove until the end, [right.
A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. I have renounced my life of sin, And emptied from my heart its pride;
2. No more shall self within me rule; The Lord, my Master, shall be King;
3. Henceforth for Jesus I will live; And give my heart to be His throne;
4. O what a blessed life is this, To walk in fel-low-ship of love
My love is set on Christ a-lone, And I with Him am cru - ci - fied.
If I but love and fol-low Him, He safe to heav'n my soul will bring.
All i - dols shall be cast a - side, And He shall reign therein a - lone.
With Christ, the best and dearest Friend, And feel His Spir-it in me move!
CHORUS.
The love of God sweeps thro' my soul In waves of ho-ly joy-ful-ness;
thro' my soul,
joyfulness;
The blood of Jesus makes me whole, And I have heav'n's eternal peace.
makes me whole,

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186 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

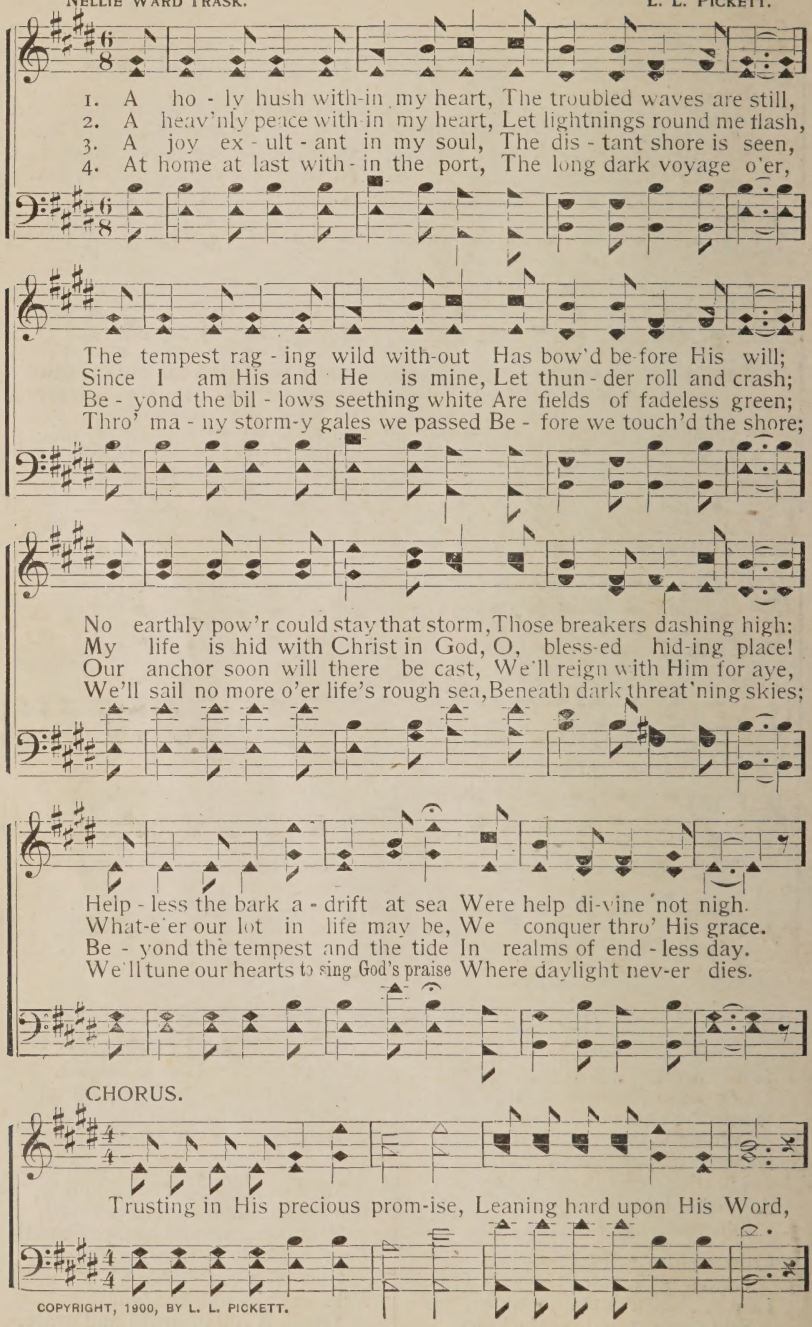
CHARLES WESLEY. *Tune:*—MARTYN. KEY F.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen! cheer the faint!
Heal the sick! and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

TRUST.

NELLIE WARD TRASK. L. L. PICKETT.

1. A ho - ly hush with-in my heart, The troubled waves are still,
2. A heav'nly peace with-in my heart, Let lightnings round me flash,
3. A joy ex - ult - ant in my soul, The dis - tant shore is seen,
4. At home at last with - in the port, The long dark voyage o'er,
The tempest rag - ing wild with-out Has bow'd be-fore His will;
Since I am His and He is mine, Let thun - der roll and crash;
Be - yond the bil - lows seething white Are fields of fadeless green;
Thro' ma - ny storm-y gales we passed Be - fore we touch'd the shore;
No earthly pow'r could stay that storm, Those breakers dashing high;
My life is hid with Christ in God, O, bless-ed hid-ing place!
Our anchor soon will there be cast, We'll reign with Him for aye,
We'll sail no more o'er life's rough sea, Beneath dark threat'ning skies;
Help - less the bark a - drift at sea Were help di-vine not nigh.
What-e'er our lot in life may be, We conquer thro' His grace.
Be - yond the tempest and the tide In realms of end - less day.
We'll tune our hearts to sing God's praise Where daylight nev-er dies.
CHORUS.
Trusting in His precious prom-ise, Leaning hard upon His Word,

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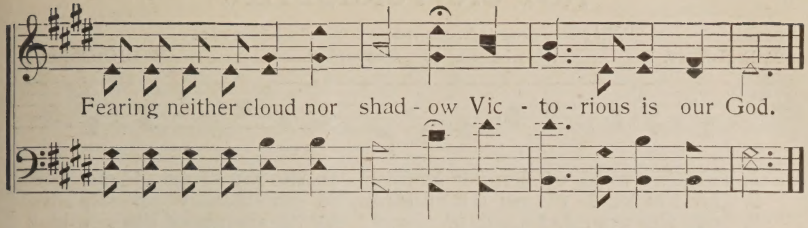
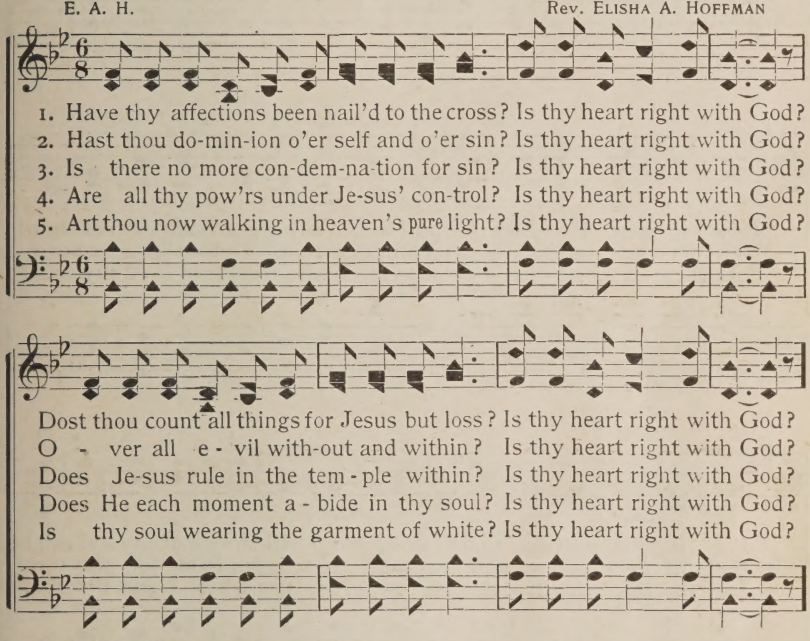
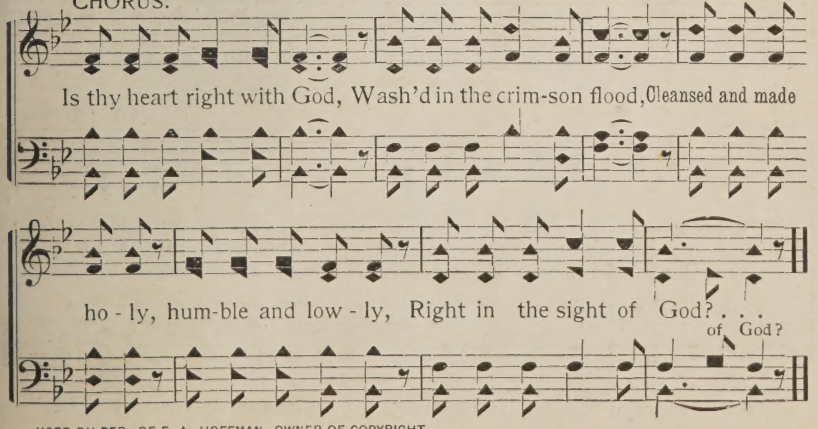
TRUST. Concluded.



IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD? 188

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN


1. Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?
Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je-sus rule in the tem - ple within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?


CHORUS.
Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crim-son flood, Cleansed and made
ho - ly, hum-ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God? . . .
of God?

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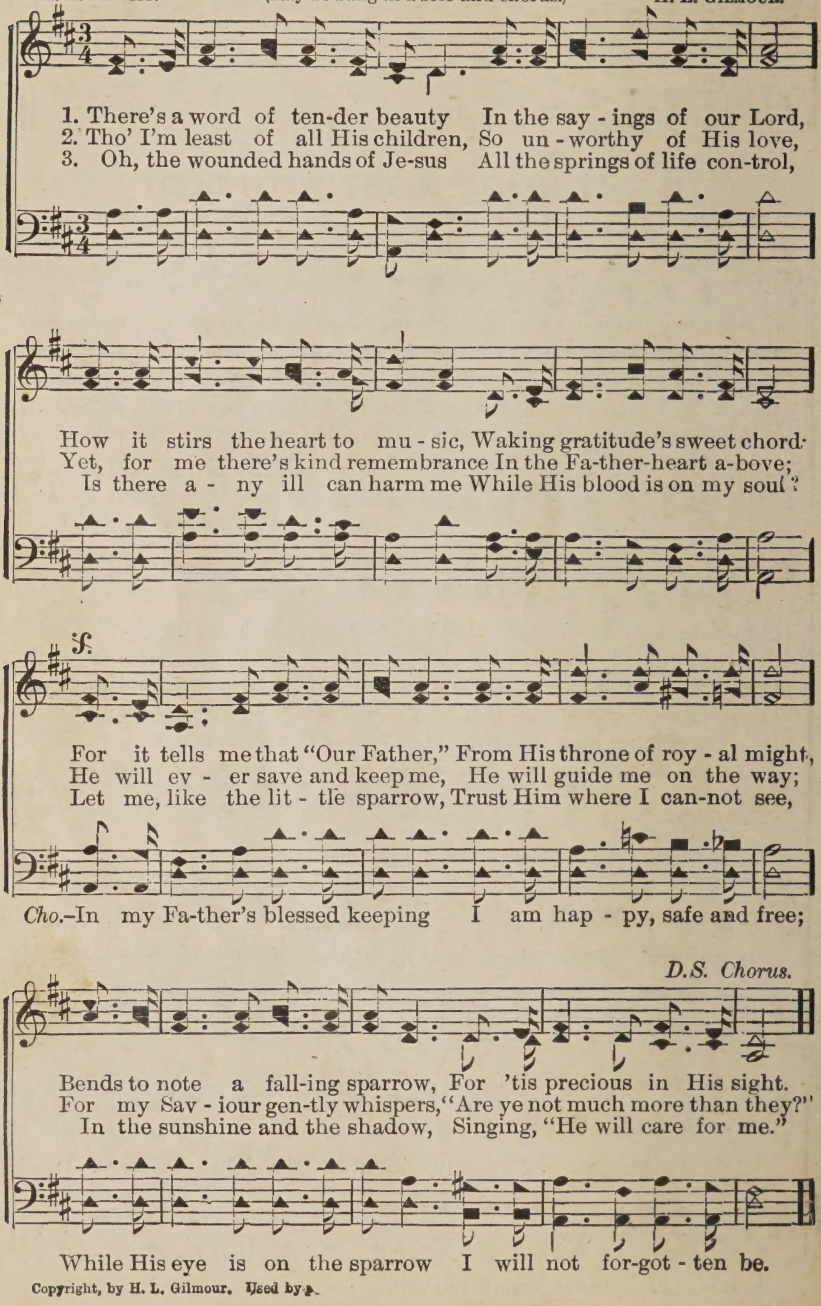
NOT ONE FORGOTTEN.

"Not one of them is forgotten before God."—LUKE 12 : 6.

E. E. HEWITT. (May be sung as a solo and chorus.) H. L. GILMOUR.


1. There's a word of ten-der beauty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Tho' I'm least of all His children, So un - worthy of His love,
3. Oh, the wounded hands of Je-sus All the springs of life con-trol,
How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Waking gratitude's sweet chord·
Yet, for me there's kind remembrance In the Fa-ther-heart a-bove;
Is there a - ny ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?
f
For it tells me that "Our Father," From His throne of roy - al might,
He will ev - er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way;
Let me, like the lit - tle sparrow, Trust Him where I can-not see,
Cho.–In my Fa-ther's blessed keeping I am hap - py, safe and free;
D.S. Chorus.
Bends to note a fall-ing sparrow, For 'tis precious in His sight.
For my Sav - iour gen-tly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sunshine and the shadow, Singing, "He will care for me."
While His eye is on the sparrow I will not for-got - ten be.

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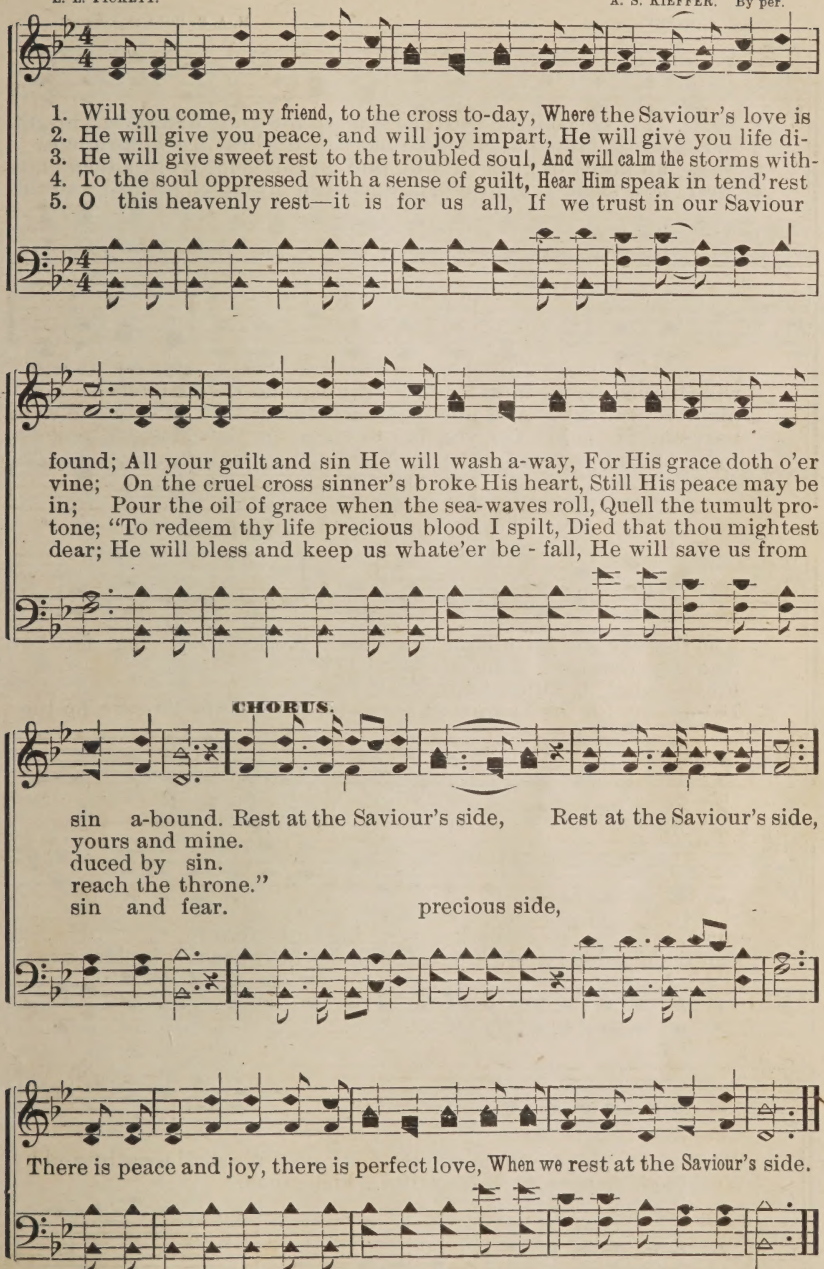
REST AT THE SAVIOUR'S SIDE.

L. L. PICKETT. A. S. KIEFFER. By per.


1. Will you come, my friend, to the cross to-day, Where the Saviour's love is
2. He will give you peace, and will joy impart, He will give you life di-
3. He will give sweet rest to the troubled soul, And will calm the storms with-
4. To the soul oppressed with a sense of guilt, Hear Him speak in tend'rest
5. O this heavenly rest—it is for us all, If we trust in our Saviour
found; All your guilt and sin He will wash a-way, For His grace doth o'er
vine; On the cruel cross sinner's broke His heart, Still His peace may be
in; Pour the oil of grace when the sea-waves roll, Quell the tumult pro-
tone; "To redeem thy life precious blood I spilt, Died that thou mightest
dear; He will bless and keep us whate'er be - fall, He will save us from
CHORUS.
sin a-bound. Rest at the Saviour's side, Rest at the Saviour's side,
yours and mine.
duced by sin.
reach the throne."
sin and fear.
precious side,
There is peace and joy, there is perfect love, When we rest at the Saviour's side.

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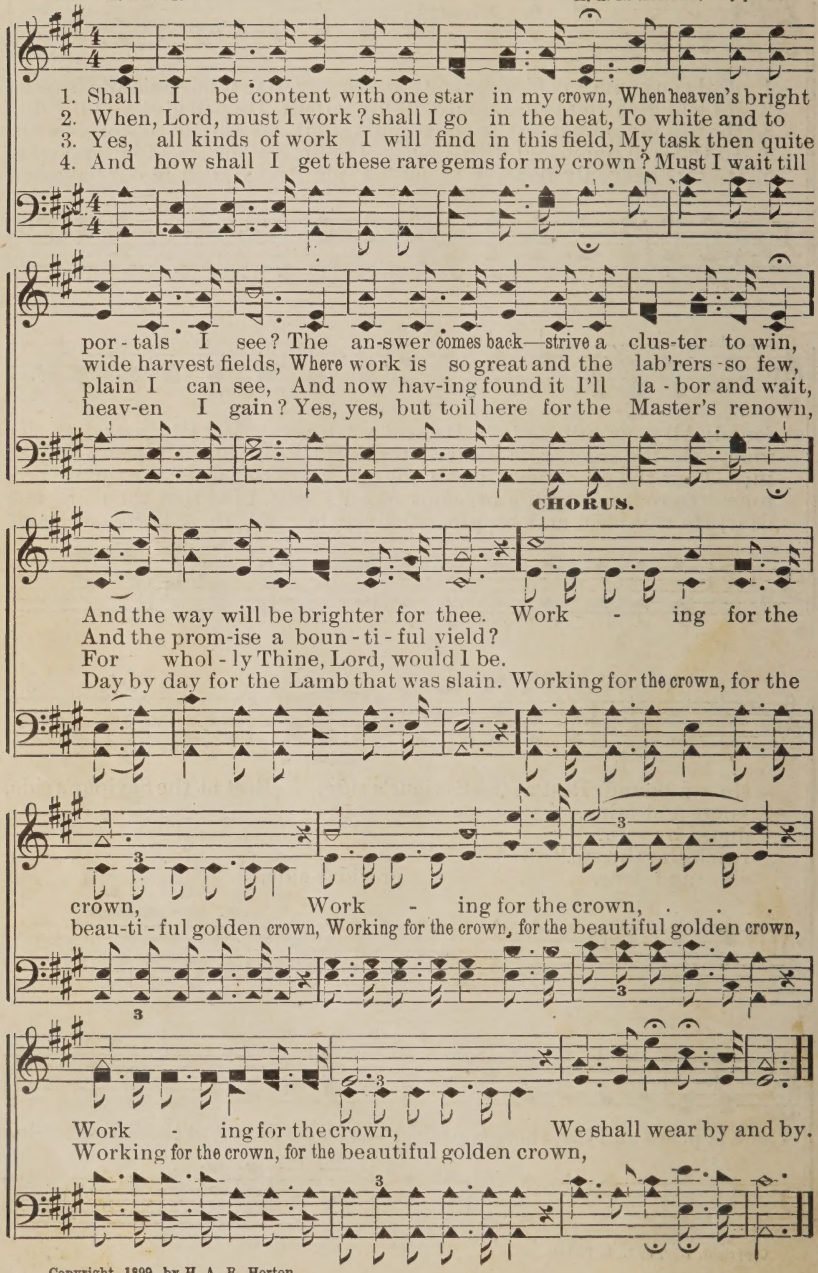
WORKING FOR THE CROWN.

Mrs. H. A. MABRY. H. A. R. HORTON. By per.


1. Shall I be content with one star in my crown, When heaven's bright
2. When, Lord, must I work? shall I go in the heat, To white and to
3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task then quite
4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my crown? Must I wait till
por - tals I see? The an-swer comes back—strive a clus-ter to win,
wide harvest fields, Where work is so great and the lab'rers so few,
plain I can see, And now hav-ing found it I'll la - bor and wait,
heav-en I gain? Yes, yes, but toil here for the Master's renown,
CHORUS.
And the way will be brighter for thee. Work - ing for the
And the prom-ise a boun - ti - ful yield?
For whol - ly Thine, Lord, would I be.
Day by day for the Lamb that was slain. Working for the crown, for the
crown, Work - ing for the crown, . . .
beau-ti - ful golden crown, Working for the crown, for the beautiful golden crown,
Work - ing for the crown, We shall wear by and by.
Working for the crown, for the beautiful golden crown,

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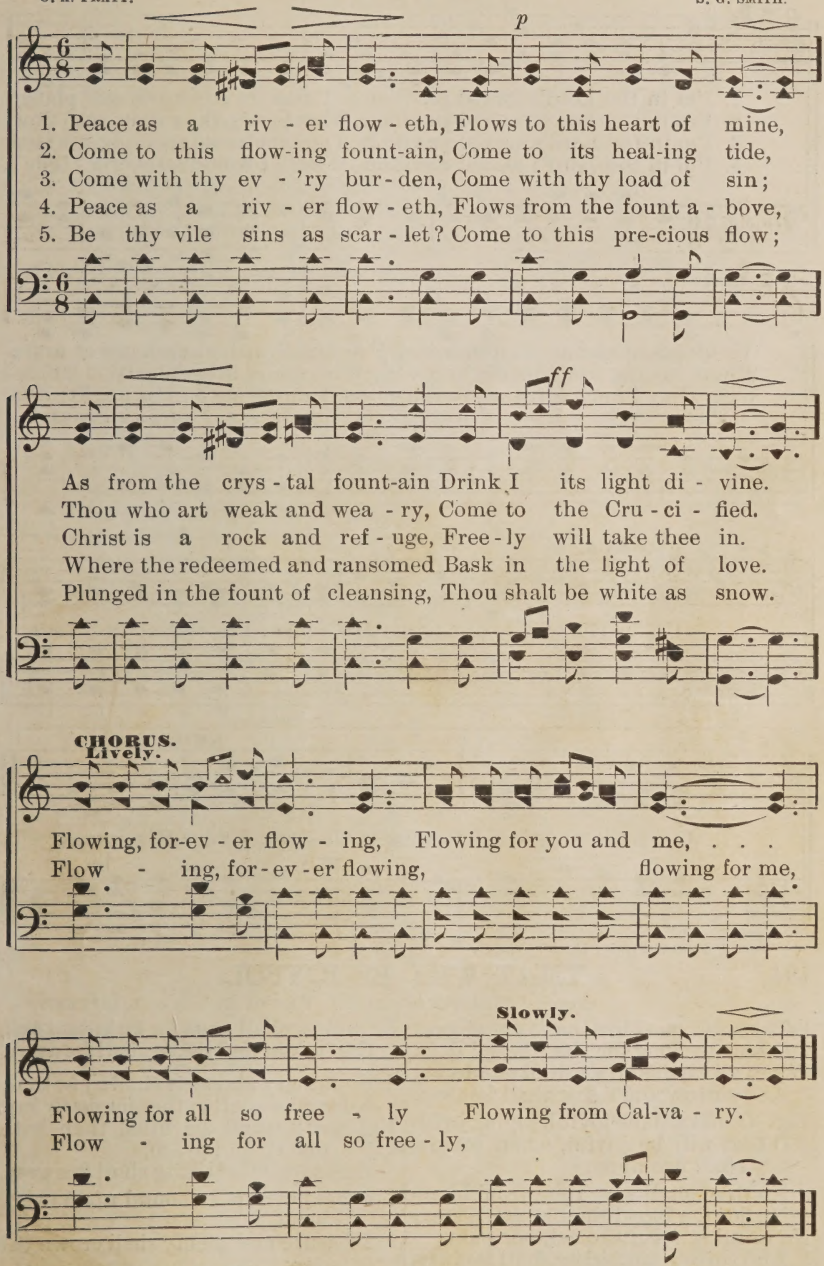
O. A. PRATT. S. G. SMITH.


p
1. Peace as a riv - er flow - eth, Flows to this heart of mine,
2. Come to this flow-ing fount-ain, Come to its heal-ing tide,
3. Come with thy ev - 'ry bur - den, Come with thy load of sin;
4. Peace as a riv - er flow - eth, Flows from the fount a - bove,
5. Be thy vile sins as scar - let? Come to this pre-cious flow;
ff
As from the crys - tal fount-ain Drink I its light di - vine.
Thou who art weak and wea - ry, Come to the Cru - ci - fied.
Christ is a rock and ref - uge, Free - ly will take thee in.
Where the redeemed and ransomed Bask in the light of love.
Plunged in the fount of cleansing, Thou shalt be white as snow.
CHORUS.
Lively.
Flowing, for-ev - er flow - ing, Flowing for you and me, . . .
Flow - ing, for - ev - er flowing, flowing for me,
Slowly.
Flowing for all so free - ly Flowing from Cal-va - ry.
Flow - ing for all so free - ly,

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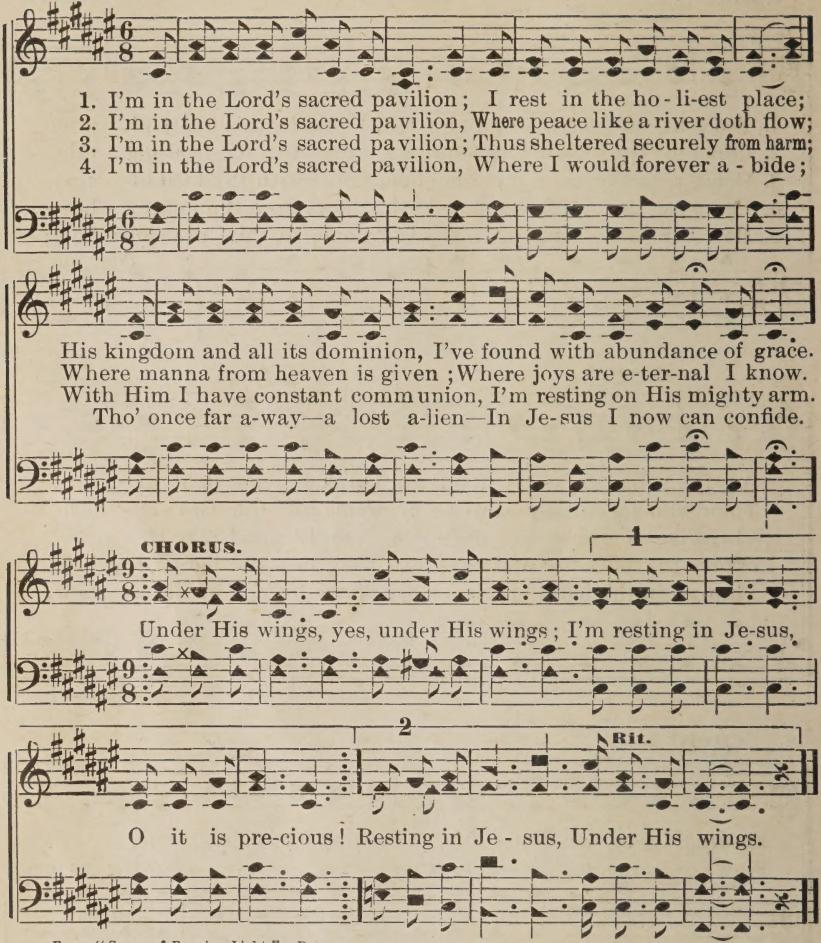
193 **UNDER HIS WINGS.**

B. E. W. PSA. 91: 4. B. E. WARREN.

1. I'm in the Lord's sacred pavilion; I rest in the ho-li-est place;
2. I'm in the Lord's sacred pavilion, Where peace like a river doth flow;
3. I'm in the Lord's sacred pavilion; Thus sheltered securely from harm;
4. I'm in the Lord's sacred pavilion, Where I would forever a-bide;
His kingdom and all its dominion, I've found with abundance of grace.
Where manna from heaven is given; Where joys are e-ter-nal I know.
With Him I have constant communion, I'm resting on His mighty arm.
Tho' once far a-way—a lost a-lien—In Je-sus I now can confide.
CHORUS.
1
Under His wings, yes, under His wings; I'm resting in Je-sus.
2
Rit.
O it is pre-cious! Resting in Je-sus, Under His wings.

From "Songs of Evening Light." By per.

194 **THAT WILL BE JOYFUL.**

Tune: "That will be joyful." KEY OF G. L. L. PICKETT.

1 There is a good time that's coming soon
O how we long for the blessed day;
When all earth's trials shall cease to be,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Cho.—O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, when sorrow
shall flee away.

2 No thief shall ever then trouble us,
No flowing blood shall we need to stay,
No burning fever, no ache or pain,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

3 No parents shall follow their dead to
the grave,
Or long for return of the gleeful play;
No widow shall mourn for her husband dead,
For sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

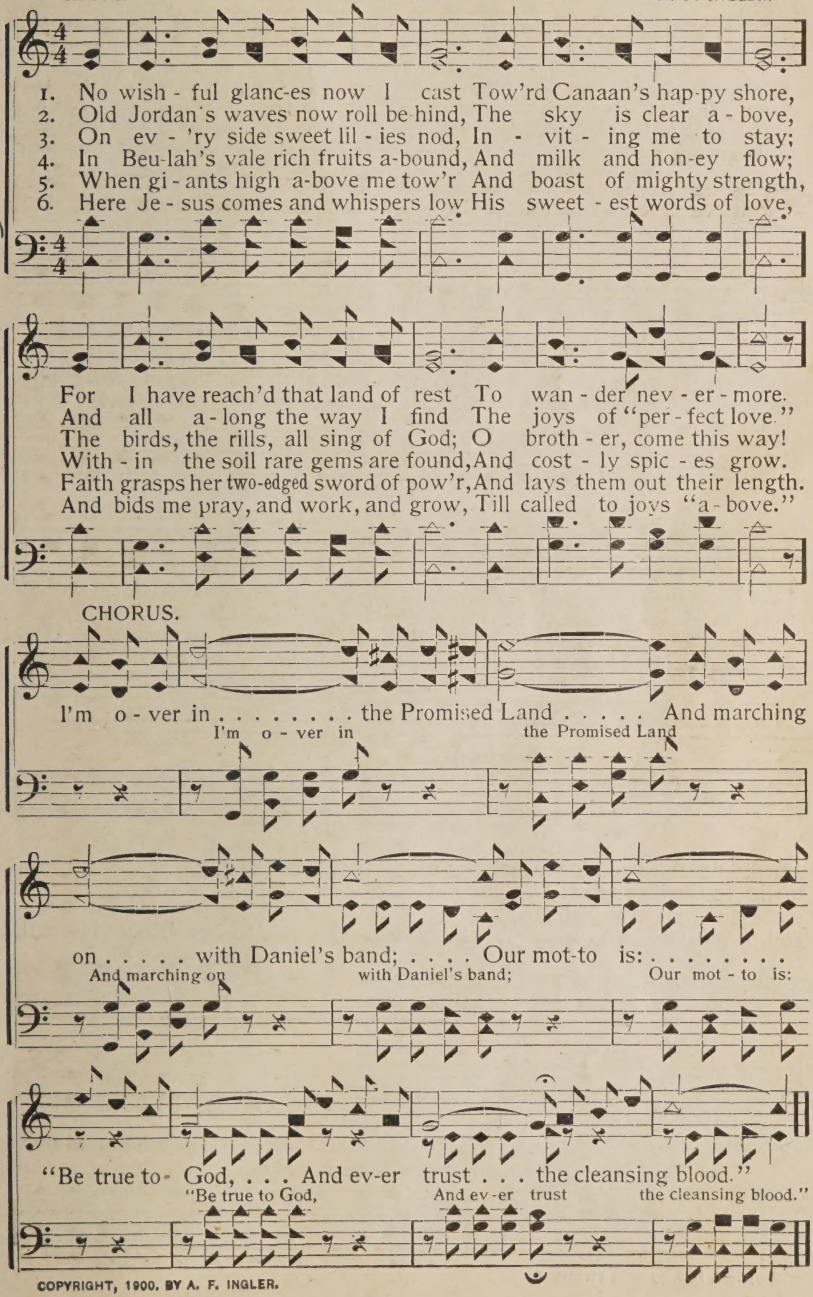
4 No hungry and needy shall cry for bread,
No armies shall gather for deadly fray;
But earth shall be filled then with
plenty and peace,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

5 True joys shall abound upon every
hand,
Pleasure and plenty shall crown the
day;
For Christ shall be King and His Spirit
shall reign,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

NO WISHFUL GLANCES.

OR

Experiences In Canaan.

A. F. I. Num. 13:30. A. F. INGLER.

1. No wish - ful glanc-es now I cast Tow'rd Canaan's hap-py shore,
2. Old Jordan's waves now roll be-hind, The sky is clear a - bove,
3. On ev - 'ry side sweet lil - ies nod, In - vit - ing me to stay;
4. In Beu-lah's vale rich fruits a-bound, And milk and hon-ey flow;
5. When gi - ants high a-bove me tow'r And boast of mighty strength,
6. Here Je - sus comes and whispers low His sweet - est words of love,
For I have reach'd that land of rest To wan - der nev - er - more.
And all a - long the way I find The joys of "per - fect love."
The birds, the rills, all sing of God; O broth - er, come this way!
With - in the soil rare gems are found, And cost - ly spic - es grow.
Faith grasps her two-edged sword of pow'r, And lays them out their length.
And bids me pray, and work, and grow, Till called to joys "a - bove."
CHORUS.
I'm o - ver in . . . . . the Promised Land . . . . . And marching
I'm o - ver in the Promised Land
on . . . . . with Daniel's band; . . . . Our mot-to is: . . . . . .
And marching on with Daniel's band; Our mot - to is:
"Be true to God, . . . And ev-er trust . . . the cleansing blood."
"Be true to God, And ev-er trust the cleansing blood."

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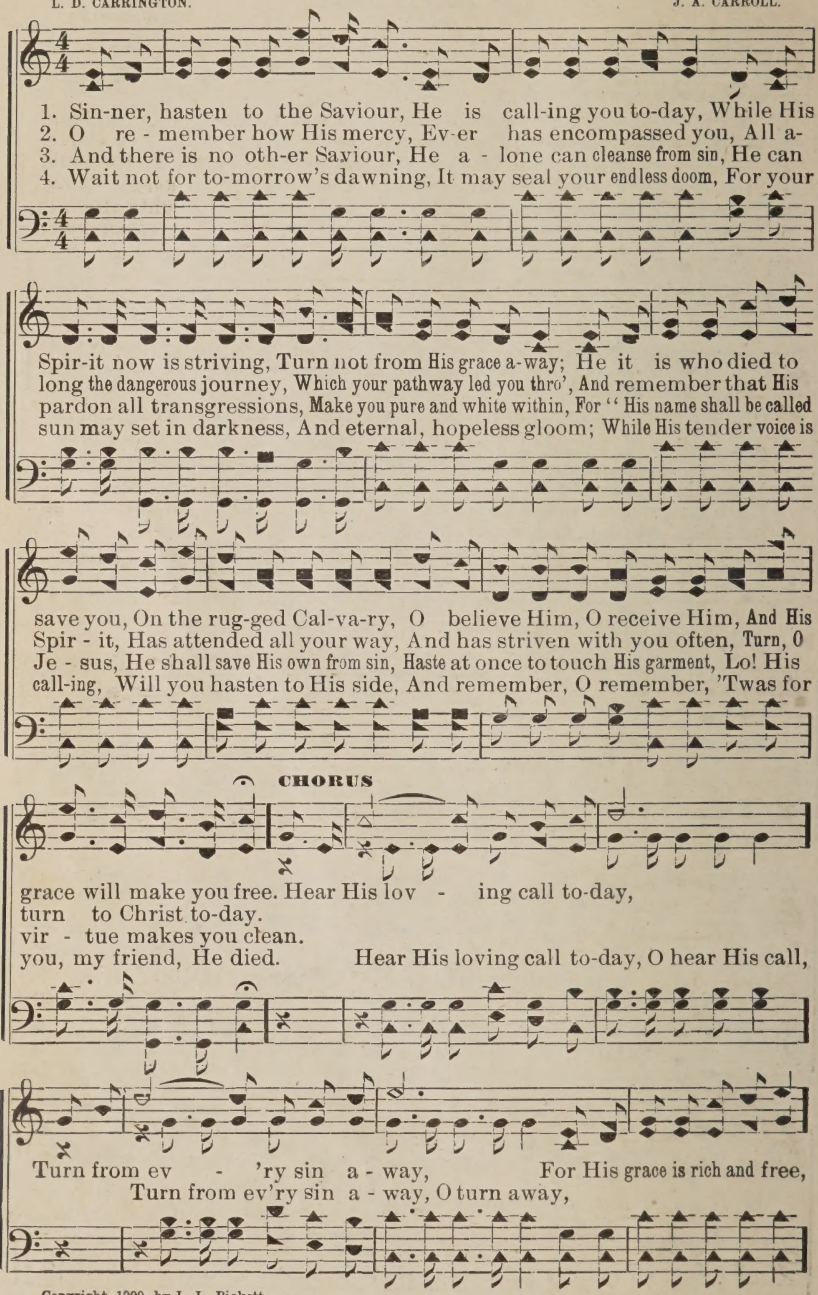
QUICKLY TURN.

"If any man will hear my voice."—REV. 3: 20.

L. D. CARRINGTON. J. A. CARROLL.


1. Sin-ner, hasten to the Saviour, He is call-ing you to-day, While His Spir-it now is striving, Turn not from His grace a-way; He it is who died to
2. O re - member how His mercy, Ev-er has encompassed you, All a- long the dangerous journey, Which your pathway led you thro', And remember that His
3. And there is no oth-er Saviour, He a - lone can cleanse from sin, He can pardon all transgressions, Make you pure and white within, For "His name shall be called
4. Wait not for to-morrow's dawning, It may seal your endless doom, For your sun may set in darkness, And eternal, hopeless gloom; While His tender voice is
save you, On the rug-ged Cal-va-ry, O believe Him, O receive Him, And His Spir - it, Has attended all your way, And has striven with you often, Turn, O Je - sus, He shall save His own from sin, Haste at once to touch His garment, Lo! His call-ing, Will you hasten to His side, And remember, O remember, 'Twas for
CHORUS
grace will make you free. Hear His lov - ing call to-day,
turn to Christ to-day.
vir - tue makes you clean.
you, my friend, He died. Hear His loving call to-day, O hear His call,
Turn from ev - 'ry sin a - way, For His grace is rich and free,
Turn from ev'ry sin a - way, O turn away,

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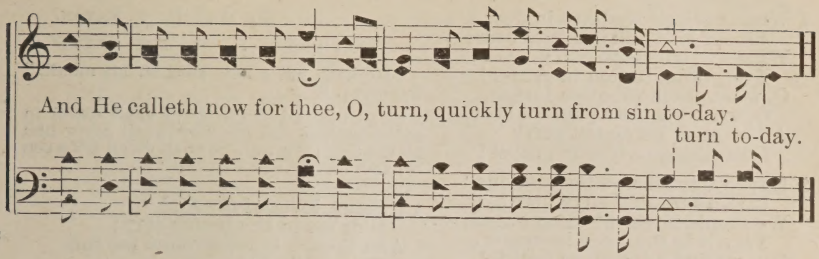
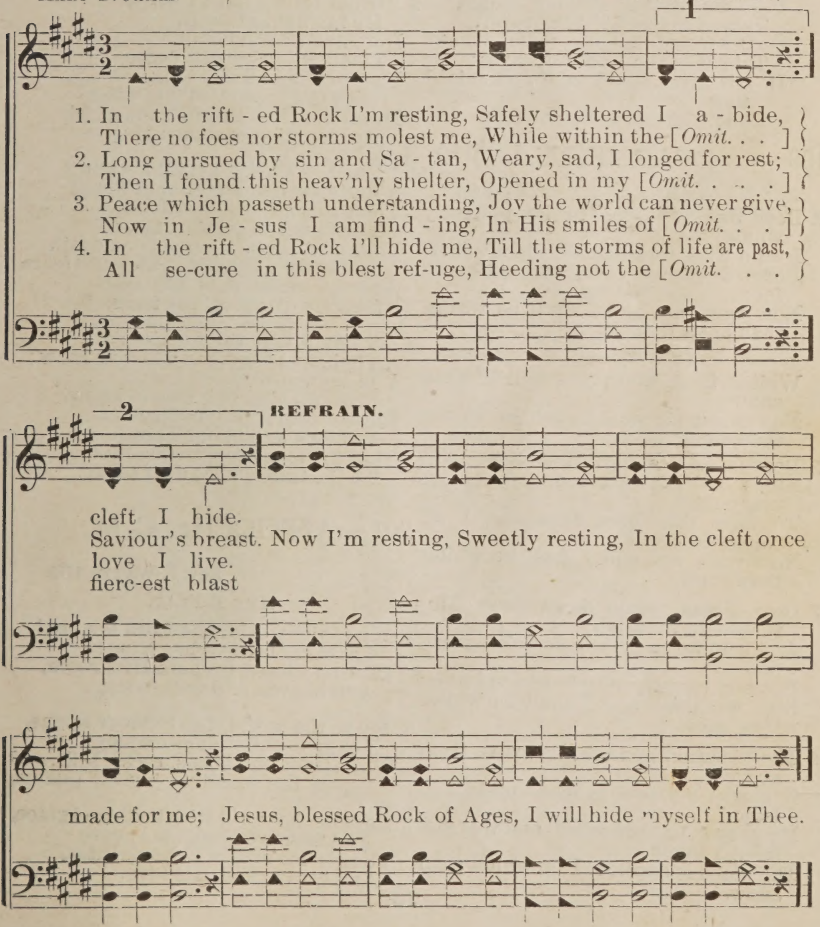
QUICKLY TURN. Concluded.



SWEETLY RESTING. 197

"Return unto Thy rest, O my soul."—Isa. 116: 7.

MARY D. JAMES. W. WARREN BENTLEY.


1
1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm resting, Safely sheltered I a - bide,
There no foes nor storms molest me, While within the [Omit. . .]
2. Long pursued by sin and Sa - tan, Weary, sad, I longed for rest;
Then I found this heav'nly shelter, Opened in my [Omit. . . . .]
3. Peace which passeth understanding, Joy the world can never give,
Now in Je - sus I am find - ing, In His smiles of [Omit. . .]
4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past,
All se-cure in this blest ref-uge, Heeding not the [Omit. . .]
2
REFRAIN.
cleft I hide.
Saviour's breast. Now I'm resting, Sweetly resting, In the cleft once
love I live.
fierc-est blast
made for me; Jesus, blessed Rock of Ages, I will hide myself in Thee.

198 WHAT A FRIEND.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O, what peace we often forfeit,
O, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden.
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

199 DEAR JESUS.

By Per.

1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul:
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain:
Apply Thine own blood, and remove every stain.
To have this blest cleansing, I all things forego;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Dear Jesus, come down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 The blessing, by faith, I receive from above:
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love.
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied: I am whiter than snow.

200 THE NEW SONG.

By Martha A. Eaton.

Tune: "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

"He hath put a new song in my mouth." Psalm xl: 3.

"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him, and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between his shoulders." Deut. xxxiii: 12.

1 "Jesus, lover of my soul,"
Bids me in His bosom stay;
And though billows round me roll,
I am safely hid away,
For He holds me in His arms,
Quite beyond the tempest's reach;
And He whispers to my heart
Words unknown to human speech.

2 "Other refuge have I none,"
He my habitation is,
Here no evil can befall,
I am kept in perfect peace,
I am covered all day long
With the shadow of His wing,
Dwell in safety through the night,
Waking, this is what I sing,—

3 "Thou, O Christ, art all I want,"
Rests my helpless soul in Thee;
Thou wilt never leave alone
Nor forget to comfort me.
Thou hast saved my soul from death,
Thou hast scattered doubts and fears,
And the sunshine of Thy face
Sweetly drieth all my tears.

4 "Thou of Life the fountain art,"
Thou dost wash me white as snow;
I'm content to dwell apart
From all else Thy love to know.
Blessed Sun of Righteousness,
I so love to look on Thee
That my eyes are growing blind
To the things once dear to me.

201 ANTIOCH: C. M.

Rev. I. Watts, 1719.

Key E Flat.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s. 202

GEORGE KEITH.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

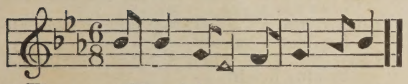
3 "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no, never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN. 203



1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

Cho.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

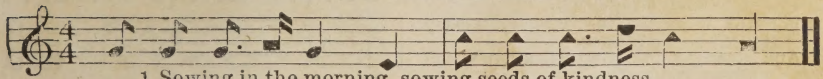
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES. 204



1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

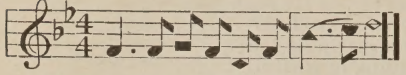
Cho.—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze,
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

205

Why Don't you Come to Jesus?



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.
He is able, He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

Cho. —‖: Why don't you come to Jesus?
He's waiting to receive you,
Why don't you come to Jesus and be saved? :‖

2 Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better.
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Let not Satan make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness Christ requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you, this He gives you,
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

For music see "Cheerful Songs," 287.

206

Rev. D. Williams.

1 On the mountain of vision, what a glory we behold,
A hundred years of victory are tinging earth with gold;
And the glorious time is coming which the prophets long foretold,
The truth is marching on.

Cho. —Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Salvation's rolling on.

2 For the glory of the Master, Wesley taught beyond the sea,
And preached the great salvation which delivers you and me;
And a million voices shout it,—"Redemption's full and free,"
Salvation's rolling on.

3 From the cabin on the prairie, from the vaulted city dome,
From the dark and briny ocean, where our sailor brothers roam,
We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy harvest home.
Salvation's rolling on.

4 A hundred years of marching, and a hundred years of song,
The Conqueror advances, and the time will not be long
When He shall claim the heathen and overthrow the wrong,
Our God is marching on.

5 And when the war is over, with the saints for evermore,
On the blissful heights of Glory we will shout the battle o'er,
And in the Golden City we will join the Conqueror,
Forever marching on.

207

The Burden's Light.

Tune, Palms of Victory, Key of F.
Mary Amon.

1 I saw a blood-washed traveller, in garments white as snow,
While travelling in the highway where heavenly breezes blow;
His path was full of trials, and yet his face was bright.
He shouted as he journeyed, "I 'm glad the burden's light!"

Cho. — Then palms of victory, crowns of Palms of victory, I shall bear. [glory,

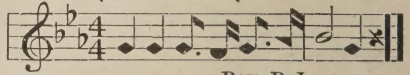
2 I saw him in the conflict, when all around was strife;
When wicked men and devils convened to take his life.
I saw him cast in prison — a dungeon dark as night —
And yet I heard him shouting, "I 'm glad the burden's light!"

3 I saw him led from prison, and chained unto the stake,
I heard him shout triumphant, "'T is all for Jesus' sake!"
I saw the fires when kindled, the fagots blazing bright,
He said, "The yoke is easy, the burden is so light."

4 I saw the flames surround him, his body racked with pain;
He shouted, "Jesus saves me! I know that death is gain!"
Then casting his eyes upward, before he took his flight,
I heard him faintly whisper, "I 'm glad the burden's light."

208

Shall we Gather at the River?



Rev. R. Lowry.

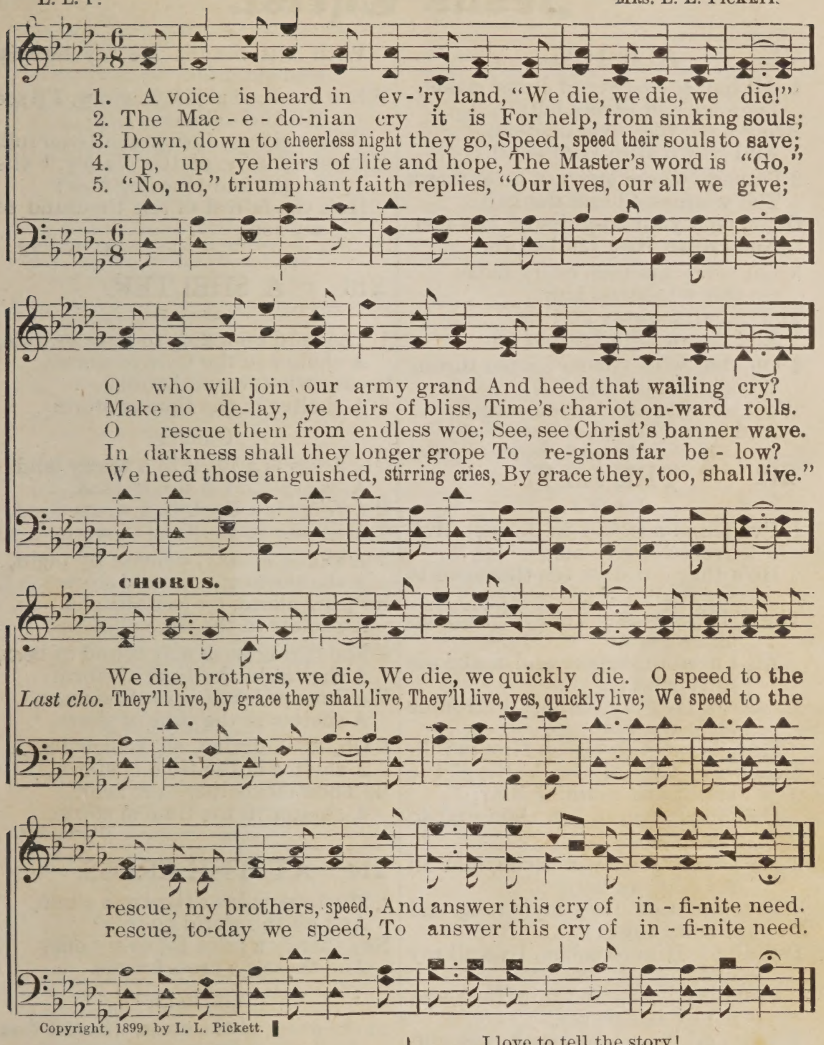
1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Cho.—Yes, we 'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down,
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

3 Soon we 'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

L. L. P. MRS. L. L. PICKETT.


1. A voice is heard in ev-'ry land, "We die, we die, we die!"
2. The Mac-e-do-nian cry it is For help, from sinking souls;
3. Down, down to cheerless night they go, Speed, speed their souls to save;
4. Up, up ye heirs of life and hope, The Master's word is "Go,"
5. "No, no," triumphant faith replies, "Our lives, our all we give;
O who will join our army grand And heed that wailing cry?
Make no de-lay, ye heirs of bliss, Time's chariot on-ward rolls.
O rescue them from endless woe; See, see Christ's banner wave.
In darkness shall they longer grope To re-gions far be-low?
We heed those anguished, stirring cries, By grace they, too, shall live."
CHORUS.
We die, brothers, we die, We die, we quickly die. O speed to the
Last cho. They'll live, by grace they shall live, They'll live, yes, quickly live; We speed to the
rescue, my brothers, speed, And answer this cry of in-fi-nite need.
rescue, to-day we speed, To answer this cry of in-fi-nite need.

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210 I Love to Tell the Story.

KEY A-FLAT.

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love!
I love to tell the story!
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story!
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story!
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story!
It did so much for me,
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story!
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the *New, New Song*,
'Twill be the *Old, Old Story*,
That I have loved so long.

Miss Kate Hankey.

211 ALL HAIL.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet. Alt.

212 THE LILY.

KEY OF F.

1 I've found a friend in Jesus,—He's everything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!
The "Lily of the Valley," in Him alone I see,
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay;
He tells me every care on Him to roll;
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!

2 He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;
I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal;
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!

3 He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith, and do His blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear,
With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.
When crowned at last in glory, I'll see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll,
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

C. W. Fry.

213 A SHELTER.

KEY OF F.

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land,
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

2 A shade by day, defense by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

4 Oh, Rock divine, oh, refuge dear,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Be Thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Words arr.

214 AT THE CROSS.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

REFRAIN.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy night and day.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till Christ shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Thomas Shepherd.

215 Key G.

"For he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap."—Mal. 3:2.

1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love,
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

Cho.—I now believe, I do receive,
The Spirit fills me now;
The blood's applied, I'm sanctified,
As at the cross I bow.

2 Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer rove,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Chas. Wesley. Chorus by M. W. Knapp.

216 Music in T. & T. Key A♭.

1 I have learned the wondrous secret
Of abiding in the Lord;
I have found the strength and sweetness,
Of confiding in his word;
I have tasted life's pure fountain,
I am drinking of his blood,
I have lost myself in Jesus,
I am sinking into God.

Cho.—I'm abiding in the Lord,
And confiding in his word,
And I'm hiding, safely hiding,
In the bosom of his love.

2 I am crucified with Jesus,
And he lives and dwells in me,
I have ceased from all my struggling,
'Tis no longer I, but he;
All my will is yielded to him,
And his Spirit reigns within,
And his precious blood each moment
Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.

3 All my sicknesses I bring him,
And he bears them all away;
All my fears and griefs I tell him,
All my cares from day to day.
All my strength I draw from Jesus,
By his breath I live and move;
E'en his very mind he gives me,
And his faith, and life, and love.

4 For my words I take his wisdom,
For my works his Spirit's power,
For my ways his gracious Presence
Guards and guides me every hour.
Of my heart he is the Portion,
Of my joy the ceaseless Spring;
Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer,
Glorious Lord and coming King!

Rev. A. B. Simpson.

217 Key D.

1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught.
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

Cho.—He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful foll'wer I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

218 Music in "Cheerful Songs." Key A♭.

1 I was once far away from the Saviour,
And as vile as a sinner could be;
I wondered if Christ, the Redeemer,
Would save a poor sinner like me.
I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see;
And the thought fill'd my heart with sadness,
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

2 But there in that lonely hour
A voice sweetly whisper'd to me,
Saying, "Christ, the Redeemer, hath power
To save a poor sinner like thee."
I listen'd, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me,
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou cans't save a poor sinner like me."

3 I fully then trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with his praises,
For he sav'd a poor sinner like me.
No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light it is shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How he sav'd a poor sinner like me.

C. J. Butler. By per.

219 Music in T. & T. Key G.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

Cho.—And when the battle's over we shall wear a crown!
Yes, we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown!
And when the battle's over we shall wear a crown
In the new Jerusalem.

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

220 A♭.

1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Cho.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Where the surges cease to roll.

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair, celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

H. L. Hastings.

221 Tune "Webb." Key B♭.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army he shall lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him."
Against unnumbered foes:
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

—George Duffield, Jr.

222 Tune "Laban." Key C.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

223 Music in "Cheerful Songs." Key B♭.

1 Standing on the promises of Christ my King,
Thro' eternal ages let his praises ring;
Glory in the highest I will shout and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.

Cho.—Standing, standing, [iour;
Standing on the promises of God my Sav-
Standing, standing,
I'm standing on the promises of God.

2 Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt and fear assail,
By the living word of God I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.

3 Standing on the promises I now can see
Perfect, present cleansing in the blood for me;
Standing in the liberty where Christ makes [free,
Standing on the promises of God.

4 Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
Bound to him eternally by love's strong cord,
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
Standing on the promises of God.

5 Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
List'ning ev'ry moment to the Spirit's call,
Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

—R. Kelso Carter.

By per. Jno. J. Hood.

224 Music in T. & T. E♭.

1 Oh, who will now from sleep awake,
They're all taken away,
And fully ev'ry sin forsake,
They're all taken away!

Cho.—They're all taken away, to-day,
They're all taken away, to stay,
They're all taken away, away,
My sins are all taken away.

2 I came to Him, my heart was sad,
They're all taken away,
He saved my soul, and now I'm glad,
They're all taken away!

3 I never can forget the hour,
They're all taken away,
When first I felt His pard'ning pow'r,
They're all taken away!

4 Now Jesus is so good and kind,
They're all taken away,
As when, of old, He healed the blind,
They're all taken away!

5 I never could believe before,
They're all taken away,
That I could go and sin no more,
They're all taken away!

6 I've consecrated all to Thee,
They're all taken away,
And now from sin I know I'm free,
They're all taken away!

7 Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand,
They're all taken away,
To meet you in the better land,
They're all taken away!

8 So now I'll serve him till I die,
They're all taken away,
And then we'll meet beyond the sky,
They're all taken away!

225 Key F.

1 Oh, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not your heart,
Be saved, oh, to-night.

Cho.—Oh, why not to-night?
Oh, why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved?
Then why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time, oh, then be wise,
Be saved, oh, to-night.

3 Our Lord in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at once thy stubborn will.
Be saved, oh, to-night.

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Believe, obey, the work is done,
Be saved, oh, to-night.

Elizabeth Reed, alt.

226 Music in T. & T. Key G♭.

1 I'll follow Thee, Saviour, forever,
Tho' the way may be gloomy or bright;
In poverty's vale and in sorrow,
Or in pathways of plenty and light.

Cho.—I know Thou wilt bless me and keep me, Saviour,
Thy grace is abundant and free;
A shelter thou art in the tempest,
A refuge and fortress for me.

2 The sorrows of life may be many,
Its trials may darken my sky;
In Jesus I still find a shelter,
A Brother who always is nigh.

3 Temptations may fly thick around me,
As missiles of death to my soul;
Yet still I will trust in my Saviour,
On Him ev'ry fear I will roll.

4 I'll praise Thee and bless Thee forever,
Thy glory I ever will sing;
The source of true joy, peace and comfort,
My Guide, my Redeemer and King.

L. L. Pickett.

227 Tune "Lenox." B♭.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound:
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits rest:
Ye mournful souls be glad:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol! the Lamb of God,—
The all atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd sinners, home

228 Music in T. & T. A♭.

1 In some way or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
And yet in His own way,
"The Lord will provide."

Cho.—Then we'll trust in the Lord,
Whatever betide;
Yes, we'll trust in the Lord,
And He will provide.

2 At some time or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,
And yet in His own time,
"The Lord will provide."

3 Despond then no longer,
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken—
"The Lord will provide."

March on, then, right boldly,
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

Mrs. M. A. W. Cooke.

229 Music in T. & T. Key G.

Tune: "Long, Long Ago."

1 Touch not the cup, it is death to the soul;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Many I know who have quaff'd from the bowl;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Little they tho't that the demon was there,
Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare,
Then of that death-dealing bowl, oh, beware!
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.

2 Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Tho' like the ruby it shines in the light;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl,
Deeply the poison will enter thy soul,
Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy control;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.

3 Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Hark to the warning, of thousands who've died;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Go to the lonely and desolate tomb,
Think of the death, of the sorrow and gloom,
Think that perhaps thou may'st share in the doom,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.

4 Touch not the cup; O drink not a drop;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
They whom thou lovest entreat thee to stop;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Stop! for thy home that to thee is so near;
Stop! for thy friends that to thee are so dear;
Stop! for thy country! the God that you fear,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.

J. H. Aikman.

230 Tune—Ortonville. Key B♭.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame:
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.

231 Music in "Cheerful Songs." Key G.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

Cho.—I will meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem,
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb;
I will meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem,
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams
My study long have been—
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 Reach down, reach down, thine arms of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And praises never end.

232 Key F.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down the golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

R. Heber

233 Key F. Music T. & T.

1 Jesus commands us to forgive
If we would be forgiv'n;
And Christians be while here on earth,
Or reign with Him in heav'n.

Cho.—I must forgive, I do forgive,
My ev'ry enemy;
For Jesus shed His precious blood
That He might pardon me.

2 Tho' deeply wrong'd we may have been,
Our wrongs do not exceed
The insults we have heap'd on Him
Who for our sins did bleed.

3 He for His foes did suffer death,
And freely all forgave;
And perished on the cruel cross
That He their souls might save.

4 For those who pierced His hands and feet,
Our Saviour pray'd "Forgive;"
His spirit we must all possess
If we with Him would live.

5 O God, Thy Spirit now impart,
That I Thine own may be;
That all my foes I may forgive
As Thou forgivest me.

Rev. M. W. Knapp.

234 Music in "T. & T. Combined."

"Just the same to-day."—Heb. 13:8.

1 Have you ever heard the story
Of the Babe of Bethlehem,
Who was worshiped by the angels
And the wise and holy men?
How He taught the learned doctors
In the temple far away?
Oh I'm glad, so glad to tell you
He is just the same to-day.

Cho.—He is just the same to-day,
He is just the same to-day,
Seeking those who've gone astray,
Saving souls along the way,
Thank God, He's just the same to-day.

2 Have you ever heard the story,
How He walked upon the sea
To His dear disciples, tossing
On the waves of Galilee?
How the waves in angry motion
Quickly at His will obey?
Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you
He is just the same to-day.

3 Have you ever heard of Jesus
Praying in Gethsemane,
And the ever-thrilling story,
How He died upon a tree,
Cruel thorns His forehead piercing,
As His Spirit passed away?
This He did for you, my brother,
And He's just the same to-day.

4 Have you ever heard the story?
How our Lord before He died
Laid His blessed hands in healing
Upon all who to Him cried,
How the sick and all oppressed ones
He rejoicing sent away?
This He came to do, beloved,
And He's just the same to-day.

235 A♭.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Poor, despised, by friends forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care:
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte.

236 Music in T. & T. E♭.

1 "Around the throne of God in heav'n,"
His children safely dwell;
And O the joys of that blest home
No poet's tongue can tell.

Cho.—We are going to sing before the King,
Sitting upon His throne;
Sitting upon His throne,
Sitting upon His throne,
We are going to sing before the King,
Sitting upon His throne,
And we'll serve Him evermore.

2 The saints who meet around that throne
In garments pure and white,
Have wash'd their robes in Jesus' blood,
And conquer'd by His might.

3 All those who worthy prove below
Shall reign with Him above,
Who saves us from our sins and stains
Through His redeeming love.

4 But none can walk yon golden streets,
Or sing those heavenly songs,
But those who trust alone in Him
To right their sins and wrongs.

5 O let us consecrate our all
To God's beloved Son,
We'll live by faith—whate'er befall,
Until the crown is won.

6 The ransomed host now beckon us
To join that sweet-voiced choir;
But we must first be born again,
And feel the Spirit's fire.

Rev. L. L. Pickett.

237 Key G. Music in T. & T.

1 My heart was once heavy with sadness,
And struggling with burdens and sin;
But now it is thrilling with gladness,
For Jesus is dwelling within.

Cho.—O glory to God! the Saviour has come,
He dwells in my heart and makes it His home;
I hear His sweet voice, I feel His blest blood,
And shout on my way, at home and abroad,
O glory, O glory to God.

2 Once Jesus would visit His dwelling,
Then leave thro' my doubt or my sin;
But now I rejoice in the telling
My Saviour abideth within.

3 The grave was once dark to my vision,
A goal that I cared not to win;
A gate now to countries Elysian!
Since Jesus is dwelling within.

4 I often repined under crosses
And knew not repining was sin;
I shout now o'er burdens and losses,
For Jesus is dwelling within.

5 Gone now is the sighing and sorrow,
The cares and the fears of the day;
I ask not what comes with the morrow,
For Jesus is in me to stay.

6 Let Satan and men now assail me,
Let Death lay me low in the grave!
The Victor within will not fail me
What more can I pray for or have?

Rev. B. Carradine.

238 Key G. Music in T. & T.

1 Our Lord is calling you and me,
To have a home in glory;
'Twill last thro' all eternity,
This blessed home in glory.

Cho.—Oh, glory, oh, glory,
There's room enough in Paradise,
For all a home in glory.

2 Oh, come, dear friends, forsake all sin,
To have a home in glory;
At last with shoutings we'll go in,
And have a home in glory.

3 So many holy ones have gone,
To have a home in glory;
They beckon us to follow on,
And have a home in glory.

4 The prophets faithful to our God,
All have a home in glory;
Oh, let us tread the paths they trod,
And have a home in glory.

5 The way is straight and narrow, too,
To that bright home in glory;
But all who will may travel through,
And reach that home in glory.

6 Oh, come to-day and join our band,
To have a home in glory;
Ere long we'll reach the golden strand,
And share that home in glory.

L. L. Pickett.

239 Music in T. & T. Key G.

1 Precious Saviour, thou hast sav'd me;
Thine and only thine I am;
Oh, the cleansing blood has reach'd me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Cho.—Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh, the cleansing blood has reach'd me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

2 Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest;
But I gave all trying over:
Simply trusting, I was blest.

3 Trusting, trusting every moment;
Feeling now the blood applied;
Lying at the cleansing fountain;
Dwelling in my Saviour's side.

4 Consecrated to thy service,
I will live and die to thee;
I will witness to thy glory
Of salvation full and free.

5 Yes, I will stand up for Jesus;
He has sweetly saved my soul,
Cleansed me from inbred corruption,
Sanctified, and made me whole.

6 Glory to the blood that bought me,
Glory to its cleansing power!
Glory to the blood that keeps me!
Glory, glory evermore!

Louise M. Rouse.

240 Key G.

1 What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along,—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, say?
In accents hushed, the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

241 Tune.—"Laban." Key C.

1 Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I,
Restore to Thee Thine own;
And from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

Charles Wesley

242 Key F.

1 O tell abroad His wondrous love,
Jesus the light of the world;
Go preach with power men's hearts to move,
Jesus the light of the world.

Cho.—Walk in the light, beautiful light,
Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright;
Shine all around us by day and by night,
Jesus the light of the world.

2 His name dispels the shadows drear,
Jesus the light of the world;
O how my soul delights to hear,
Jesus the light of the world.

3 The hope of men in every clime,
Jesus the light of the world;
His matchless glories how sublime,
Jesus the light of the world.

4 While angels sing let mortals praise,
Jesus the light of the world;
His grace abounds thro' all our days,
Jesus the light of the world.

5 O bid the lost and wand'ring come,
Jesus the light of the world;
Invites them to His heavenly home,
Jesus the light of the world.

6 Where'er the curse of sin extends,
Jesus the light of the world;
His grace affords—His love befriends,
Jesus the light of the world.

L. D. Carrington.

243 Music in T. & T. Key A♭.

1 O mourner in Zion, how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to comfort thee now,
Fear not to rely on the word of thy God;
‖:Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.:‖

2 O ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice!
For ye shall be filled; do you hear that sweet voice
Inviting you now to the banquet of God?
‖:Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.:‖

3 Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
O poor, troubled soul! there's a promise for thee,
There's rest, weary one, in the bosom of God;
‖:Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.:‖

4 Step out on the promise, and Christ you shall win, [sin,"
"The blood of his Son cleanseth us from all
It cleanseth me now, hallelujah to God!
‖:I rest on his promise,—I'm under the blood.:‖

5 The promise can't save, tho' the promise is true;
'Tis the blood we get under that cleanseth us through,
It cleanses me now, hallelujah to God,
‖:I rest on the promise,—I'm under the blood:‖

Maggie Potter.

244 Key G. (L. M.)

1 O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

245 Music in "Cheerful Songs." D♭.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16:20.

1 God be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

Cho.—Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

Rev. J. E. Rankin. By per.

246 Tune 30 in T. & T. No. 2. Key D.

1 When wand'ring on in midnight darkness,
Sinking in sin,
My Saviour sought and called me to Him,
Found me and took me in.
His grace he there bestowed upon me,
Pardon He gave;
His mercy, peace and love redeemed me,
Now He doth sweetly save.

Cho.—Sweetly my Redeemer saves me,
Keeps me from all sin;
Each day He manifests His glory,
For He now reigns within.

2 But still the fires of carnal nature,
Smouldered within;
They rose and flashed in angry tempers,
It was my in-bred sin.
Again I sought my precious Saviour,
Once crucified.
He filled me with the Holy Spirit,
Thus I was sanctified.

3 Now He doth sweetly save and cleanse me,
Keeps me in peace;
Tho' Satan's lions roar around me,
He speaks and bids them cease,
And I can fully trust Him ever,
Trust and obey;
Naught can my soul from Him e'er sever
While I do watch and pray.

L. L. Pickett.

247 Key E.

1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold:
His coffers are full, His riches untold.

Refrain—I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King,
With Jesus my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King.

2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men,
Once wandered on earth as the poorest of them!
But now He is reigning forever on High, [by.
And will give us a home in the sweet by and

3 I once was an outcast, a stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice and an "alien" by birth,
But I've been "adopted," my name's written down:
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there!
Though exiled from home, yet, still I may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

Hattie E. Buell.

248 A♭.

1 Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

Cho.—Is my name written there?
On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Saviour,
Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorious beings,
In pure garments of white.
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

249 Key B. Music in T. & T.

1 I stand all bewilder'd with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love;
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

Cho.—The cross now covers my sins;
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all;
My will is the will of my God.

2 I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceas'd from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

3 He laid His hand on me and heal'd me,
And bade me be ev'ry whit whole;
I touch'd but the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

4 The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He speaketh:
"My peace I will give unto thee."

Rev. W. F. Crafts.

250 F.

1 O land of rest for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home?

Cho.—We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gather'd home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
Till he conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave the chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills.

251 Music in "Cheerful Songs." Key D.

1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

Cho.—This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

Fanny Crosby.

252

1 O how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' dear name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

Chas. Wesley.

253 Key G.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee;
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
‖:Nearer, my God, to thee,:‖
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun goes down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
‖:Nearer, my God, to thee,:‖
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
‖:Nearer, my God, to thee,:‖
Nearer to thee.

4 Nearer, my God, to thee;
Nearer to thee;
Jesus our only hope,
And all our plea:
Thro' Him O may I be,
‖:Nearer, my God, to thee,:‖
Nearer to thee.

Sarah F. Adams.
(4th verse by L. L. P.)

254 TAKE ME AS I AM.

1 Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry,
Unless Thou help me I must die;
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

Take me as I am,
Take me as I am;
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
But take me as am!

3 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove;
But since to Thee I cannot move,
Oh, take me as I am!

4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
But take me as I am!

5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am!

255 HOW SWEET THE NAME.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

CHORUS.

:‖Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.:‖

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON.

256 THINK OF THE HOME.

1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of life,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

CHORUS.

Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then, away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

257 BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.

258 Key E♭. Music in T. & T.

1 I entered once a home of care,
For age and penury were there,
Yet peace and joy withal;
I asked the lonely mother whence
Her helpless widowhood's defence,
She told me "Christ was all."

Cho.—Christ is all, all in all,
Yes, Christ is all in all.

2 I stood beside a dying bed,
Where lay a child with aching head,
Waiting for Jesus' call;
I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May,
And as his spirit passed away,
He whispered "Christ is all."

3 I saw a martyr at the stake,
The flames could not his courage shake
Nor death his soul appall,
I asked him whence his strength was giv'n,
He looked triumphantly to heav'n,
And answered "Christ is all."

4 I saw the gospel herald go,—
To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,
To save from Satan's thrall,
Nor home nor life he counted dear,
Midst wants and perils owned no fear,
He felt that "Christ is all."

5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
And earth and sea gave up their dead,
A fire dissolved this ball,
I saw the church's ransomed throng,
I heard the burden of their song,
'Twas "Christ is all in all."

6 Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day,
The Father, Son and Spirit say;
The bride repeats the call;
For He will cleanse your guilty stains,
His love will soothe your weary pains,
For "Christ is all in all."

259 Key F. Music in T. & T.

1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Cho.—Now my life is hid with Christ in God,
Wholly sanctified by His own blood,
Lord, my heart doth thrill, one with
Thy holy will,
As Thou now my soul doth fill.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my moments and my days
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

4 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love—my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

F. R. Havergal.

260 Key E♭. Music in T. & T.

1 Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling,
Come, follow me!
And we see where Thy footprints falling,
Lead us to Thee.

Cho.—Footprints of Jesus, that make the pathway glow;
We will follow the steps of Jesus,
Where e'er they go.

2 Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains
Seeking His sheep;
Or along by Siloam's fountains,
Helping the weak.

3 If they lead thro' the temple holy,
Preaching the Word;
Or in homes of the poor and lowly,
Serving the Lord.

4 By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk, with the glad immortals,
Heav'n's golden streets.

5 Then at last when on high He sees us,
Our journey done,
We shall rest where the steps of Jesus
End at His throne.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

261 Music in "Cheerful Songs." B♭.

1 Are you weary, are you heavyhearted?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Are you grieving over joys departed?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

Cho.—Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,
He is a friend that's well known;
You have no other such a friend or brother,
Tell it to Jesus alone.

2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbid-
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus; [den?
Have you sins that to men's eyes are hidden?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

3 Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.
Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

4 Are you troubled at the thought of dying?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.
For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh-
Tell it to Jesus alone. [ing?

Rev. J. E. Rankin.

262 Key A♭.

1 O, sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal;
And sorrows, how often they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul!

Cho.—O, then to the Rock let me fly,
(let) me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I!
O, then to the Rock let me fly,
(let) me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I!

2 O, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how heavy my feet!
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!

3 O, near to the Rock let me keep,
Though blessings or sorrows prevail;
When climbing the mountain-way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

E. Johnson.

263 ENTER BY THE BLOOD.

Tune: "NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD."
Rev. J. B. FOOTE.

1 The Holiest Place stands open wide,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
The shadowing veil now hangs aside
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

Chorus.—
Beyond the second veil
Pure Love and joy prevail,
God's promise ne'er can fail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

2 Enter now this holiest place,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Here Christ shows His shining face,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

3 Here is cleansing full and free,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
God's shekinah you can see,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

4 Now by faith you may prevail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Pass beyond the second veil,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

5 Here you can be satisfied,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
This is why the Saviour died,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

264 WHEN CHRISTIANS VOTE AS THEY PRAY.

Tune: "SWEET BYE AND BYE."—Key of G.

1 There's a time that is coming at last,
Oh! hasten the long looked-for day!
When the rum-fiend no shackles can cast,
For all Christians will vote as they pray.

Cho.—In the sweet bye-and-bye,
We shall welcome that beautiful day;
In the sweet bye-and-bye,
When all Christians shall vote as they pray.

2 When the fire shall go out at the still,
And the worm shall be taken away,
And its ruins give place to the mill,
Making bread that doth hunger allay.

3 And the prisons shall close every door,
And the poor-houses, tenantless stand;
When the dram-shops shall darken no more
The dear homes of our beautiful land.

4 When the Church and the State shall arise
In the strength of their virtue and might,
And improve every moment that flies.
In their daring to vote for the right.

265 NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Rev. R. LOWRY. By per.

1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Chorus.—
Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 For my pardon this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

266 I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

John vi: 37.
Rev. WM. MCDONALD. By per.

1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me.
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

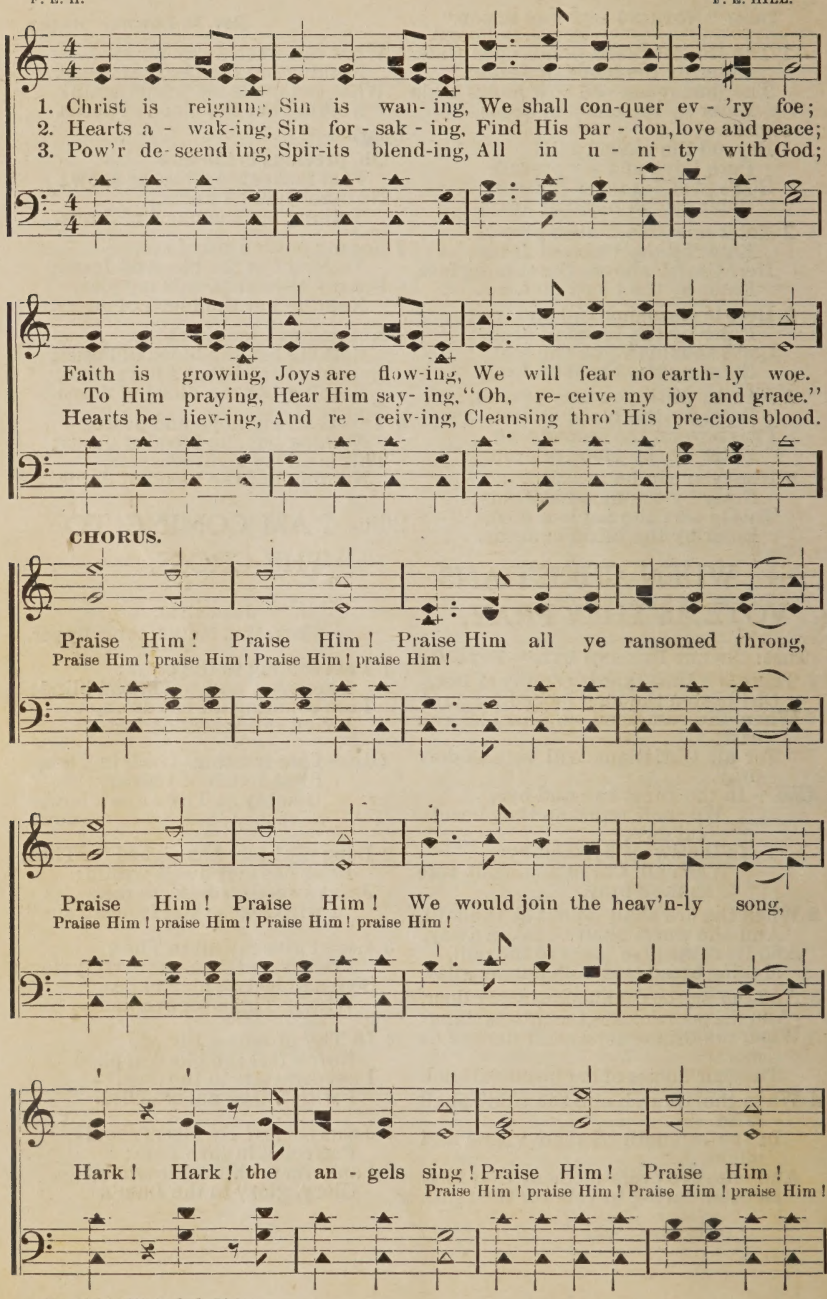
3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied.
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

PRAISE HIM.

"I will bless the Lord at all times."—Psa. 34 : 1.

F. E. H. F. E. HILL.

1. Christ is reigning, Sin is wan- ing, We shall con-quer ev - 'ry foe;
2. Hearts a - wak-ing, Sin for - sak - ing, Find His par - don, love and peace;
3. Pow'r de- scend ing, Spir-its blend-ing, All in u - ni - ty with God;
Faith is growing, Joys are flow-ing, We will fear no earth- ly woe.
To Him praying, Hear Him say- ing, "Oh, re- ceive my joy and grace."
Hearts be - liev-ing, And re - ceiv-ing, Cleansing thro' His pre-cious blood.
CHORUS.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him all ye ransomed throng,
Praise Him! praise Him! Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him! We would join the heav'n-ly song,
Praise Him! praise Him! Praise Him! praise Him!
Hark! Hark! the an - gels sing! Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! praise Him! Praise Him! praise Him!

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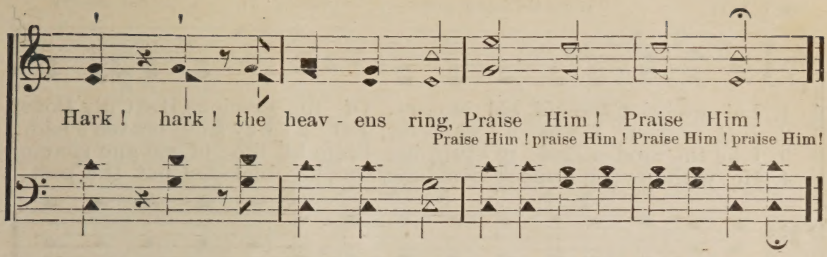
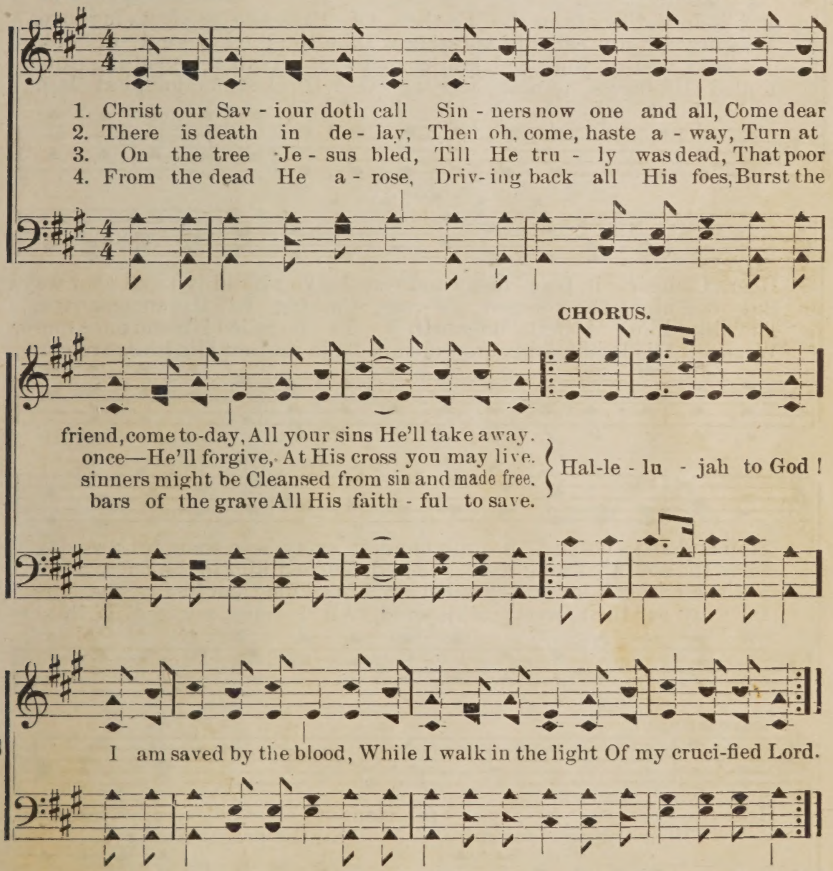


HALLELUJAH TO GOD. 268

As sung by Amanda Smith.

Words written for this work. Arr. by GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. Christ our Sav - iour doth call Sin - ners now one and all, Come dear
2. There is death in de - lay, Then oh, come, haste a - way, Turn at
3. On the tree Je - sus bled, Till He tru - ly was dead, That poor
4. From the dead He a - rose, Driv - ing back all His foes, Burst the
CHORUS.
friend, come to-day, All your sins He'll take away.
once—He'll forgive, At His cross you may live.
sinners might be Cleansed from sin and made free.
bars of the grave All His faith - ful to save.
Hal-le - lu - jah to God!
I am saved by the blood, While I walk in the light Of my cruci-fied Lord.

5 He'll befriend when you need,
In the darkness will lead,
Though all friends may forsake,
He your part sure will take.

6 Let us walk in His love,
Till we see Him above,
Then forever and aye
In His presence we'll stay.

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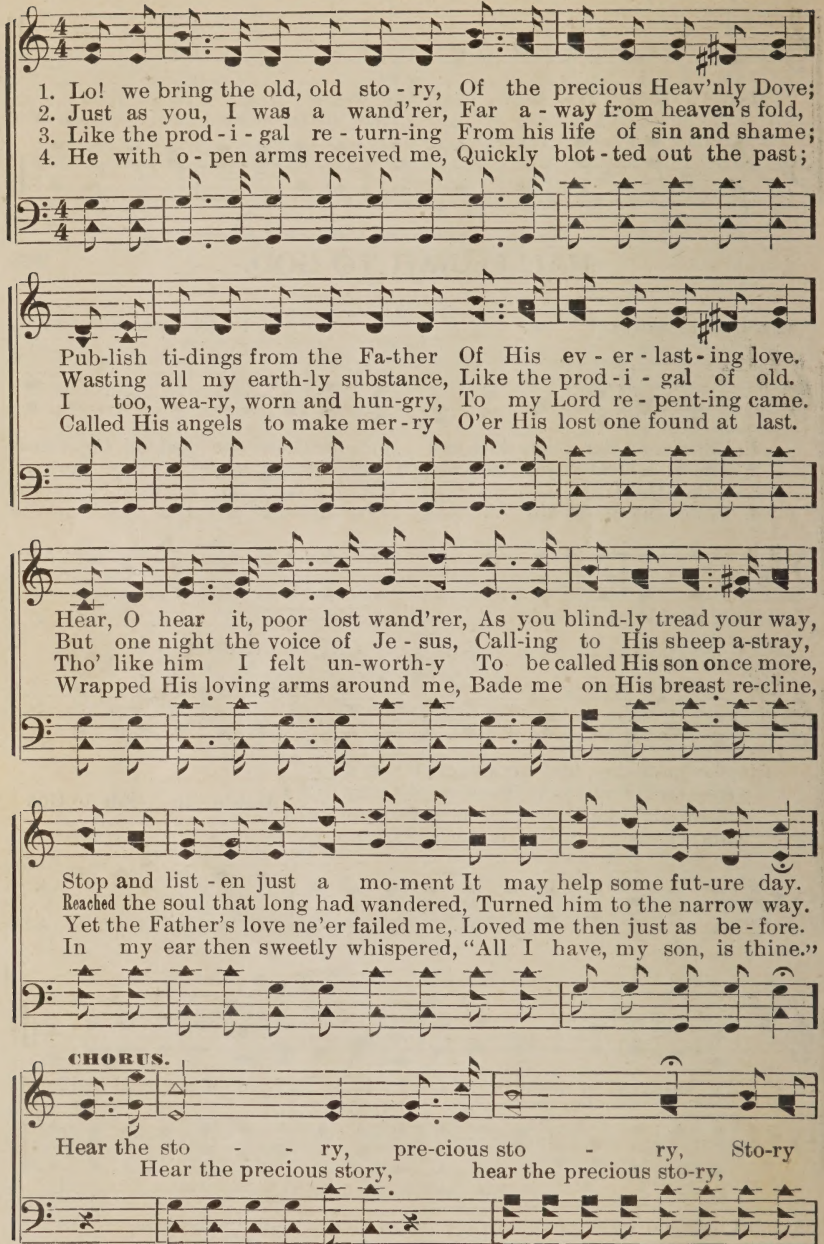
HEAR THE STORY.

W. O. PRAY. "Good tidings of great joy."—LUKE. 2: 11. LUDIE DAY PICKETT.

1. Lo! we bring the old, old sto - ry, Of the precious Heav'nly Dove;
2. Just as you, I was a wand'rer, Far a - way from heaven's fold,
3. Like the prod - i - gal re - turn-ing From his life of sin and shame;
4. He with o - pen arms received me, Quickly blot - ted out the past;
Pub-lish ti-dings from the Fa-ther Of His ev - er - last - ing love.
Wasting all my earth-ly substance, Like the prod - i - gal of old.
I too, wea-ry, worn and hun-gry, To my Lord re - pent-ing came.
Called His angels to make mer - ry O'er His lost one found at last.
Hear, O hear it, poor lost wand'rer, As you blind-ly tread your way,
But one night the voice of Je - sus, Call-ing to His sheep a-stray,
Tho' like him I felt un-worth-y To be called His son once more,
Wrapped His loving arms around me, Bade me on His breast re-cline,
Stop and list - en just a mo-ment It may help some fut-ure day.
Reached the soul that long had wandered, Turned him to the narrow way.
Yet the Father's love ne'er failed me, Loved me then just as be - fore.
In my ear then sweetly whispered, "All I have, my son, is thine."
CHORUS.
Hear the sto - - - ry, pre-cious sto - ry, Sto-ry
Hear the precious story, hear the precious sto-ry,

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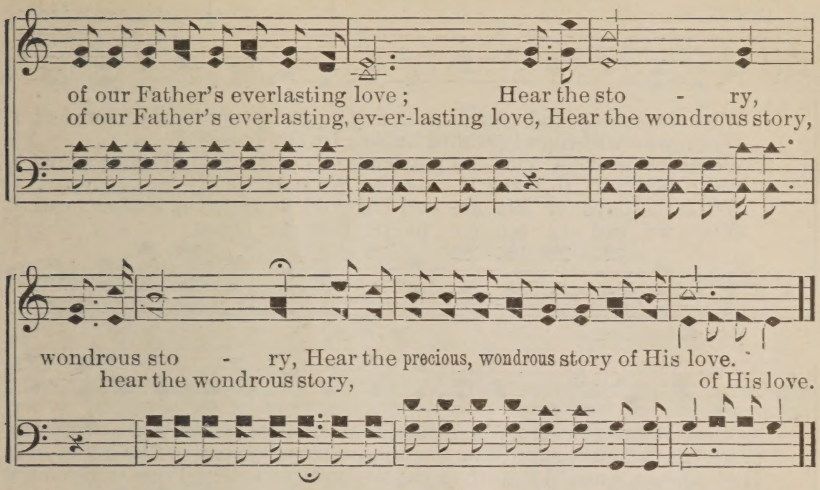
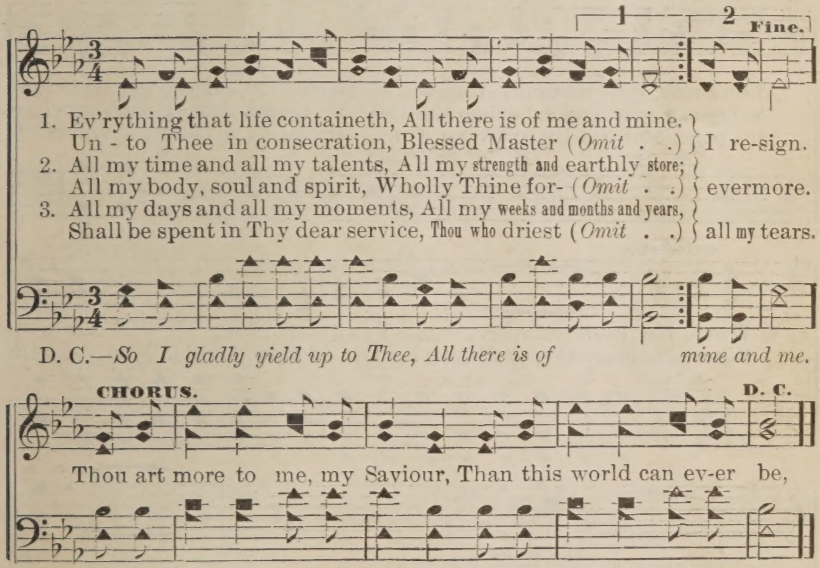

of our Father's everlasting love; Hear the sto - ry,
of our Father's everlasting, ev-er-lasting love, Hear the wondrous story,
wondrous sto - ry, Hear the precious, wondrous story of His love.
hear the wondrous story, of His love.

THOU ART MORE TO ME. 270

L. L. P. "Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."—COL. 3: 17. L. L. PICKETT.


1
2
Fine.
1. Ev'rything that life containeth, All there is of me and mine.
Un - to Thee in consecration, Blessed Master (Omit . .) I re-sign.
2. All my time and all my talents, All my strength and earthly store;
All my body, soul and spirit, Wholly Thine for- (Omit . .) evermore.
3. All my days and all my moments, All my weeks and months and years,
Shall be spent in Thy dear service, Thou who driest (Omit . .) all my tears.
D. C.—So I gladly yield up to Thee, All there is of mine and me.
CHORUS.
D. C.
Thou art more to me, my Saviour, Than this world can ev-er be,

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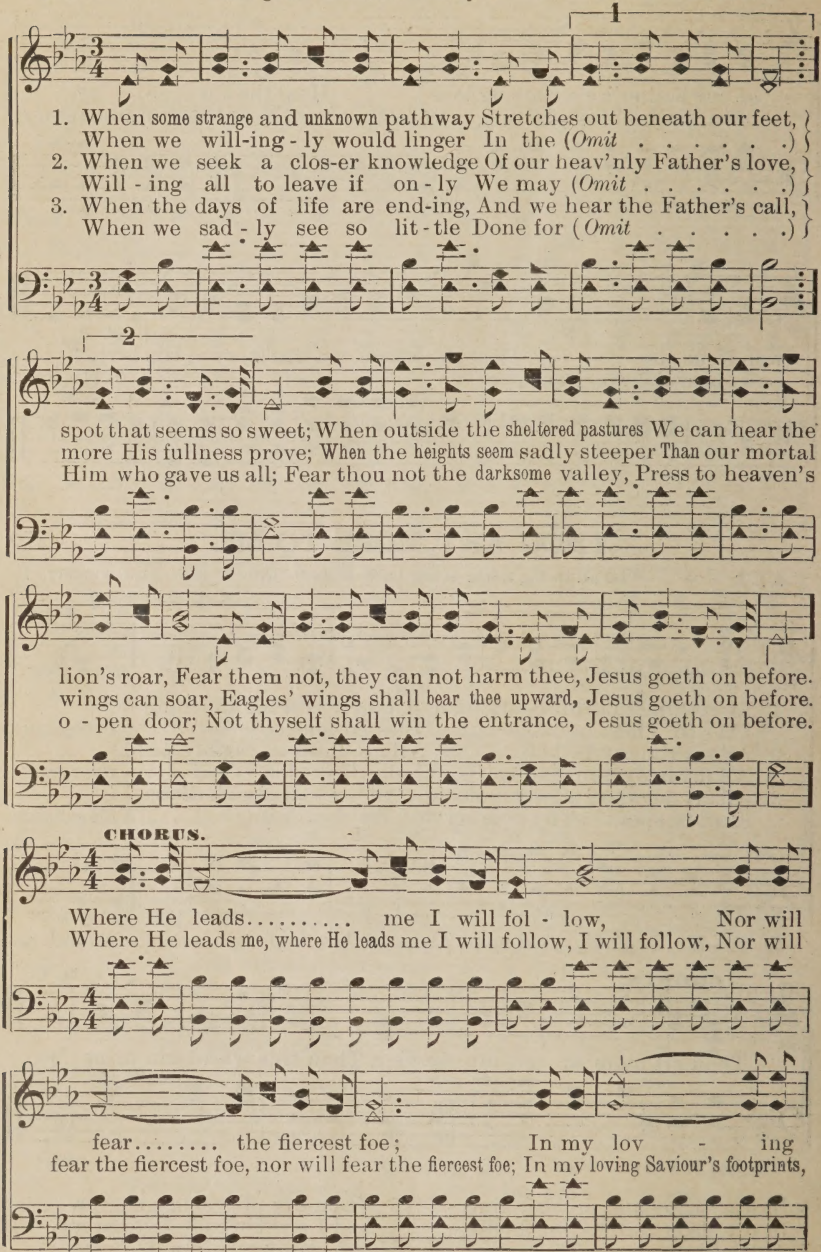
4 In my eating and my drinking,
In my sleep and waking hours,
I shall seek to glorify Thee,
Using all my ransomed powers.

5 When my pilgrimage is over,
And I see Thee on Thy throne,
May I gladly yield up to Thee,
All the goods which were Thine own.

HE GOETH BEFORE.

A. M. "I will guide thee with mine eye."—Psa. 32: 8. LUDIE DAY PICKETT.

1
1. When some strange and unknown pathway Stretches out beneath our feet,
When we will-ing-ly would linger In the (*Omit . . . . . .*)
2. When we seek a clos-er knowledge Of our heav'nly Father's love,
Will-ing all to leave if on-ly We may (*Omit . . . . . .*)
3. When the days of life are end-ing, And we hear the Father's call,
When we sad-ly see so lit-tle Done for (*Omit . . . . . .*)
2
spot that seems so sweet; When outside the sheltered pastures We can hear the
more His fullness prove; When the heights seem sadly steeper Than our mortal
Him who gave us all; Fear thou not the darksome valley, Press to heaven's
lion's roar, Fear them not, they can not harm thee, Jesus goeth on before.
wings can soar, Eagles' wings shall bear thee upward, Jesus goeth on before.
o-pen door; Not thyself shall win the entrance, Jesus goeth on before.
CHORUS.
Where He leads..... me I will fol-low, Nor will
Where He leads me, where He leads me I will follow, I will follow, Nor will
fear..... the fiercest foe; In my lov-ing
fear the fiercest foe, nor will fear the fiercest foe; In my loving Saviour's footprints,

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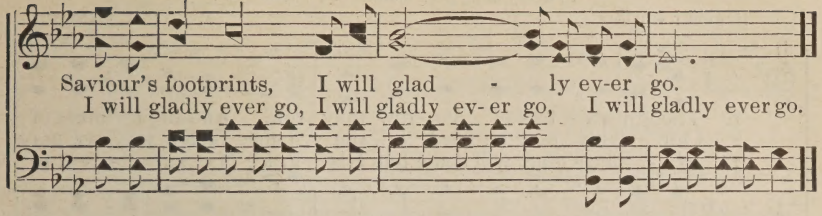
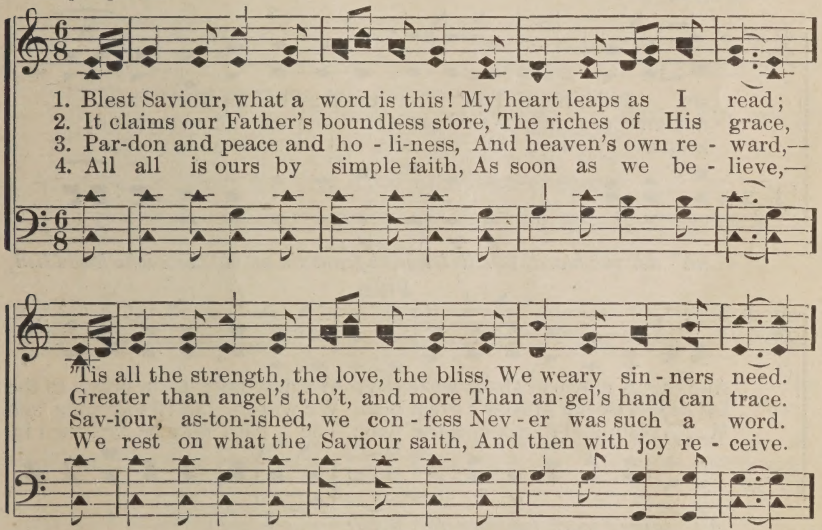
HE GOETH BEFORE. Concluded.

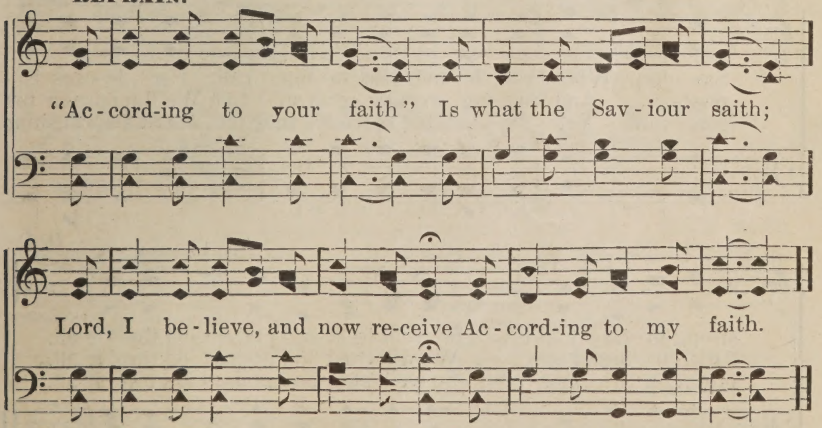


ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH. 272

Rev. J. L. STOKES. L. L. PICKETT.


1. Blest Saviour, what a word is this! My heart leaps as I read;
2. It claims our Father's boundless store, The riches of His grace,
3. Par-don and peace and ho - li-ness, And heaven's own re - ward,—
4. All all is ours by simple faith, As soon as we be - lieve,—
'Tis all the strength, the love, the bliss, We weary sin - ners need.
Greater than angel's tho't, and more Than an-gel's hand can trace.
Sav-iour, as-ton-ished, we con - fess Nev - er was such a word.
We rest on what the Saviour saith, And then with joy re - ceive.

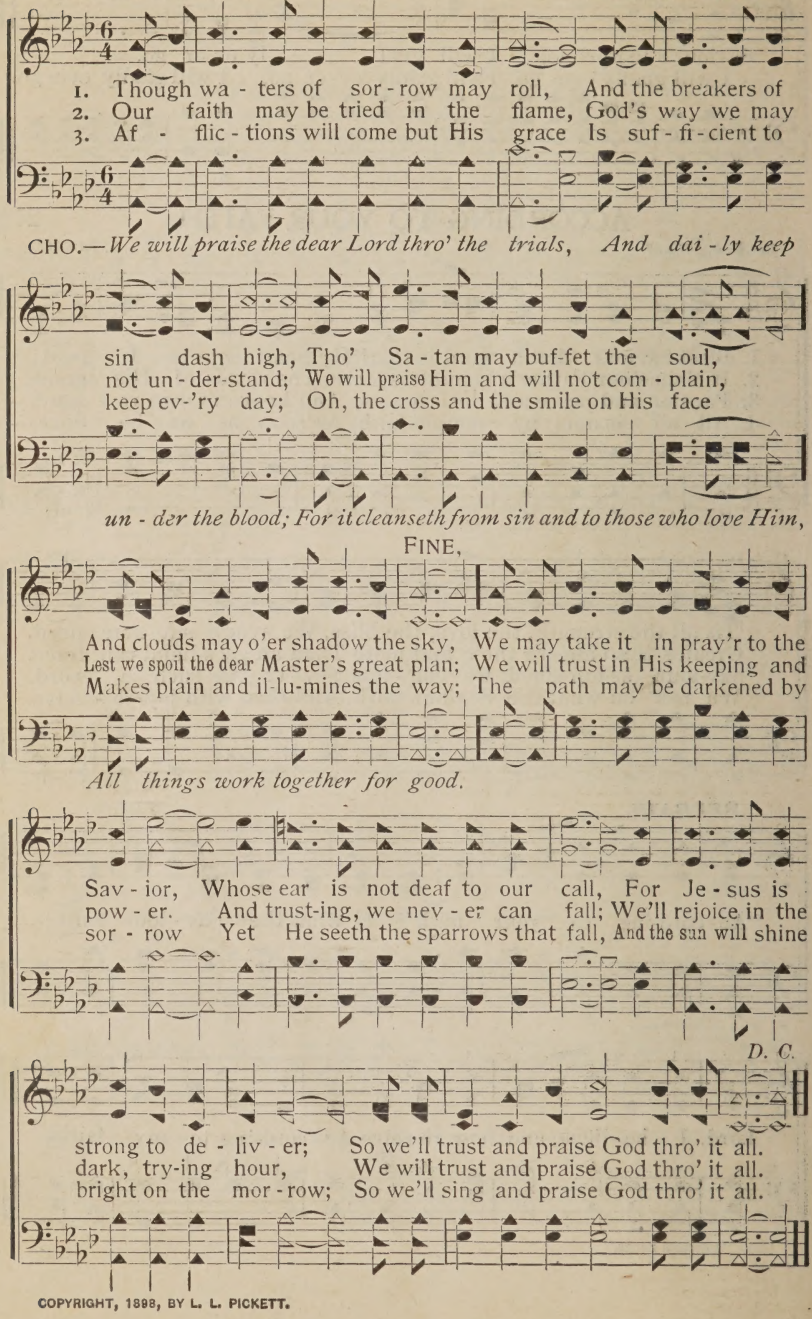
REFRAIN.



From "Cheerful Songs."

PRAISE GOD THROUGH IT ALL.

"In every thing give thanks."—1 Thess. 5:18.

HERBERT BUFFUM. Mrs. O. C. GARVEY.

1. Though wa - ters of sor - row may roll, And the breakers of
2. Our faith may be tried in the flame, God's way we may
3. Af - flic - tions will come but His grace Is suf - fi - cient to
CHO.—We will praise the dear Lord thro' the trials, And dai - ly keep
sin dash high, Tho' Sa - tan may buf-fet the soul,
not un - der-stand; We will praise Him and will not com - plain,
keep ev-'ry day; Oh, the cross and the smile on His face
un - der the blood; For it cleanseth from sin and to those who love Him,
FINE.
And clouds may o'er shadow the sky, We may take it in pray'r to the
Lest we spoil the dear Master's great plan; We will trust in His keeping and
Makes plain and il-lu-mines the way; The path may be darkened by
All things work together for good.
Sav - ior, Whose ear is not deaf to our call, For Je - sus is
pow - er. And trust-ing, we nev - er can fall; We'll rejoice in the
sor - row Yet He seeth the sparrows that fall, And the sun will shine
D. C.
strong to de - liv - er; So we'll trust and praise God thro' it all.
dark, try-ing hour, We will trust and praise God thro' it all.
bright on the mor - row; So we'll sing and praise God thro' it all.

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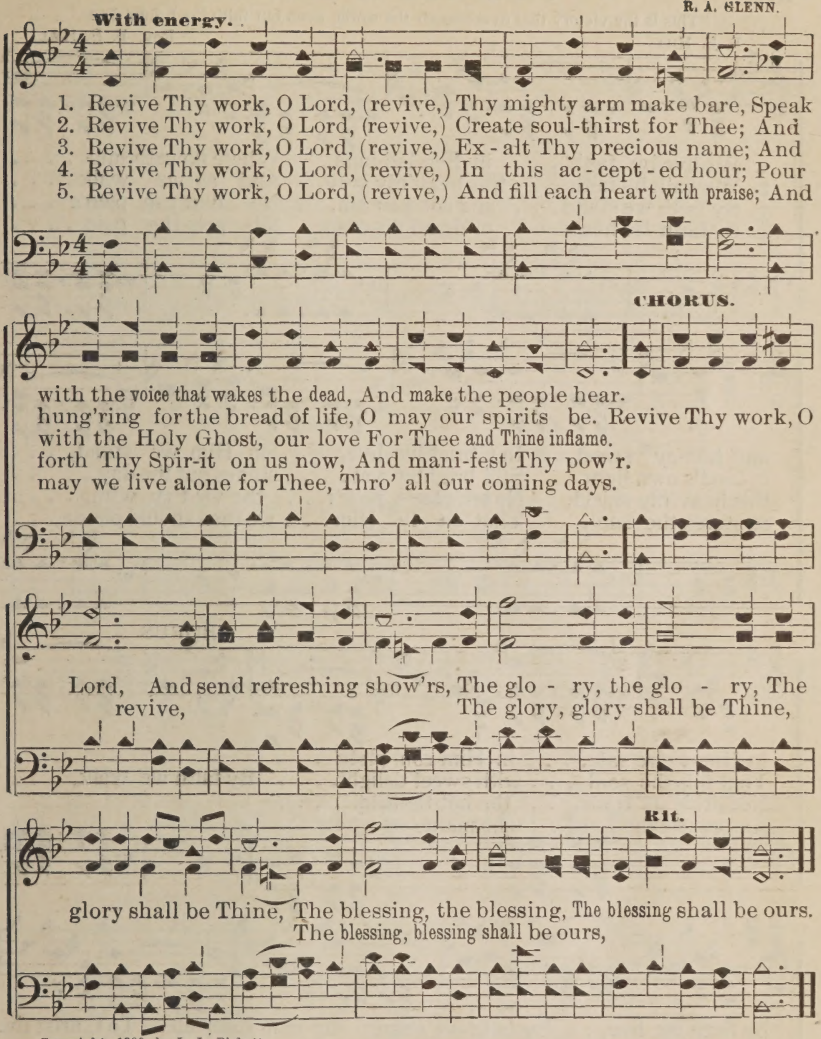
R. A. GLENN.

With energy.
1. Revive Thy work, O Lord, (revive,) Thy mighty arm make bare, Speak
2. Revive Thy work, O Lord, (revive,) Create soul-thirst for Thee; And
3. Revive Thy work, O Lord, (revive,) Ex - alt Thy precious name; And
4. Revive Thy work, O Lord, (revive,) In this ac - cept - ed hour; Pour
5. Revive Thy work, O Lord, (revive,) And fill each heart with praise; And
CHORUS.
with the voice that wakes the dead, And make the people hear.
hung'ring for the bread of life, O may our spirits be. Revive Thy work, O
with the Holy Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine inflame.
forth Thy Spir-it on us now, And mani-fest Thy pow'r.
may we live alone for Thee, Thro' all our coming days.
Lord, And send refreshing show'rs, The glo - ry, the glo - ry, The
revive, The glory, glory shall be Thine,
Rit.
glory shall be Thine, The blessing, the blessing, The blessing shall be ours.
The blessing, blessing shall be ours,

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TRUST HIM NOW. 275

Tune.—"Love found me." KEY OF F. L. L. PICKETT.

1 O who will come to Jesus now,
And trust Him;
For you the thorns once pressed His brow,
O trust Him.
His grace He freely offers you,
O trust Him;
And He will guide you safely through,
O trust Him.

Cho.—Trust Him now, trust,
Love and trust my Saviour now,
Trust, love, yes, love and trust Him.

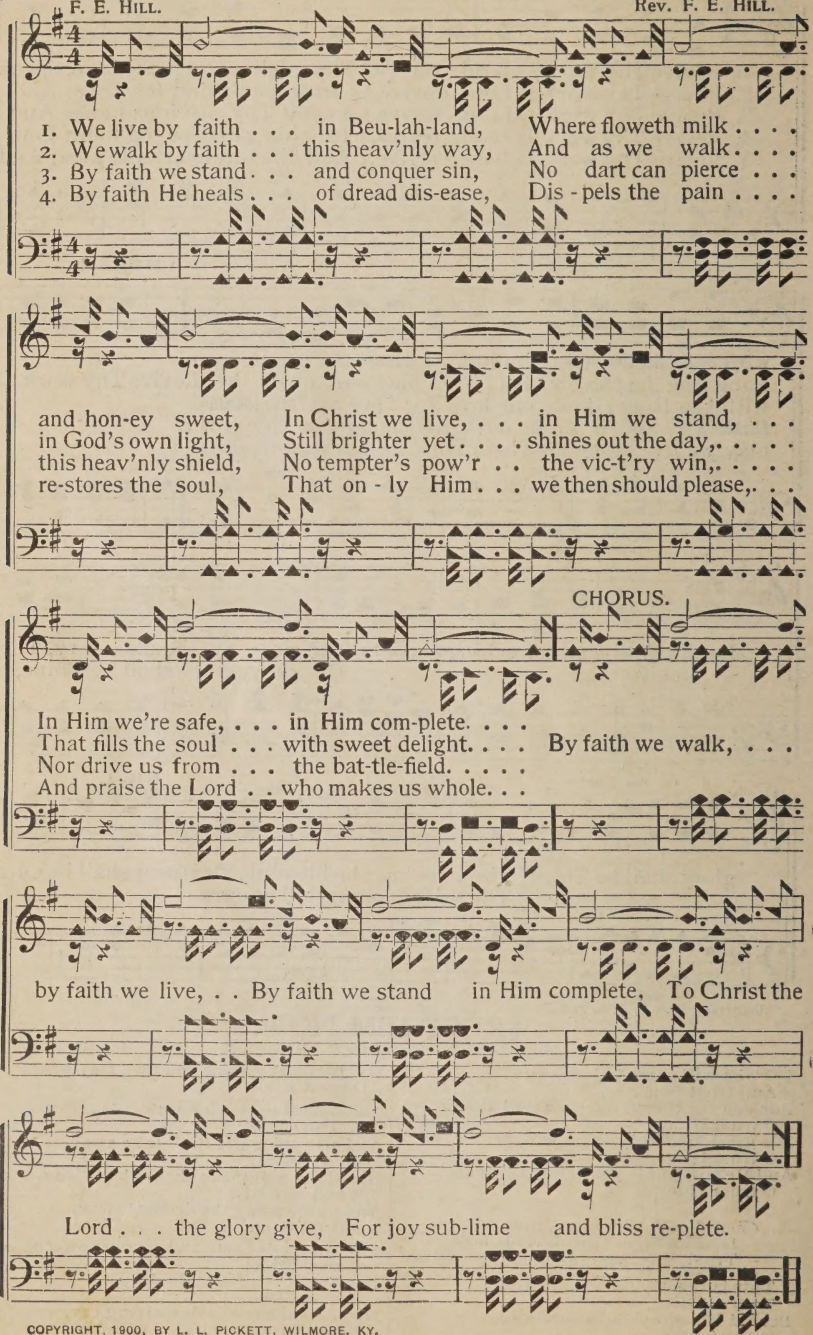
2 This is the day, now is the time
To trust Him;
Behold His glory—how sublime!
O trust Him.
You need not have a doubt or fear,
O trust Him;
His pard'ning voice you now may hear,
O trust Him.

3 You need not wait another day
To trust Him;
And all your guilt He'll take away,
O trust Him.
His blood will make the foulest clean,
Who trust Him;
And purge away the deepest stain,
O trust Him.

4 When trials come and sorrows sweep,
O trust Him;
His love it is a fountain deep,
O trust Him.
He hears the soul's despairing cry,
O trust Him;
A home He has for you on high,
O trust Him.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 John 5:4.

F. E. HILL. Rev. F. E. HILL.


1. We live by faith . . . in Beu-lah-land, Where floweth milk . . . .
2. We walk by faith . . . this heav'nly way, And as we walk . . . .
3. By faith we stand . . . and conquer sin, No dart can pierce . . .
4. By faith He heals . . . of dread dis-ease, Dis - pels the pain . . . .
and hon-ey sweet, In Christ we live, . . . in Him we stand, . . .
in God's own light, Still brighter yet . . . . shines out the day, ...
this heav'nly shield, No tempter's pow'r . . the vic-t'ry win, ...
re-stores the soul, That on - ly Him . . . we then should please, . . .
CHORUS.
In Him we're safe, . . . in Him com-plete. . . .
That fills the soul . . . with sweet delight. . . . By faith we walk, . . .
Nor drive us from . . . the bat-tle-field. . . . .
And praise the Lord . . who makes us whole. . .
by faith we live, . . By faith we stand in Him complete. To Christ the
Lord . . . the glory give, For joy sub-lime and bliss re-plete.

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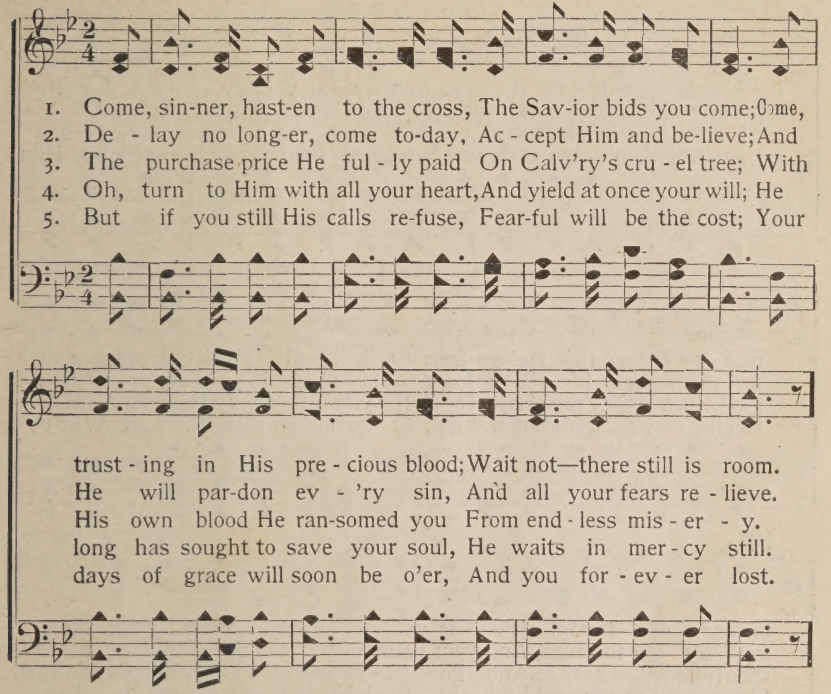
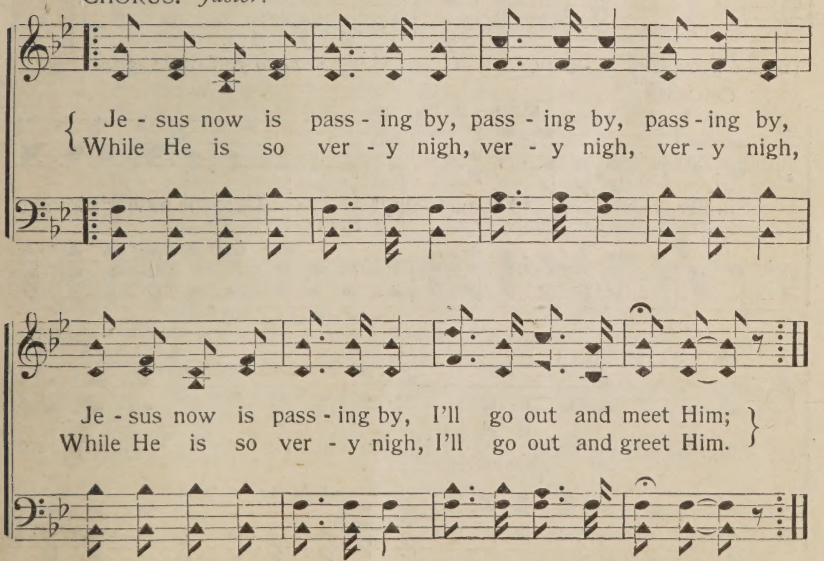
L. L. PICKETT. L. L. PICKETT.


1. Come, sin-ner, hast-en to the cross, The Sav-ior bids you come; Come,
2. De - lay no long-er, come to-day, Ac - cept Him and be-lieve; And
3. The purchase price He ful - ly paid On Calv'ry's cru - el tree; With
4. Oh, turn to Him with all your heart, And yield at once your will; He
5. But if you still His calls re-fuse, Fear-ful will be the cost; Your
trust - ing in His pre - cious blood; Wait not—there still is room.
He will par-don ev - 'ry sin, And all your fears re - lieve.
His own blood He ran-somed you From end - less mis - er - y.
long has sought to save your soul, He waits in mer - cy still.
days of grace will soon be o'er, And you for - ev - er lost.

CHORUS. *faster.*


Je - sus now is pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by,
While He is so ver - y nigh, ver - y nigh, ver - y nigh,
Je - sus now is pass - ing by, I'll go out and meet Him;
While He is so ver - y nigh, I'll go out and greet Him.

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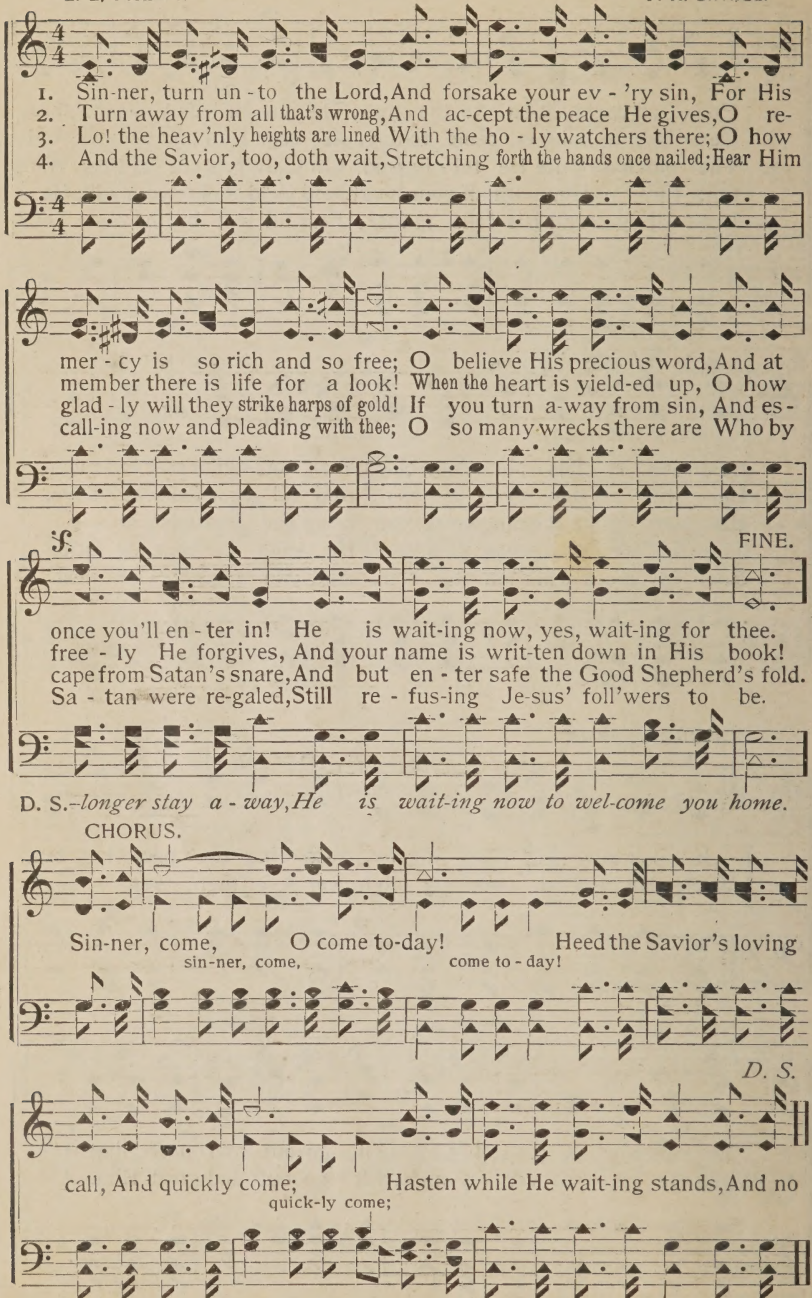
SINNER, TURN UNTO THE LORD.

"Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die!"—Ezek. 33:11.

L. L. PICKETT. F. A. SAVAGE.

1. Sin-ner, turn un-to the Lord, And forsake your ev-'ry sin, For His
2. Turn away from all that's wrong, And ac-cept the peace He gives, O re-
3. Lo! the heav'nly heights are lined With the ho-ly watchers there; O how
4. And the Savior, too, doth wait, Stretching forth the hands once nailed; Hear Him
mer-cy is so rich and so free; O believe His precious word, And at
member there is life for a look! When the heart is yield-ed up, O how
glad-ly will they strike harps of gold! If you turn a-way from sin, And es-
call-ing now and pleading with thee; O so many wrecks there are Who by
FINE.
once you'll en-ter in! He is wait-ing now, yes, wait-ing for thee.
free-ly He forgives, And your name is writ-ten down in His book!
cape from Satan's snare, And but en-ter safe the Good Shepherd's fold.
Sa-tan were re-galed, Still re-fus-ing Je-sus' foll'wers to be.
D. S.—longer stay a-way, He is wait-ing now to wel-come you home.
CHORUS.
Sin-ner, come, O come to-day! Heed the Savior's loving
sin-ner, come, come to-day!
D. S.
call, And quickly come; Hasten while He wait-ing stands, And no
quick-ly come;

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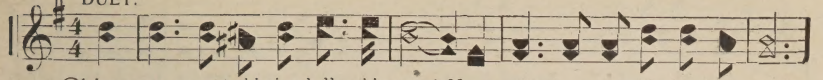
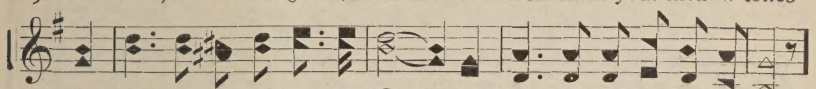
CHIME ON, SWEET BELLS.

G. W. P.
DUET.

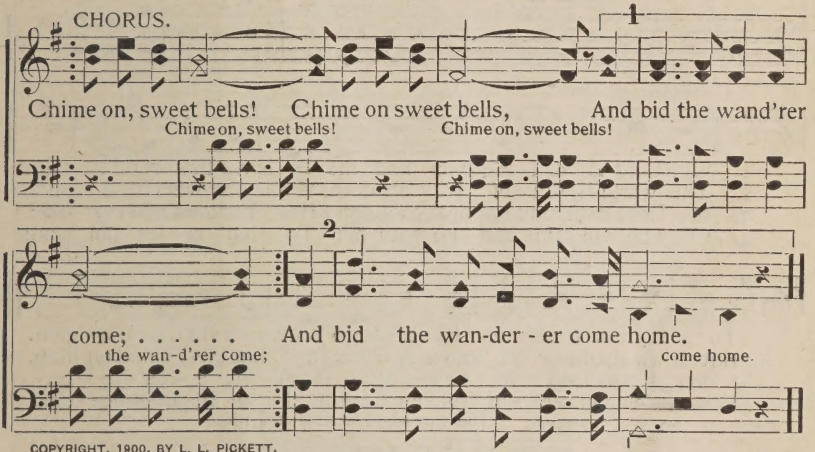
GEO. W. PITT.



1. Chime on, sweet chiming bells, chime on! How sweet your melody doth peal;
2. Chime on, sweet chiming bells, chime on! 'Tis joy to hear your mellow ring,
3. Chime on, sweet chiming bells, chime on! How often have your mellow tones



You bid the wand'rer come to God, Whose sin-sick soul He'll gladly heal.
In - vit - ing to the house of pray'r, The tem - ple of our heav'nly King.
Called back some wayward, sinning soul From out whose breast all hope had flown.

CHORUS.

1
Chime on, sweet bells! Chime on sweet bells, And bid the wand'rer
Chime on, sweet bells! Chime on, sweet bells!
2
come; . . . . . And bid the wan-der - er come home.
the wan-d'rer come; come home.

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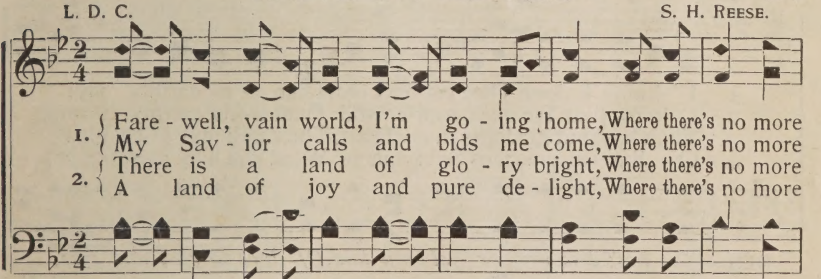
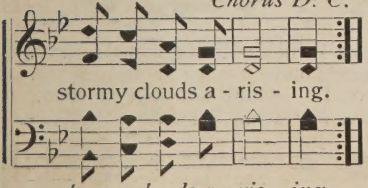
TRAVELING PILGRIM. 280

L. D. C.

S. H. REESE.

1. Fare - well, vain world, I'm go - ing home, Where there's no more
   My Sav - ior calls and bids me come, Where there's no more
2. There is a land of glo - ry bright, Where there's no more
   A land of joy and pure de - light, Where there's no more

CHO.—*To the land, to the land, to the land I'm bound, Where there's no more*

Chorus D. C.



3 Some day we'll reach that sun-lit shore.
In that blest land we'll want no more,
4 My Savior calls and I must go, [know,
My friends and loved ones there I'll
5 Come go with me to that bright land,
Before the King we then shall stand,
6 Jesus is King, His face we'll see,
His faithful children ever be,

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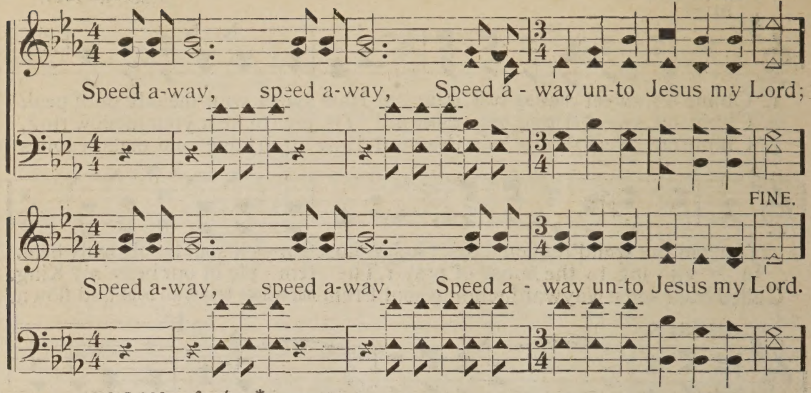
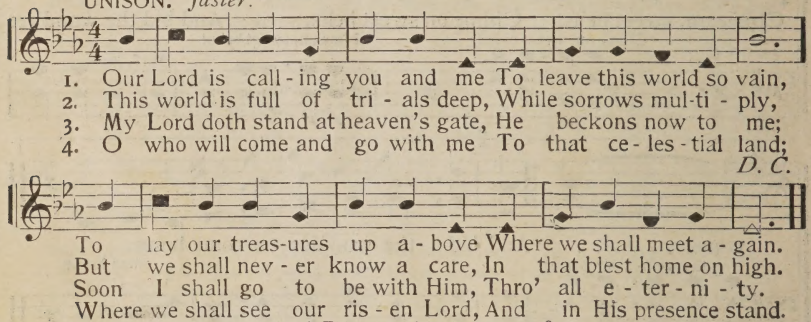
SPEED AWAY.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT

UNISON. *faster.**


1. Our Lord is call - ing you and me To leave this world so vain,
2. This world is full of tri - als deep, While sorrows mul-ti - ply,
3. My Lord doth stand at heaven's gate, He beckons now to me;
4. O who will come and go with me To that ce - les - tial land;
D. C.
To lay our treas-ures up a - bove Where we shall meet a - gain.
But we shall nev - er know a care, In that blest home on high.
Soon I shall go to be with Him, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
Where we shall see our ris - en Lord, And in His presence stand.

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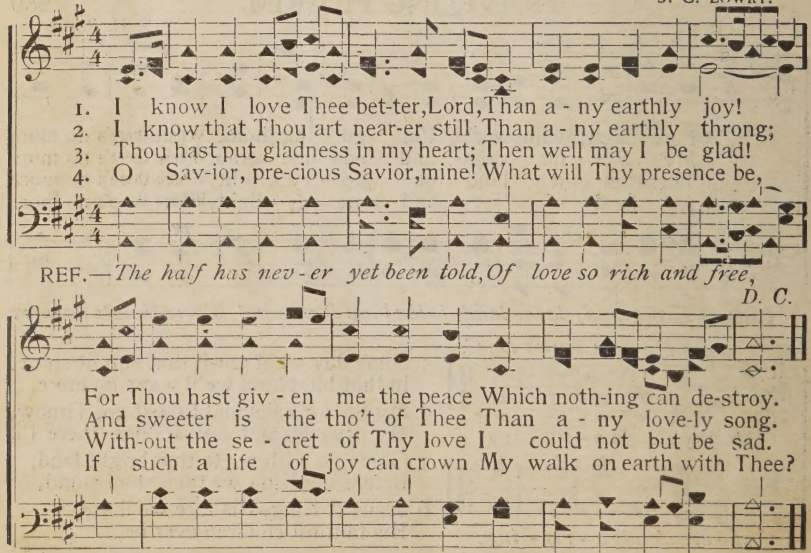
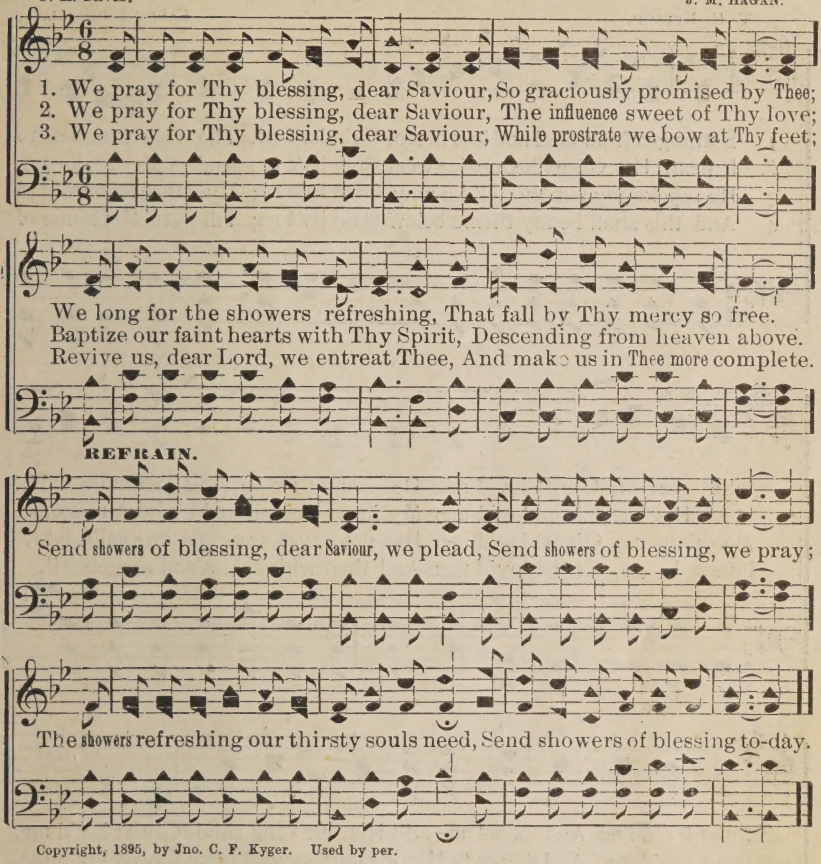
THE HALF NOT TOLD.

J. C. LOWRY.


1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earthly joy!
2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than a - ny earthly throng;
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav-ior, pre-cious Savior, mine! What will Thy presence be,
REF.—*The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so rich and free,*
D. C.
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.
And sweeter is the tho't of Thee Than a - ny love-ly song.
With-out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown My walk on earth with Thee?

Nor of the blood which saves from sin, And gives us vic - to - ry.

SEND SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

F. M. DAVIS. J. M. HAGAN.

1. We pray for Thy blessing, dear Saviour, So graciously promised by Thee;
2. We pray for Thy blessing, dear Saviour, The influence sweet of Thy love;
3. We pray for Thy blessing, dear Saviour, While prostrate we bow at Thy feet;
We long for the showers refreshing, That fall by Thy mercy so free.
Baptize our faint hearts with Thy Spirit, Descending from heaven above.
Revive us, dear Lord, we entreat Thee, And make us in Thee more complete.
REFRAIN.
Send showers of blessing, dear Saviour, we plead, Send showers of blessing, we pray;
The showers refreshing our thirsty souls need, Send showers of blessing to-day.

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THE LIFE-BOAT. 284

First 3 verses ANON. Last 2 by Rev. M. M. BRADHAM. KEY OF G. Copyright of L. L. Pickett.

1 We're floating down the stream of time,
We have not long to stay;
The stormy clouds of darkness
Will turn to brightest day.
Then let us all take courage,
For we're not left alone;
The life-boat soon is coming
To gather the jewels home.

Cho.—Then cheer, my brother, cheer,
Our trials will soon be o'er,
Our loved ones we will meet, will meet
Upon the golden shore;
We're pilgrims and we're strangers here,
We're seeking a city to come,
The life-boat soon is coming
To gather the jewels home.

2 Sometimes we've felt discouraged,
And thought it all in vain,
For us to live a Christian life,
And walk in Jesus' name.
But then we heard the Master say,
I'll lend a helping hand;
And if you'll only trust me
I'll guide you to that land.

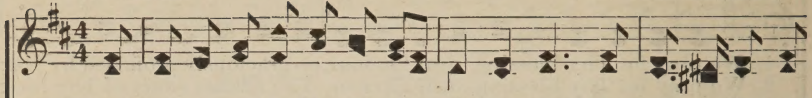
3 The life-boat soon is coming,
By the eye of faith I see,
As she sweeps thro' the waters
To rescue you and me,
And land us safely in the port
With friends we love so dear.
"Get ready," cries the Captain,
O look, she is almost here.

4 Far out upon the widening seas
Our Captain steers the way,
And yonder in the eastern skies
We see the gleaming day.
O yes, we see the distant shore,
We hear the ransomed sing,
And every breeze that comes this way
The sweetest odors bring.

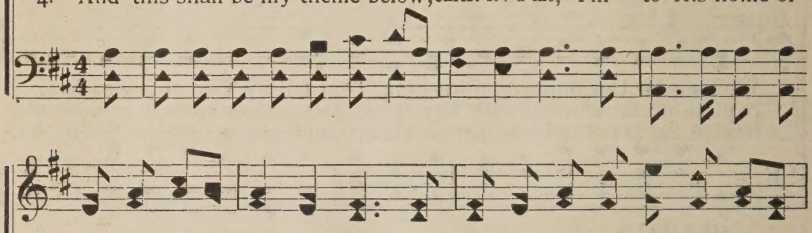
5 O wondrous joy we're home at last,
We've reached the golden shore!
And here we'll live, and sing, and praise,
And shout for evermore.
We're welcomed by our Saviour here,
And friends and loved ones come;
While angel throngs and ransomed saints
All bid us welcome home!

CHRIST LOVED ME.

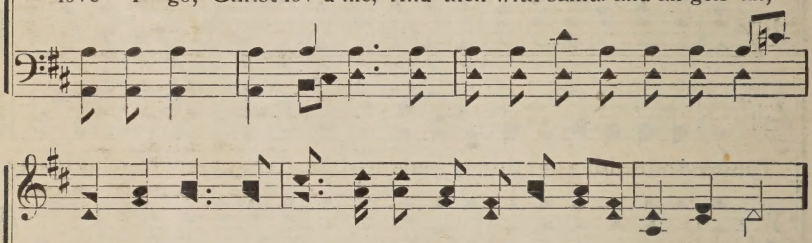
T. H. NELSON. FANNY BIRDSALL.



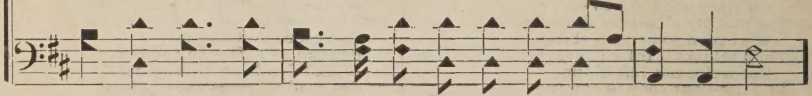
1. Estranged from God and lost in sin, Christ lov'd me; The rock was cleft to
2. I heard His voice like music sweet, Christ lov'd me; And fell a-dor-ing
3. He spoke, my burden roll'd a-way, Christ lov'd me; My darkness turn'd to
4. And this shall be my theme below, Christ lov'd me; Till to His home of



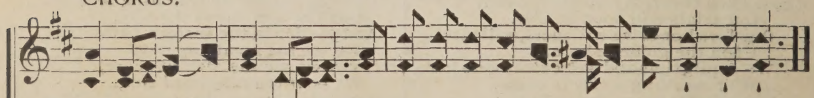
take me in, Christ lov'd me; He sought me in sin's mountain wild,
at His feet, Christ lov'd me; My heart was pierced by keen re-morse,
glo - rious day, Christ lov'd me; His voice was sweet as an - gel's lyre,
love I go, Christ lov'd me; And then with saints and an-gels all,



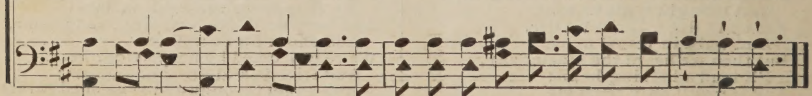
Christ lov'd me; And called me still His err - ing child, Christ lov'd me.
Christ lov'd me; And drawn to Him by love's sweet force, Christ lov'd me.
Christ lov'd me; Its mu - sic thrill'd my soul like fire, Christ lov'd me.
Christ lov'd me; I'll sing while end-less a - ges roll, Christ lov'd me.



CHORUS.



Christ lov'd me, Christ lov'd me; I'll praise Him thro' eternity, For Christ lov'd me.



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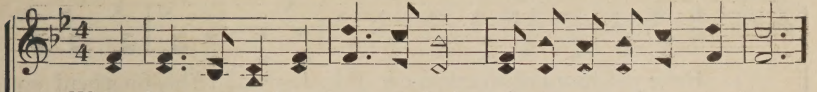
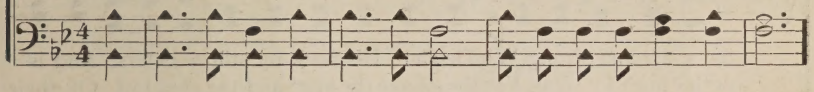
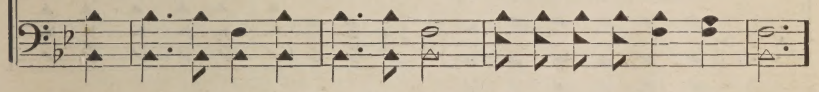
L. L. P. "Lo, I am with you always."--Matt. 28:20. L. L. PICKETT.



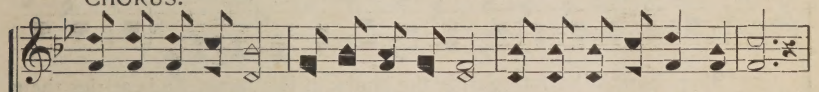
1. When foes surround us may we find Je-sus ev - er near to keep,
2. When Sa-tan comes to tempt us sore, Je-sus, ev - er near to keep,
3. Tho' shadows thick-ly o'er us spread, Je-sus, ev - er near to keep,
4. We take Thee as our all in all, Je-sus, ev - er near to keep;
5. Our path may cross the mountains high, Je-sus, ev - er near to keep,
6. And tho' we cross death's turbid stream Je-sus, ev - er near to keep,
7. And this sweet note we'll ev - er sing, Je-sus, ev - er near to keep,



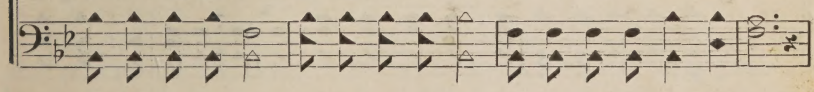
His arms of love a - bout us twined, Je-sus ev - er near to keep.
Be Thou our ref-uge as be-fore, Je-sus, ev - er near to keep.
Be un - to us our Liv - ing Head, Je-sus, ev - er near to keep.
While true to Thee we can - not fall, Je-sus, ev - er near to keep.
Thy grace shall ev - 'ry need sup-ply, Je-sus, ev - er near to keep.
Thy light will shine with radiant gleam, Je-sus, ev - er near to keep.
Thro' count-less a - ges it shall ring, Je-sus, ev - er near to keep.

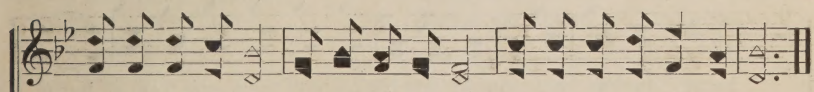


CHORUS.

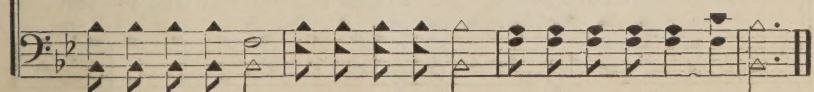


Precious, loving Guide, ev-er near our side, May we trust a-lone in Thee;





For our sin and guilt Thine own blood was spilt; May we ev-er faith-ful be.



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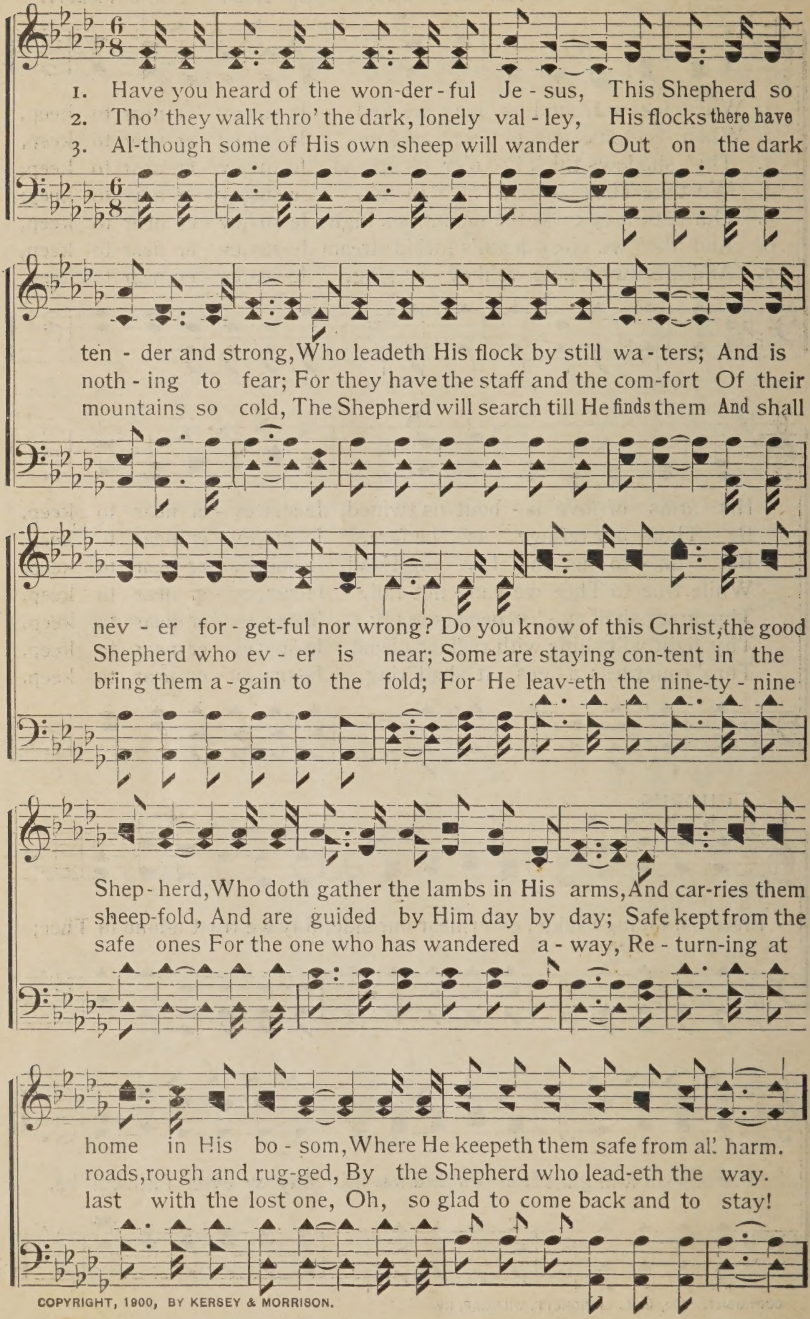
THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

E. W. P. EDNA W. PATIN.

1. Have you heard of the won-der-ful Je-sus, This Shepherd so
2. Tho' they walk thro' the dark, lonely val-ley, His flocks there have
3. Al-though some of His own sheep will wander Out on the dark
ten-der and strong, Who leadeth His flock by still wa-ters; And is
noth-ing to fear; For they have the staff and the com-fort Of their
mountains so cold, The Shepherd will search till He finds them And shall
nev-er for-get-ful nor wrong? Do you know of this Christ, the good
Shepherd who ev-er is near; Some are staying con-tent in the
bring them a-gain to the fold; For He leav-eth the nine-ty-nine
Shep-herd, Who doth gather the lambs in His arms, And car-ries them
sheep-fold, And are guided by Him day by day; Safe kept from the
safe ones For the one who has wandered a-way, Re-turn-ing at
home in His bo-som, Where He keepeth them safe from all harm.
roads, rough and rug-ged, By the Shepherd who lead-eth the way.
last with the lost one, Oh, so glad to come back and to stay!

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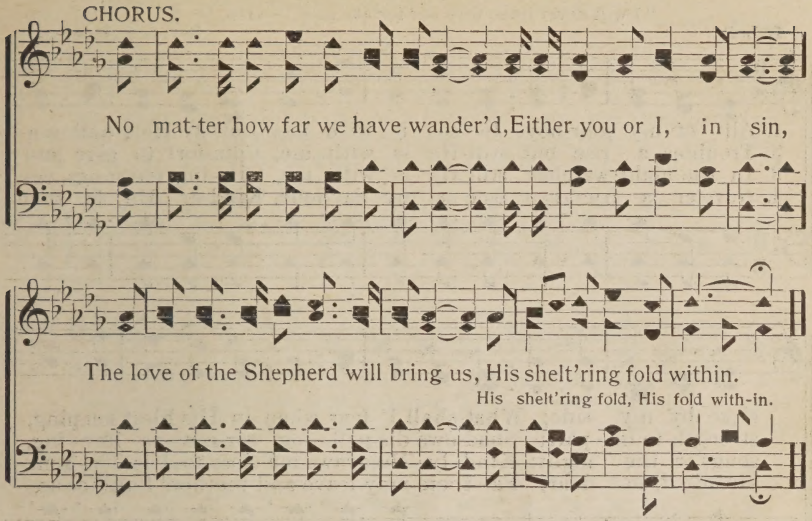
THE GOOD SHEPHERD. Concluded.


CHORUS.
No mat-ter how far we have wander'd, Either you or I, in sin,
The love of the Shepherd will bring us, His shelt'ring fold within.
His shelt'ring fold, His fold with-in.

HOW I LOVE JESUS. 288

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. KEY A♭.

1 There is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

CHO.—Oh, how I love Jesus,
Oh, how I love Jesus,
Oh, how I love Jesus,
Because He first loved me.

2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One, whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

FAITHFUL GUIDE. 289

M. M. WELLS. KEY G.

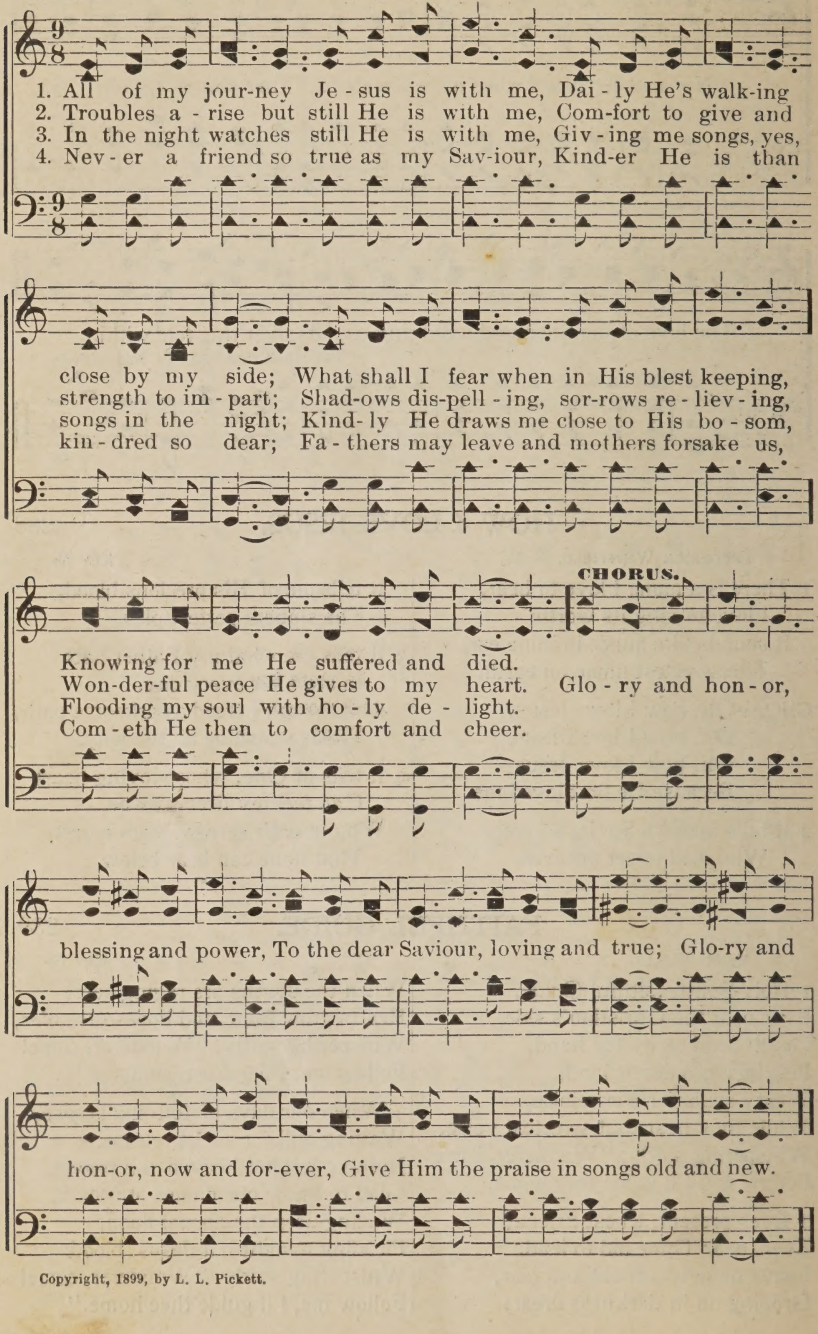
1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls for e'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever, near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Glad to know our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

ALL OF MY JOURNEY.

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."—HEB. 13: 5.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. All of my jour-ney Je - sus is with me, Dai - ly He's walk-ing
2. Troubles a - rise but still He is with me, Com-fort to give and
3. In the night watches still He is with me, Giv - ing me songs, yes,
4. Nev - er a friend so true as my Sav-iour, Kind-er He is than
close by my side; What shall I fear when in His blest keeping,
strength to im - part; Shad-ows dis-pell - ing, sor-rows re - liev - ing,
songs in the night; Kind- ly He draws me close to His bo - som,
kin - dred so dear; Fa - thers may leave and mothers forsake us,
CHORUS.
Knowing for me He suffered and died.
Won-der-ful peace He gives to my heart. Glo - ry and hon - or,
Flooding my soul with ho - ly de - light.
Com - eth He then to comfort and cheer.
blessing and power, To the dear Saviour, loving and true; Glo-ry and
hon-or, now and for-ever, Give Him the praise in songs old and new.

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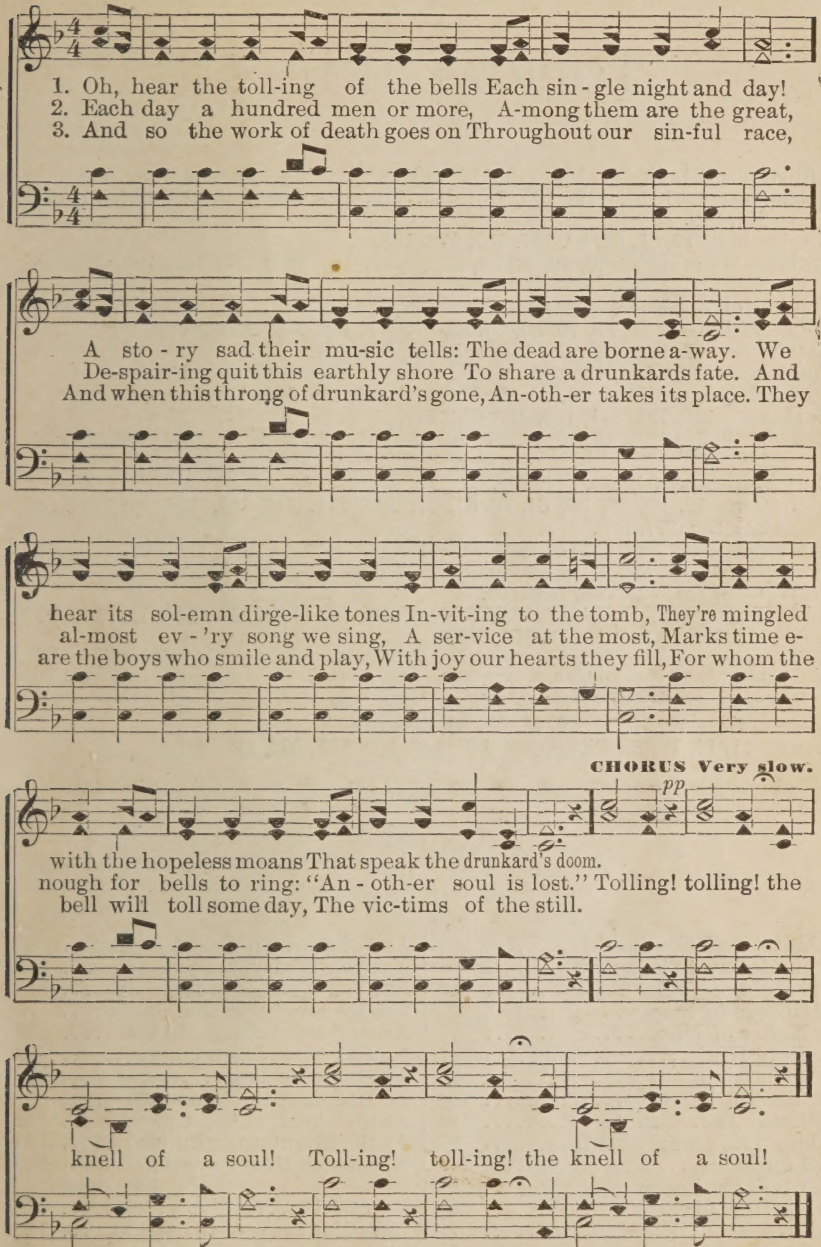
THE TOLLING BELLS.

"Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure."—Isa. 5: 14.

W. A. W. Rev. W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.


1. Oh, hear the toll-ing of the bells Each sin-gle night and day!
2. Each day a hundred men or more, A-mong them are the great,
3. And so the work of death goes on Throughout our sin-ful race,
A sto-ry sad their mu-sic tells: The dead are borne a-way. We
De-spair-ing quit this earthly shore To share a drunkards fate. And
And when this throng of drunkard's gone, An-oth-er takes its place. They
hear its sol-emn dirge-like tones In-vit-ing to the tomb, They're mingled
al-most ev-'ry song we sing, A ser-vice at the most, Marks time e-
are the boys who smile and play, With joy our hearts they fill, For whom the
CHORUS Very slow.
pp
with the hopeless moans That speak the drunkard's doom.
nough for bells to ring: "An-oth-er soul is lost." Tolling! tolling! the
bell will toll some day, The vic-tims of the still.
knell of a soul! Toll-ing! toll-ing! the knell of a soul!

Copyright, 1892, by W. A. Williams, Warnock, O. From "Silver Tones," a 35 cent Prohibition book.

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